

## TommyInnit's unbeatable method of avoiding sudden death

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Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Major Character Death</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; Toby Smtih   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; Toby Smith   Tubbo &amp; Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe</a> , <a href="#">Vigilantism</a> , <a href="#">Vigilante TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Hero Wilbur</a> , <a href="#">Hero Technoblade</a> , <a href="#">hero philza</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo &amp; TommyInnit Friendship</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot and Technoblade are Siblings</a> , <a href="#">Twins actually</a> , <a href="#">Dadza</a> , <a href="#">um</a> , <a href="#">i honestly forgot how to tag for a moment there</a> , <a href="#">Attempt at Humor</a> , <a href="#">Minor Violence</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Superheroes/Superpowers</a> , <a href="#">clementime</a> , <a href="#">PogChamp</a> , <a href="#">Crack Treated Seriously</a> , <a href="#">Kinda</a> , <a href="#">not treated that seriously tbh</a> , <a href="#">no beta lmao what even is that</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">sbi dynamic probably</a> , <a href="#">Swearing</a> , <a href="#">i mean it's tommyinnit</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a> , <a href="#">Derealization</a> , <a href="#">don't read chaps 15 22 and 24 onwards unless you want angst</a> , <a href="#">Unreliable Narrator</a> , <a href="#">Violence</a> , <a href="#">Heavy Angst</a> , <a href="#">i guess?</a> , <a href="#">idk - Freeform</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">vigilante tommy go brrrr</a> , Part 8 of <a href="#">ecu - eneli cinematic universe</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">MCYT Fic Rec</a> , <a href="#">Dream SMP Fics (Mainly Tommy (Yeah I'm That Bitch))</a> , <a href="#">Found family to make me feel something</a> , <a href="#">Purrsonal Picks</a> , <a href="#">SBI because I crave found family</a> , <a href="#">sleepy bois</a> , <a href="#">My Favourites My Darling ones</a> , <a href="#">Faves and must-reads</a> , <a href="#">Never Forget These</a> , <a href="#">Fics that get me both feeling and losing my shit for the nth time</a> , <a href="#">Pog MCYT Fics</a> , <a href="#">definite keepers</a> , <a href="#">ah fuck! block game brainrot boogaloo: ao3 version</a> , <a href="#">the best of dream smp</a> , <a href="#">This is insomnia</a> , <a href="#">Starr's fic recs :D</a> , <a href="#">comfort fics to get emotional about</a> , <a href="#">Fictopia</a> , <a href="#">Fluff Angst and Random Recs</a> , <a href="#">tommyinnit vigilante aus</a> , <a href="#">for my cracked artist friends inspiration</a> , <a href="#">Fanfic Forum Discord Recs</a> , <a href="#">sbi / crimeboys fics go brrrr</a> , <a href="#">Dsmp Hero Fics</a> , <a href="#">so what im a tommyinnit kin</a> , <a href="#">Found family make heart go brrr</a> , <a href="#">Completed stories I've read</a> , <a href="#">phoenix's mcyt fics &lt;3</a> , <a href="#">Sbi fics that butter my croissant</a> , <a href="#">DSMP fic recs</a> , <a href="#">late night bittersweet reads</a> , <a href="#">wow i really am reading mc fanfiction 🥰🥰</a> , <a href="#">WOO Insomnia Time</a> , <a href="#">Meta 4th wall fics</a> , <a href="#">Pog Fics What Are Done</a> , <a href="#">loreful's library of unread must-reads</a> , <a href="#">Sixer's Dream</a>

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Stats:

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# TommyInnit's unbeatable method of avoiding sudden death

by [eneliii](#)

## Summary

“I uh,” Tommy starts, not knowing how to break this to the hero lightly. He hates to be the bearer of bad news. “I think your powers are broken? It’s not a bad thing of course, but like, I swear you tried to mind control me and it like, totally failed. Which is fine, honestly, don’t feel insecure. Everyone’s power stop working sometimes... I think.”

Sheesh, this is very awkward. Why is no one else talking? Why is Philza looking at him like he grew three heads? Why is the Blade staring at him so intensely? Why is Willow still frozen?

“Did I, did I hit a nerve? Yikes,” Tommy hisses, “Well um,” He steps back, bracing his legs and bending his knees, “This was like super fun, but I’m - I’mma head out.”

or,

in which Tommy manages to annoy the hell out of Phil, Techno and Wilbur by being both impossible to catch and irritatingly endearing.

or or,

a crack fic where Tommy is a vigilante and Phil, Techno and Wilbur are the heroes hunting him down.

## Notes

this is a mess lmao. its 1am once again and my brain went annoying vigilante tommy who annoys the shit out of sbi

so here we are

this is like a prologue i guess

idk this is a crackfic so dont expect much lmao

enjoy

(edit: pls read the tags carefully lmao.)

# TommyInnit The Courageous Vigilante Who Constantly Avoids Death

There is fire and there is chaos. Screams of the forgotten echo in the forsaken land. Ash smothers the air, blackening lungs. The voices beg for mercy, beg for help, beg for salvation.

A little boy can't breathe. A little boy stares up at the sky, a poisonous orange hue and prays.

Tommy stares up wide eyed at the clouds as they part to reveal an *angel* .

The angel is leaving the heavens. Leaving the serenity that is beyond them to *save* him.

Tommy reaches out a shaky arm, trembling with exhaustion. His vision blurs.

He feels himself pulled into warm arms and blearily looks up at his saviour.

Blonde hair and kind blue eyes stare down at him.

Tommy breathes. He's safe.

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“Fuck, shit, fuck, shit, fuck, *shit*. ”

Tommy is in deep shit. He doesn't know how he's going to get out of this one.

"Tommy? *Tommy*?" Tubbo's voice crackles through his earpiece, frantic with worry.

"Tubbo shut the fuck up right now, I'm *thinking*," The teenager hisses, crouching down lower when he hears the voices near.

"Tommy don't tell me to shut up, you dick, I *told* you not to go down that alley," Tubbo berates and Tommy *needs* him to fuck off or he's not going to make it out of this alive.

He raises a hand to his ear and hastily yanks the electronic out, crushing it in his hands for good measure. *Sorry Tubbo*.

"Alright, come on Tommy, think, *think*," He mutters to himself, tone increasing in panic. He can't die here. He's too young. He hasn't even passed his driver's license.

He surveys the alleyway he has trapped himself in. Dirty, dingy, it's fucking ugly and it smells. He glances upwards, there's railings. But they're so *high*.

Tommy glances down at his feet. A new prototype. Tubbo said the boost function wasn't ready yet.

"Where is that brat?!"

He has no time. If the trainers don't kill him, *they* will.

Tommy stands up abruptly, no doubt catching the attention of the thugs. This is fine. He can do this.

He takes a step back to brace, knees bending slightly.

“ *There you are*, thought you could run did you?”

Tommy grins, he turns to the ugly men - honestly, they could at least try to keep up appearances, maybe shave once in a while. Tommy isn't one to judge on looks alone but *damn* .

“No,” He replies, his heel digs into the pavement. “But I can jump.”

He leaps off of the ground, soaring high. Tommy lets out a noise of surprised elation, laughing in disbelief as is momentarily suspended in the air.

This is *so* pog.

Then he remembers that he is in fact *not* flying and is falling *fast*. He yelps and barely catches onto the railings, scraping half his body on the way down. He winces.

He can hear the ugly men trying to clamber after him and quickens his pace, climbing up the bars with practised agility.

The teenager is already steps ahead of them as he makes his way onto the top of a small bakery. They sell good muffins and the owner always gives Tommy one on the house so he makes sure to tip toe over the roof.

As he jumps onto another building, Tommy smirks as he realises he has lost them.

Hah. No one catches TommyInnit lacking. Not in this economy.

Tommy sighs, exhaustion catching up to him as the adrenaline wears out. He crouches down and sits over the edge of a florist shop. His legs dangle over the edge and he lifts his mask to scratch his chin.

Tonight's patrol was kind of intense. His back aches after one guy threw a banana at him. Honestly what the fuck. Why was that banana so big? Where did he even get that banana?

Tommy feels a buzz on his ass and realises he's been sitting on his phone. He pulls it out.

15 missed calls and 34 texts.

Tubbo is going to defenestrate him. He's going to have to replace another window.

Tommy sighs and puts his phone on Do Not Disturb. It's a problem for future Tommy. Who is not present Tommy.

Tommy is brought out of his thoughts by the sound of shouting. He almost thinks it's the thugs, back again for more.

But *no*. He could recognize those voices *anywhere*.

It's - It's three of the top ten heroes! Tommy's fanboy heart soars. His *favourite* heroes! In his area, in his patrol area.

This- this is a *miracle* . A *blessing* . A gift from the *Gods* .

"Hey, you! What are you doing on that building?"

This is a problem.



Tommy stumbles to his feet, almost falling off the edge of the shop.

What should he say? Oh god, oh god.

He deepens his voice, “Oh you know, just, uh, patrolling the area.”

His idol, his *hero* the Winged Hero Philza walks out of the darkness of the night.

“Can you show me your Hero License? Sorry there’s just been a lot of illegal activities going around lately, don’t mean to be a bother mate,” The hero explains.

Tommy could faint, right here, right now. *Philza* is speaking to *him*.

Then the words sink in.

Okay, Tommy may need to backtrack *just* a little bit. You see, well there’s no easy way to say this but -

Tommy is not a hero.

Shocker, he knows right? Yes, yes, he knows he had you all fooled, it’s okay. It’s an easy assumption to make because he’s so *courageous* and *athletic* and *handsome* and *charismatic*.

But it’s true, Tommy is not a hero.

Tommy is a vigilante.

And he is currently being hunted down by his biggest heroes.

“Hey! Stop running, we won’t hurt you!” The siren hero Willow shouts out to him. Yes, that’s very convincing, Tommy rolls his eyes and then fanboys a bit because oh my god Willow just *shouted* at him.

“Actually we may hurt you a bit,” The sword hero Blade confesses as he strides after the teenager, menacing sword in hand. The *Blade* . Oh this is the best thing that’s ever happened to Tommy, like *ever*.

Yeah, Tommy may just die tonight.

But, hey, he met his idols. He will probably die happy.

Tommy leaps from building to building, breath quickening. “Um I actually do have a license,” He keeps his voice dropped an octave. “It’s at my house, so I’m just going to go get it.”

“For some reason we don’t believe you,” Philza calls out. “Wil, can you get him for us please?”

Tommy speeds up because oh *shit* .

He hears the hero quickly catching up on him.

“You are being quite difficult right now,” Willow huffs and Tommy looks behind momentarily to see his eyes turning *red*. Holy fuck that is the coolest shit.

“ *Come here.* ” The whisper carries through the empty streets, sinister and sweet.

Oh god. This is it. This is how he goes down. Pretty epic but still, he wanted to at least tell Tubbo that he ate the last packet of skittles and that *no* it was in fact not Henry the very cute tabby cat that sneaks into their balcony.

He supposes that secret will follow him to the grave.

Tommy's still running though. Which is odd. Because well, Willow just spoke in the *voice*.

But well, Tommy doesn't feel like he's under intense mind control. Then again, he's never been put under intense mind control so he's not too sure.

Tommy looks behind him and almost trips when he sees all three heroes standing frozen on a roof.

"Did you guys give up? Cause' that's like totally fine," Tommy says, clearing his throat as the silence goes on for too long. He glances at Willow, who stands stock still. Is he frozen? Tommy frowns.

"I uh," Tommy starts, not knowing how to break this to the hero lightly. He hates to be the bearer of bad news. "I think your powers are broken? It's not a bad thing of course, but like, I swear you tried to mind control me and it like, totally failed. Which is fine, honestly, don't feel insecure. Everyone's power stop working sometimes... I think."

Sheesh, this is *very* awkward. Why is no one else talking? Why is Philza looking at him like he grew three heads? Why is the Blade staring at him so *intensely*? *Why* is Willow *still* frozen?

"Did I, did I hit a nerve? Yikes," Tommy hisses, "Well um," He steps back, bracing his legs and bending his knees, "This was like super fun, but I'm - I'mma head out."

And with that he shoots off into the air and *wow* this does not get old. He's never taking these shoes off.

This time Tommy actually aims where he's jumping and lands in a pond far enough away from the heroes.

He sputters water out of his mouth as water pools around his waist. A golden fish swims around his leg, nudging his shin. He picks it up.

"You're gonna help me with Tubbo," He whispers fervently to the fish as it gapes at him.

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"Tommy fucking Innit! How *dare* you destroy the earpiece that *I* made, that was the fourth one! And then you ignore all my calls and don't even text me back?! Unbelievable. *Unbelievable*. You are sleeping on the couch for a *week*. You better hope I don't throw away those bloody shoes, I told you they weren't ready and you *stole* them. Honestly, why do I even try with you?! You'll be lucky if I ever make dinner again, or do the laundry or do *anything*. In fact! I quit, I'm going on strike! From now on, you can do everything and be the responsible one and see if you can keep *your* sanity!"

Tommy holds out the fish. "I bought you *Clementine*." He offers as a sacrifice. The fish gapes.

Tubbo stares at him. He takes the fish carefully. Tommy watches in silence as he walks into the kitchen and places the fish in a cup of water.

Tubbo then walks over to the kitchen window and beckons him over.

Tommy sighs. Clementine wasn't good enough it seems.

Tommy thinks it worth it as Tubbo picks him up and chucks him out of the window, closing the doors shut. He looks at Tubbo's seething expression from his placement in the dumpster and grins.

Such is the life of TommyInnit the *courageous* and *athletic* and *handsome* and *charismatic* vigilante.

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Wilbur watches, stunned as the tall masked vigilante launches off into the air and out of sight.

"Did he just - did he just *break* out of your mind control?" Phil questions in disbelief, hovering just above the ground as he too looks towards where the vigilante once was.

Wilbur frowns.

Techno snorts, "He just violated your ability, like he wasn't even trying to be mean and he just, just completely destroyed you."

Wilbur grits his teeth, "My powers aren't *broken*."

Techno smirks, "You sure about that? Because from what *I* just saw, you totally just failed to mind control him. Was I the only one who saw that? Phil I know you saw it--"

"*Go walk off the edge of the building.*"

Phil sighs, “Wil, I told you to stop *doing that*. ”

Wilbur shrugs, “He was being a dick,” He explains as he watches his twin dive over the edge of the building.

“That’s not a reason Wil, now he’s going to be all pissy for the rest of the patrol,” Phil grumbles.

Wilbur shrugs again, “Not my problem.”

Wilbur needs to find that man. How dare he resist his control, how dare he - he make a *fool* of him.

“Phil, we need to find that guy.”

# Where Are The Askers?

## Chapter Summary

YOU TOLD US SOMETHINGS THAT NO ONE CARES ABOUT.

BUT YOU WON'T STOP BLABBING. PLEASE SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

## Chapter Notes

ok its 2:44am for me as it seems i cant write this fic at a normal time of day lmao  
im very tired  
enjoy my weird brain stuff

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clementine swims around her cup of water frantic, rapid circles.

Tommy sighs, “ *Clementine* , please calm down.”

She swims faster.

“Tubbo?” Tommy calls out, “I think *Clementine* needs a bigger cup, actually maybe a bowl?  
No wait - we need a tank. How about an aquarium in the wall?”

Tubbo’s fingers still on the keyboard. He spins around on his spinny chair to face the blonde,  
an expression of deep, *deep* , exasperation.

“Put her in a cereal bowl or some shit, do you think we have money to buy a tank? We ate instant noodles for dinner.”

Tommy glances down at Clementine. She swims so fast. So *fast* . “I’ve got an idea,” He’s a bit offended that Tubbo rolls his eyes, “No, just - just *listen*, so like what if, what if we save the money we use on food, to buy a tank for *Clementine*.”

Tubbo turns back to the computer, seemingly ignoring him.

“Come on, think about it. We can survive a few days. I swear we have some of those Coco Pop bars somewhere, they’re probably not even out of date. Come on big man, just - just look at *Clementine* and tell me you want to see her swim around this for eternity.”

Tubbo is playing Slither.io. That game is *so* old.

“Tubs, just come on man, look at *her*.” Tommy stands up, porcelain mug in hand and shoves the thing into Tubbo’s face. Water spills out over the edge and onto the keyboard.

Tubbo slaps the mug away with a glare, standing up to find paper towels. “I don’t like Clementine.”

Tommy yelps as the mug shakes, wrapping both hands around it as he peers down at the fish in worry. “I’m sorry my child.”

Tubbo reappears with a cloth - he must’ve remembered they ran out of paper towels like two weeks ago. Tommy stares at him intensely.

Tubbo sighs, “Tommy we are not starving ourselves for a dumb *fish* .”

Tommy gasps, “ *Clementine* , is not a fucking dumb fish. She is a miracle, a blessing, a gift from the gods themselves. She appeared in our lives for a reason Tubbo and I’m disappointed



you can't see that. I hope you reach enlightenment."

Tubbo stares at him for a moment and then grimaces, like, like just looking at Tommy is difficult for him.

"Why do you even say it like that?"

Tommy frowns, "Say what?"

"Clementine."

"I say it like you say it, *Clementine*."

"No I said Clementine."

"...Yeah, that's what I fucking said. *Clementine*."

"*No*, I said Clementine. *You* said *Clementine*."

"Literally, what the fuck are you talking about."

Tubbo runs a hand down his face, "Just - just forget it."

Tommy just frowns. He glances down at Clementine and shrugs, "He's a bit weirdchamp."

"Tommy shut the fuck up, *Jesus*. Why don't you go outside and touch some grass, you are talking to a *fish*."

“ *Clementine*, ” He corrects.

“Tommy please leave, go for a walk, breathe in some fresh air and come back without that fish.”

Absolutely fucking *not*. Clementine is his day one, his buddy, his amigo, his *soulmate*.

Tubbo is insane, clearly.

Tommy snorts, “Okay, yeah that’s not happening. I don’t know why you won’t accept her into the family, but she’s not leaving because you’re jealous.”

Tubbo lets out a shout of frustration, “I can’t do this. *I can’t do this* .” He whispers to himself, like a madman. Honestly, Tommy should book him a therapy session, he’s clearly got middle child vibes going on.

Tubbo turns to him, eyes firm. “Y’know what nope. I’m not allowing this. You’re going to go out, you’re going to take that fucking fish and you’re going to put it back in whatever fucking lump of water you bloody found it in. And you’re going to come home *without* it. Do you understand?”

Tommy goes to protest but he decides to do what is called a *Pro Gamer Move*<sup>™</sup> .

He sighs in disappointment, looking down at Clementine sadly. “For fucksake, *fine*. I’ll return *Clementine*. ” He concedes.

Tubbo lets out a sigh of relief and slumps back into his spinny chair. “Thank you,” He breathes out, sanity returning. “I’m sorry about the fish, but it just isn’t going to work out. You get it right? We’re literally living off of the bare minimum, I mean *heck* I swear the electricity went out last night.”

Tommy nods solemnly, “Yes it was very sad, I was making tea and the kettle stopped boiling. My tea was lukewarm.”

Tubbo gives him a look of sympathy, “That sucks,” He says sincerely; tea is nothing to joke about. “Well, I’m now going to finish playing Slither.io. Bye bye Clementine, hopefully see you never.”

“ *Clementine* says bye back,” Tommy speaks on her behalf.

Tubbo snorts, “I’m sure she does.”

“Well we are going to go now, and y’know return her, to her home. In the water. Away from here. And I’ll come back, without her,” Tommy states, inching away from the living room.

Tubbo gives a hum of acknowledgment.

Tommy smirks behind his back as he leaves, closing the living room door firmly behind him before he tails it to their bedroom.

Clementine swims at super speed in the mug.

*As fucking if.*

*Getting rid of Clementine? Not in this economy.*

Tubbo clearly doesn't care about Tommy's safety. Sending him out into the dangerous, dark world at 7:43pm.

He's lucky that Tommy stole a bunch of tech from their bedroom without asking, otherwise Tubbo may have had a lawsuit for manslaughter on his hands.

Clementine swims majestically in the mug. She's so beautiful.

Tommy shifts his mask to scratch an itch on his cheek, cold air brushing against the exposed skin.

He's on a mission; he's going to get Clementine a fucking tank.

There are quite a few problems with this mission and Tommy is going to address none of them.

He clutches Clementine close to his chest and braces his feet before jumping off into the air, grinning as he perfects a landing onto a random industrial building.

Where do you even buy tanks?

Tommy looks down at the town, eyes scanning the shops, most of them already closed early for Sunday.

He pauses. A supermarket is open. Pogchamp. There should be something for Clementine in there.

He hops down into an alleyway before making his way onto the street inconspicuously. He's basically a spy at this point.

As Tommy nears the shop, he frowns, looking in through the windows there seems to be no one at the cashier stations. They really do slacking on the job huh.

Whatever, he'll find an employee when he gets in.

Tommy adjusts Clementine to be held in his right hand while he pushes with his other to open the supermarket door.

A beep chimes as he enters, yellow hue lighting making him blink. It's quiet.

Everyone must have given up shopping by six o'clock or something.

Tommy whistles to himself as he makes his way further into the shop, "Gonna get *Clementine* a tank, gonna get *Clementine* a tank and then Tubbo is going to have to accept her as a member of our family," He sings. Honestly Tommy should get an award for being multitasked.

What *can't* he do?

"What the fuck are you doing in here?" A deep voice rumbles behind him. Tommy squawks, but it's like, a manly squawk.

He turns around and sees a hooded figure, black mask and knife in hand.

*Shit* .

Did he just walk into the middle of a robbery?

He glances down at Clementine in resignation. Carefully he places her in between two different flavours of Pop Tarts; *Strawberry Sensation* and *S'mores*.

“*Clementine*, be good,” He orders before turning back to the masked figure.

“Look man, I’m just tryna buy a tank for my fish.”

The guy pauses, probably in bewilderment, “*What?*”

Tommy shifts on his feet, hand reaching behind to pull a pen out of pocket, “Yeah, like, I’m looking for a massive fucking tank that just like, takes up an entire wall. Like an aquarium.”

The guy is silent for a moment, “Where would you even find that?”

Tommy shrugs, “My guess is as good as yours.”

“Huh, I hope you find that tank,” The guy says and hey, this robber is pretty cool.

Tommy grins, “Thanks, like my best friend totally doesn’t want the fish, but like, fish lives matter too y’know? *Clementine* can’t speak for herself. I’m her representative.”

“*Clementine?*”

“Yeah, *Clementine*.”

They stand for a moment in silence.

Tommy sees the exact moment the man is about to attack and narrowly dodges a knife to the throat. *Yikes*.

He jabs his thumb hard into the pen and holds it out as it extends into a baton.

“Woah there big man, you need to like calm down,” Tommy chuckles, “I swear, you like, almost killed me there or something? Easy mistake to make, just don’t do it again okay.”

The guy launches another knife that nicks Tommy’s left arm.

Alright. Well that’s just fucking rude.

The vigilante uses the baton to kick himself up into the air and flip over the guy, landing on the opposite side.

He uses the advantage of hindsight to jab the weapon directly into the guy’s back, watching as he crumpled to the floor.

“Maybe next time, don’t try to stab me, *twice* .” Tommy scowls.

The guy stays crumpled and he sighs, time to find Clementine and get that fucking tank.

The door beeps and Tommy resists screaming.

He turns around and sees *three* more guys in masks.

Oh for fucksake.

They all stare at each other.

“Quagmire? Is that you?” One of them asks.

Tommy’s about to answer, that *no* , he isn’t fucking Quagmire, what kind of shitty name is that? But before he can, the guy on the ground groans in reply.

*Oh.*

That’s Quagmire.

That’s a stupid name.

“That’s a stupid name,” He says aloud just so everyone else can hear his opinion too.

“Did you just kill Quagmire?” One of them accuses.

Tommy huffs, “No, he’s clearly alive you dick. *He* tried to kill *me* .”

Clearly they don’t care about the circumstances because moments later they are in a full out battle; three against one.

This may be just *slightly* unfair in Tommy’s humble opinion.

But, he’s not the *talented* and *athletic* and *handsome* and *charismatic* vigilante for nothing.



He's barely catching a sweat as they chase him around the store, throwing whatever they can find and then some. Aisles go down, windows are broken. The usual.

Tommy yelps as heat licks at his heels. One of the dudes can breathe *fire* which to be honest is pretty Pogchamp.

"Guys, can't we come to an agreement or something?" He huffs in annoyance. He just wanted a fucking *tank*.

They don't seem to be in the mood for conversation, just y'know throwing knives, breathing fire, trying to *shoot* him.

It's great, just how he wanted to spend his evening.

"Okay time to break this up."

Tommy stumbles and falls onto the linoleum tiles because holy *fuck* . That's Philza.

Why the hell is Philza here?

This situation has gone from aggressively irritating to a fucking nightmare.

He's going to die.

Oh god, *Clementine*.

Tommy crouches under the frozen meat section to watch as Philza *and* Willow *and* The Blade stand at the entrance of the shop, staring down the robbers.

“What’s this all about hmm?” Philza hovers just above the ground like the fucking king he is, majestic wings flapping. This is the second best moment of his life.

The robbers all start speaking at once.

“There’s this stupid fucking *kid* .”

“He hurt Quagmire!”

“I just wanted some free chocolate.”

Philza frowns, “A kid?” He glances around the store and Tommy ducks immediately. This is *not* good.

“Yeah some stupid fucking tall brat with a stick!”

The *snitches*. Absolute *snakes*.

How dare they call his baton a stick? He’ll shove that ‘stick’ right up their-

“ *Where is he ?*” Willow steps forward, eyes hard.

Shit, shit, shit, shit, *shit*.

“He’s hiding in one of the aisles,” A robber immediately speaks up, unable to control it.

Oh god, this is how he dies. This is it.

He *still* hasn’t told Tubbo about the skittles incident.

Tommy starts to crawl down the aisle, very quietly and very careful only to come face to face with a large pair of black combat boots.

He sighs.

Tommy glances upwards to see Willow staring down at him.

He quickly backs up onto the palms of his hands.

“Listen,” He starts, dropping his voice to be intimidating, to be *scary* . “I’m sorry I offended you the last time we met. I didn’t know that powers turning off was such a touchy subject, but, *hey* it seems your powers are working just fine as we all just saw haha,” Tommy tries to soothe.

Willow glares down at him. “ *Get up.* ”

Okay, let’s pause for just a sec. TommyInnit is a very powerful, very strong, very talented vigilante who fights based on physical abilities alone.

And this is why he knows he’s no match for the Willow, who probably beats up kids like him as a warm up.

So TommyInnit, the clever, genius with an IQ of over a thousand does a *Pro Gamer Move* <sup>™</sup>.

He gets up.

Willow grins, all teeth as he turns to Philza and Blade, “Fucking *see* last time was a fluke.”

The Blade rolls his eyes, seemingly disappointed at the turn of events, “And here I was hoping I’d get to see you fail,” He drawls out. He’s *so* cool.

Philza just smiles, “Good job Wil, now let’s take him to the headquarters.”

Willow nods, grinning sadistically as he looks back at Tommy.

“You’re going to *pay* for getting away from us last time,” He promises.

Tommy is so so scared but also very very hyped because oh my fucking god, the *Willow* just threatened to torture him.

This is the best day ever.

Well, except for the fact that he’s getting taken to y’know be arrested or something. He’s not too sure what they do to vigilantes.

“*Follow us*,” The Willow whispers and Tommy complies, feet moving.

As they walk down the aisle, Tommy sees Clementine, swimming at light speed around the mug. His *child*.

He glances over at Willow who is walking a little ways ahead, back turned. An amateur move on his part.

With smooth movements Tommy grabs the mug with one hand, the other hand holding the baton.

Willow does not notice and he almost breathes a sigh of relief.

When the four of them reach outside, Willow begins to talk, while Techno watches Tommy curiously and Phil flies ahead.

“You see, when you escaped us a week ago, I *knew* it was a fluke. Because look at you, your mask looks fucking stupid and you’re wearing a hoodie that looks it has been run over, *thrice*. ”

Tommy resists frowning, but his eyebrow twitches. Now that is just *horrible*. He loves this hoodie; *yes*, he may refuse to wash it for like a month, but that’s not the Willow’s business.

“So I was I like, how would *you*, some wannabe vigilante be able to defy *my* powers.”

Tommy *really* wants to roll his eyes, oh my fucking *god* . This guy’s ego is through the roof.

They are further out on the street now, Tommy can see a path to take to get back home.

“I mean, you know who I am right? I’m the Willow, I’m in the top ten heroes ranking, in fact, I’m *sixth* place. I bet you couldn’t even apply to be a hero, your weapon is literally a *stick*,” Willow rants.

Tommy did not ask to be attacked. He just wanted a tank.

Tommy stops walking, no one notices. Philza is far ahead while The Blade seemingly became bored of the one-sided conversation.

“Like, you should be lucky to even meet us, this is probably like your biggest dream huh? Meeting us, three of the top ten heroes in the *world*. Did you know I am one of the youngest heroes to rise to the top so- “

“Okay, but, like, where are the askers? Who asked? I’m pretty sure nobody asked,” Tommy cuts Willow off, bracing his feet as he leaps off into the air.

He lands on a building and watches as the Willow stares up at him in disbelief. The Blade and Philza have also stopped to watch.

Tommy cups a hand over his mouth as he shouts over at the hero, “Hey Willow! Go find some askers!” He shoots him the middle finger for good measure.

And with that, he uses his baton as a booster to shoot him off into the sky, making his way home.

*Nobody* , makes fun of TommyInnit.

---

Tommy walks through his street in dejection. Clementine swims around the mug sadly.

“ *Clementine*, I’m sorry I couldn’t find you a beautiful aquarium.” He apologizes.

Clementine swims faster.

Tommy sighs melodramatically and begs the gods for a miracle.

He kicks absentmindedly at a plastic bottle, looking down at Clementine in sadness. She will never experience a full life, he's failed as a father.

Tommy pauses, turning around to look back at the bottle as he notices something odd.

The bottle is fucking *massive*. It's an old Sprite bottle, but it's so *big* it spans the length of his arm. That's *long*.

He glances back down at Clementine and then back at the bottle.

He grins.

---

"Tommy, what the fuck is this?"

Tubbo looks at him blearily, presumably waking up from a nap he spent at his computer. There's an indent of keys on his cheek.

Tommy smiles proudly as he holds the bottle out for his friend to see. It's full of clean water and Clementine swims around happily, floating from end to end.

"*This is Clementine's tank.*"

Tubbo blinks slowly, he stares at the bottle with an expression void of emotion. He places his head back on the keyboard and closes his eyes.

Tommy grins down at Clementine, swimming happily in the Sprite bottle.

Mission accomplished.

---

“Hey, hey, Wilbur, did he just, like, totally violate you, *again?* ” Techno grins at his twin, twirling his blade happily around his fingers.

“Shut the fuck up,” Wilbur seethes.

Philza snorts despite himself, “I don’t think it’s your powers Wil, if that’s any consolation.”

“It’s *not*,” Wilbur glares.

Techno’s grin widens, “No but seriously, I’m not the only one who saw the way that guy absolutely *destroyed* Wilbur to no return. Hey, hey, Wilbur, where are the askers? I tried looking for them but, it’s like they don’t exist,” Techno taunts.

“ *Go find a bridge and jump off it.* ”

“Wilbur!”



## Chapter End Notes

u guys really blew up a crack fic huh?

i think we should start a cult

seriously thanks for so many comments and shit, liek wow thats a /lot/ of hits, and subscribers and bookmarks. pogchamp

check out my other fics too, i have another sbi fic with protective older brothers and i have a royalty fic where nearly every smp member is a royal lmao - okay thats enogh plugging

im sleep now <3

if u saw typo, no <3

# Hoes Mad

## Chapter Summary

Hoes mad, hoes mad, hoes mad, hoes mad  
Hoes mad, hoes mad, hoes mad, hoes mad  
Hoes mad, hoes mad, hoes mad, hoes mad

## Chapter Notes

you guys really like this fic huh? u weirdos  
as always i wrote this at like 12am lmao  
anyways enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Give it to me,” Tubbo says, hand held out, face stern.

“No.” Tommy stands his ground.

“ *Give* it. Now, or *else* .”

Tommy looks nervously over to Clementine who is happily swimming in the bottle. He tries to telepathically communicate his distress but she just starts making bubbles in the water.

“Tommy, give me the gun.”

“I *need* it.”

“Why the fuck do you need a gun?” Tubbo throws up his hands in exasperation.

“For... things,” Tommy explains.

“Uh huh, give me the gun. Not only are you a menace to *yourself*, you are also a menace to society. You’re already a bloody vigilante. A gun will only make things worse.” Tubbo shudders.

“But I found it first. Finders keepers,” Tommy justifies, looping the gun handle around his finger.

“Finders keepers apply to things like -I don’t *know*, food? Toys? Not fucking murder *weapons* .”

Tommy lifts his hand to placate the distraught teenager, “No, no you’ve got it all wrong. You see this gun can’t actually kill anyone.”

Tubbo stares at him, looks at the gun and then back at him, then he looks to Clementine. “You see this shit, dumb fish? That’s your so called ‘father’”

Tommy huffs, offended. “Stop calling *Clementine* that! And also, I’m being serious.”

Tubbo twists up his face as if in agony, “Tommy it’s a fucking gun, of course it kills people,” He says it slowly.

Tommy grins, “See *that* is where you are wrong my dear friend, this gun doesn’t even have bullets,” He explains, cocking the weapon.

“What the actual hell are you on about, what’s inside it then?” Tubbo decides to humour him.

Tommy’s smile widens, “I’ll show you.”

That is when Tubbo realises his mistake; eyes wide he goes to protest only to be shot right in the fucking leg with a pointy dart.

“You *dick!*”

---

“Tubbo I’m sorry, I didn’t think it would hurt, like, that bad. It was - it was only a *dart* . I even shot myself with it.” Tommy tries to soothingly rub the elder’s back only to be shoved right off.

“Well *you* aren’t even normal, you fucking freak of nature, who bloody shoots themselves?! “ Tubbo cries in outrage, looking up at Tommy as if he’s got issues or something.

Tommy has zero issues. In fact, Tommy is living his best life.

He rolls his eyes, “Just cause you couldn’t handle a *little* pain doesn’t mean you should take it out on me.”

“You *shot* me!”

Jeez, this guy really holds onto the past huh?

“Tubbo, that was like ten minutes ago, you need to learn to let the past go; it’s not healthy,” Tommy advises softly.

Tubbo glares at him, “You have ten seconds to get the hell out of here and find a way to make it up to me.”

Tommy gulps, “Shit, okay. Listen, I am actually really sorry about shooting you, it just seemed like you were doubting my abilities as a glock wielder and to be honest I was quite offen-“

“One,” Tubbo starts to count off of his fingers.

Okay then. An apology isn’t good enough. He’s going to have to up his game.

“Okay, okay,” He puts his hand up in surrender, “I’m leaving, I’m gonna get you, like, the poggest apology present you’ve ever received.”

“Poggest isn’t even a word.”

“It is now.”

“Just get out, and take the fish with you - I don’t like it’s beady eyes staring at me,” Tubbo side eyes the fish who gapes at him.

“ *Clementine*, ” Tommy corrects, picking up the bottle. “And gladly, I don’t trust her in your company anyways, who knows what you would let her get up to.”

“She’s a fish,” Tubbo deadpans, “She can’t do anything but swim.”

Tommy sighs, shaking his head in disappointment at his friend's incompetence, "That's what you think."

"That's what *everybody* thinks, it's a *fish* . What the hell could it possibly do?" Tubbo looks at him incredulously.

"More than you can imagine," He says, ominously.

"Get out."

"Okay."

---

Tommy and Clementine prowl the sunny streets, on the search for redemption. If they come back home empty handed... it's better not to think of what the tyrant in their household will do.

" *Clementine*, what should we get Tubbo?" He asks the fish, as he hops from building to building.

Clementine swims faster.

Tommy grimaces, "No fucking *way* . We are not going to a supermarket ever again. I have trauma."

By trauma he means Willow violating his fashion choices.

Oh, and Quagmire.

Clementine slows down.

“No, no listen, it was - it wasn’t a *good* idea, but it was an idea,” He softens, “Don’t feel bad.”

Clementine swims faster.

“ *Clementine*, you know what I think? I think Tubbo is feeling neglected. That’s probably why he hates you so much y’know? He probably misses me. I am fucking awesome so I understand. But he’s got to learn to *share* . He should know better than to antagonize his little sister. He’s not being a good older brother to you, but don’t worry - we’re going to fix that.”

Clementine blows bubbles.

“Yeah, exactly.”

Tommy pauses as a brightly coloured shop catches his attention. He slips his gun into his hoodie and tugs off his mask. He does *not* need to be recognized in broad daylight.

He adjusts Clementine in his grip and climbs down a fire escape to the street pavements.

*Fundy’s toy shop.*

“ *Clementine*, I think this might be what he needs. He needs a toy of his own, something he doesn’t have to share,” Tommy’s eyes light up, he’s a *genius* .

Sometimes it hurts his back, carrying the intelligence *and* the humour of the entire kingdom.

“Alright, *Clementine*, it’s time to swindle.”

Tommy walks up to the door, bell chiming as he enters the brightly coloured shop.

There're so many different gadgets, legos, barbie dolls, *ken* dolls, is that- is that a *Philza* action figure?!

“ *Clementine*, ” He whispers reverently, bringing the bottle up to eyesight to stare into the fish’s beautiful and wonderful eyes. “This is epic.”

The fish gapes.

Here is a problem. Tommy only has enough money for one toy maximum.

But *Philza*.

Okay, okay, wait. Maybe, *maybe* if he just gets Tubbo a really cheap toy.

“*Clementine*, what should I do?” He whispers to his daughter.

She swims in a circle.

Tommy sighs, “You’re right,” He agrees, “Philza is more important than Tubbo’s forgiveness.”

Tommy picks up the Philza toy, expression of adoration as he stares at the blue eyes and green bucket hat.



Now to find one for Tubbo...

Tommy spends a while looking around the store, which is mostly empty apart from like, one 4ft child who looks at him weirdly.

Eventually he finds the the most majestic and magnificent toy in the history of existence.

It's an electronic monkey, whose arms are bent out of shape awkwardly. It's crossed eyed and has patches of fur missing. When he presses its stomach, it lets out a screech.

"Tubbo will love this, " He decides.

Tommy makes his way to the counter, putting Clementine upright on the side.

A man with fox ears turns around from packing shelves to smile at him.

"Hello young man, and how can I help you?"

Tommy stares before pushing the toys towards him, "Buying this."

The man frowns slightly before nodding, "Ah yes of course," He scans the items, a sweat breaking out on his brow as Tommy continues to stare at him.

"Nice weather out today huh?"

Tommy nods, "Yes."

The man nods twice, “Good, good,” He hums before the silence takes over as he puts the toys in a bag, “Right, that’ll be £15 pounds.”

Hmm.

Tommy shoves a hand in his hoodie pocket, shuffling around the gun to find the money. He pulls out two £5 pound notes and three 50ps.

This should be enough.

He puts the money on the counter watching as the employee’s expression turns to confusion.

“Oh um, sorry young man, but, that’s not enough. You may have counted wrong?” The man smiles sympathetically.

“No, that’s all I have,” Tommy stares.

“Well - well, you’re going to have to put one back.”

“No.”

“No?”

“Yeah, no.”

The man laughs awkwardly, “I uh, I don’t think you understand how this works, you have to pay me the right amount or I can’t give you the toys.”

Tommy stares. He then glances over to Clementine.

She stares back at him.

He nods.

“Listen man, I’m a bit low on funds at the moment, but, like I promise to pay you back,” He promises.

The man frowns, “Yeah, sorry but that’s not gonna work. This is a respectable establishment, I can’t just give away toys for less than they’re worth.”

Tommy snorts, glancing down at the monkey, “So you’re telling me, mister... “ He reads the employee’s name tag. “Mister Fundy, listen here. You are telling me that this *monkey* is worth £5? Look at it.”

Fundy looks down at the monkey, grimaces and then sets his face straight, “This isn’t going to work.”

“ *Listen* ,” Tommy sighs, “I’m actually doing you a favour, the monkey is an abomination. It deserves to be put down and it’s *electronic* .”

Fundy glares, placing his hands on his hips, “You’re not going to insult me into giving this away for free.”

“ *Please* ,” He changes tactics, widening his eyes “I’m only a small child.”

Fundy sceptically looks him up and down, taking in his height of 6’3.

Tommy clasps his hands in front of him, “Everyday I wake up and drink a bowl of milk hoping to one day grow bones that don’t break once a week. I have breaking bones disease. It is a terrible condition that only affects me. Ever since I was a child I dreamed of being like Philza, our lord and saviour. This action figure is the closest thing I’ll ever get to seeing him. The monkey is a symbolism of my broken bones. I need them both desperately. Who knows when my bones may break again? It could be any moment now.”

“Get out of my shop.”

This isn’t going well.

Tommy doesn’t want to stoop down to the level of criminals... but. He does promise to pay the man back when he gets more money.

“Ok,” He concedes, Fundy’s expression smoothing out. “I tried to play nice. Now I must be the antichrist.” He pulls out his mask, slipping it on.

Fundy lets out a shriek as Tommy pulls out his gun.

“Give me the toys,” He says, gun pointed straight at the man.

“Holy *fuck* , what is *wrong* with you?! Guns aren’t even legal here!” Fundy cries out.

Tommy shrugs, “Murder isn’t legal either, but I’ll still do it,” He threatens.

The things he does for Tubbo.

“Okay, okay please just take the toys and *leave*.”

Tommy grins behind the mask, grabbing the bag of toys and picking up Clementine.

TommyInnit strikes again.

He turns to leave the store only to come face to mask with Willow.

Tommy takes a moment to pray.

“Heyyyyy’, fancy seeing you here. You’re looking good, kinda angry though. Try turning that frown upside down?” He suggests, slowly backing away from the door as Willow glares him down.

He notices the other two heroes are nowhere to be seen.

“This,” Willow starts, jabbing a finger at him menacingly. “Is the last time you escape me.”

“Help me! He just attempted to kill me!” Fundy screams behind them.

Tommy rolls his eyes. You pull up a gun *one time* and suddenly you’re a murder. He lives in a society.

“He’s lying, obviously,” Tommy tells Willow. Willow who is staring at the gun in his hand. Shit.

“Really?” The hero asks disbelieving.

Tommy nods, “Yeah, listen, I think I’m just going to, go .”

Willow laughs, “Absolutely not. You will not ridicule me again.”

*Shit.*

He glances down at Clementine.

“Can we reschedule? Cuz’ like I just bought these toys and to be honest, it’s just a bad time,” Tommy tries to negotiate.

“Yeah no,” Willow lunges for him and Tommy lets out a yelp, tripping backwards onto the tiles.

Clementine’s bottle rolls out of his grip. His *child*.

Willow looms over him.

So this is how he dies. Huh.

And then, the most miraculous, beautiful, show stopping thing happens.

Willow steps towards him, hands reaching out to grab and he *trips* . Over Clementine’s bottle.

Tommy gasps in amazement, looking at his daughter while Willow lets out a wheeze on the floor.

“You are a godsend,” He whispers to her before standing up quickly.

As soon as Willow tries to get up, Tommy shoots him. No hesitation. Right in the chest.

Willow lets out a scream of agony. “*Fuck!*”

Fundy sobs from behind the counter, “You *killed* him.”

Tommy snorts, “No I didn’t. He’s fine.”

Willow heaves on the floor, letting out curses.

“See, breathing and everything,” Tommy shrugs, picking up Clementine and the bag of toys.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Fundy trying to escape the shop. Not on his watch.

He shoots the man in the leg. Fundy crumples to the floor in defeat, letting out a groan.

“It didn’t have to be like this,” Tommy sighs in disappointment.

He sees Willow shakily getting to his feet and points his gun at him.

“Don’t you dare,” Tommy warns, cocking the gun. “I won’t hesitate, bitch.”

Willow’s eyes are full of rage, lowkey kinda scary but Tommy stands his ground. He’s TommyInnit.

When Willow takes a step forward, he shoots him again, right in the stomach.

The hero writhes on the floor in pain. *Honestly*. Tommy rolls his eyes.

Tommy steps over the bodies lying prone on the floor. He turns to Fundy, “I promise I’ll pay you back,” He tells the man who glares up at him.

Damn you can’t please some people.

He turns to Willow, “I hope our next encounter is more um, peaceful? Gun free? Less murderous?”

Willow shoots him the middle finger as he winces, clutching his stomach.

Tommy turns around, taking off his mask and shoving the gun in his pocket as he exits the store.

He looks down at Clementine, “Sometimes, *Clementine*, hoes just be mad. You really can’t please some people, honestly, that reminds me of the time...”

Tommy recounts an old encounter with a drug dealer as they make their way home.

---

“Tommy,” Tubbo sighs, “What the hell is this?”

“ *This* is *your* monkey.”



Tubbo looks at the deranged thing, arms twisted and balding in places, and he smiles. “Thank you.”

Tommy grins, “You’re welcome big man, now how about we watch the bee movie?” He suggests even though it terrifies him.

Tubbo grins, “ *Yes!* I haven’t watched that since, like, last week.”

Tommy nods fondly, “Yes, yes, I know. Come on then, I’ll go get some snacks - I swear we have some gummies somewhere,” He says as he goes through their cupboards.

“I think so,” Tubbo agrees as he sits down on the couch. “I think I’m gonna name him *Fredderick* .”

“Huh?” Tommy asks distractedly.

“ *Fredderick* .”

“Fredderick?”

“Yeah, *Fredderick* .”

---

Phil watched as Wilbur stumbles haggardly into the headquarters, clutching at his side. He whistles, “Jeez, what happened to you mate?”

Wilbur glares at him. “That fucking *bitch* . I’m going to kill him, *murder* him. It’s over the next time I even catch a glimpse of that ugly hoodie.”

The other heroes in the building look worriedly at him.

“Wil, we’re *heroes* ,” Phil sighs.

Wilbur shakes his head, “Not anymore, this is my fucking villain arc.”

Techno snorts from his placement on one of the couches. Phil thought he was sleeping.

“What’d he do this time to escape your evil clutches?”

Wilbur turns to twin in irritation, “He had a *gun*. A *dart* gun.”

Techno barks out a laugh, eyes twinkling in amusement. “He beat you with a *dart* gun? Oh Wilbur, how you have fallen from grace,” He grins, “This is an all time low for you huh?”

“Do me a favour, and *jump out the window*. ”

“Wilbur! We’re on the 20th floor!”

## Chapter End Notes

typos? no <3 (pls tell me)

tubbo: what is that?

tommy: a gun!

tubbo: no!

how do you like the fundy bullying? i love him

lowkey, i think we should all get married cuz i love you guys a lot. lets all just flirt in the comments <3

uh anyways, im gonna make a discord - but what should the name be? so far, the name i got is - CLEMENTINE THIS IS /YOUR/ HOUSE

i think its nice :) ill probably upload a temporary chapter with the discord link. also if u guys wanna follow me on twitter my handle is @bigbrainsimp (pls dont ask)

also also, aside from adoring all the comments, i love some of the things u guys say in the bookmarks asjdjd they make me cackle

the support for this fic is insane, im honestly still a bit shocked

now this bit is about me so u can skip :)

um anyways, so like life right? ive started back school online (i took a week off) and im already struggling lmao. today was really hard for me. it took ages to get out of bed and i felt really lethargic? also my eating has been terrible :( for some reason the thought of eating makes me feel nauseous and i can't stomach more than a small amount of anything. so i may not update as regularly <3

bye for now, i love you guys so much. cult pog. :)

# I Just Spoke To TommyInnit He Said Give Me A Goddamn Minute

## Chapter Summary

sawawasenai kimi wa shoujo na no boku wa yarichin bitchi no osu daiyou

## Chapter Notes

its curretly 3am pls  
this chap is a mess  
i will never understand u guys

also theres like drug stuff but not really

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy averts his eyes as the television on the wall blares the current news.

He rests his chin on his palm, locking eyes with Clementine. She's swimming around pretty slowly.

"Shhh *Clementine* please. You're going to give us away."

The barista, Bad, stares at him in confusion as he hands him a blueberry muffin, "Tommy? Is this your friend?" He questions staring at the Sprite bottle.

"Daughter," He corrects automatically as takes a chunk out of the muffin, "Her name is *Clementine* and we are soulmates."

Bad nods with a smile, “Right, of course.”

Tommy nods, humming loudly as the news reporter discusses a recent robbery.

“According to the toy shop owner, he was threatened and shot by a tall man child. Sixth ranking hero, the Willow was also at the crime scene but failed to capture the criminal, stating he was armed with a ‘dart’ gun.”

Tommy whistles, narrowing his eyes at Clementine when she pauses to stare at him. “You need to learn the art of subtlety *Clementine*. ”

Bad frowns at the television, “Isn’t that just terrible? Why would anyone rob a *toy* shop owner of all things?”

Tommy shrugs, “No idea, honestly, some people just want to see the world suffer.”

Bad furrows his brows, “I’m just trying to understand why the criminal chose a *toy* shop, isn’t that just a new level of low?”

The teenager bristles, “Y’know, I’m sure they had their reasons. Maybe they were trying to escape certain death from an intimidating roommate who might have defenestrated them for the second time that week?”

Bad stares.

Tommy shrugs, “You never know.”

Bad gives him another muffin, “Right, of course. How’s Tubbo?”

Tommy sighs, “Angry, as usual. Apparently you shouldn’t try to feed fish Coco Pops?”

Bad looks worriedly at Clementine, “You’ve been feeding her Coco Pops?”

Tommy nods, nonplussed, “Yeah, she likes them.”

Bad looks at him in horror before glancing back at the fish, “How is she alive?”

Tommy scrunches up his nose, “What do you mean how is she alive? Look at her, she’s fine. She’s thriving in fact.”

Clementine turns upside down in the bottle, floating in the water, frozen.

Bad lets out a cry, hand clasped over his mouth, “She’s *dead*.”

Tommy frowns, looking at his daughter before snorting, “No she’s not, *Clementine*, stop it.”

Clementine turns back around and starts swimming.

Bad stares.

Tommy nods, “See? She’s cool.”

Bad stares some more before clearing his throat, “Right. Well, I’ve got some, uh *different* fish food which might work better. I’ll just go get that.”

Tommy shrugs, “I think her diet of Coco Pops is fine, but we’re running out so yeah I don’t mind giving her some variety.”

Bad nods, looking stressed. Jeez, running a cafe must be taking its strain on him huh?

“You ever considered therapy Bad?”

“What?” Bad asks, bewildered.

“Therapy,” Tommy says slowly, “You ever considered it? You look stressed.”

Bad laughs, albeit a bit awkwardly, “No, no I’m not stressed, just uh, surprised is all. About your fish.”

Tommy frowns in confusion, “There’s nothing wrong with *Clementine*. ”

Bad nods fervently, “Right, right. Uh huh, yeah, of course.”

Tommy narrows his eyes, “Are you questioning my parenting skills Bad?”

The man holds up his hands in surrender, “No, no. Of course not. I trust your, um, parenting methods.”

Tommy keeps his eyes narrowed, scrutinizing the man before he nods in satisfaction. “Good, I’d hate to have to take my daughter and I’s company to another cafe.”

Bad nods, sweating a bit. “Uh huh, I’m glad. I’m just going to get that fish food now.”

As Bad scampers off into the back room, Tommy turns to Clementine.

“Yes, yeah I know, he’s a bit weird, but, *but* - can you listen please? Thank you, listen, I know he’s a bit weird but he makes good muffins, for *free* .” He explains to the fish who swims around slowly.

Tommy rolls his eyes, “He’s not suspicious of *you* . He just probably is just, like, scared, of your presence. Your magnificence. *Clementine*, please.”

---

Tommy adjusts his mask as he stalks along the edge of the Kingdom. He clutches Clementine in his grip, a bag of Coco Pops in the other.

“Alright, this is your first patrol *Clementine*, so you have to listen to everything I say.”

Clementine stares up at him.

“ *Yes*, everything I say, did I stutter?” Tommy sighs as he perches himself on a tree branch.

He undoes the bag of Coco Pops, grabbing a handful before he twists the cap of Clementine’s bottle, sprinkling the cereal in the water.

“Tonight should be quiet,” Tommy says as he overlooks the Kingdom, eyes stalking the empty streets.

“Are you done talking to the fish?” Tubbo’s voice crackles through the speaker.



Tommy scowls, “ *Clementine.* ” He corrects.

“I don’t care, just - just stick to the mission.”

Tommy rolls his eyes, “What was the mission again?” He asks, picking at his ear in boredom.

There’s a frustrated noise on the other end of the earpiece. Tommy looks to Clementine and shrugs at the dramatics.

“Drugs, Tommy, *drugs.* ”

“Oh yeah!” Tommy claps his hands together, “The drugs.” He recalls as he grabs another handful of Coco Pops.

“Please try to remember why you are out here - hey, *hey* are you *eating*? On patrol?!”

Tommy pauses halfway through his next mouthful, cereal crunching as he tries to awkwardly talk around it. “No.”

“You’re lying to me. I can *hear* you.”

“Can you?” Tommy mumbles, slyly turning down the volume on the earpiece. “I don’t think so, the wind is a bit crispy tonight. That’s probably what you’re hearing. Easy mistake.”

“Tommy stop eating and act like a vigilante.”

Tommy frowns, offended, “I don’t need to *act*, I am-“

He pauses at the sound of shuffling from below. He glances to Clementine and then looks down.

“Suspicious sounds,” He whispers to Tubbo.

“Su-suspicious sounds? Like what? Is it possible that you can actually explain things with *detail?* ”

Tommy scratches his chin, “Sounded like uh, uhhhh,” He looks to Clementine for help, who blows a bubble, “Yeah, it sounded like crunchy grass.”

“Okay? Whatever, just, just go investigate it. *Carefully.* ”

“Sure big man,” Tommy agrees, already slipping down the tree, Clementine in hand.

“I’m turning you off now,” He whispers, clicking the earpiece off and interrupting the other boy’s protests.

He hides behind a tree and watches as two men speak quietly in the cover of darkness.

Tommy narrows his eyes.

...Is that?

He resists facepalming. He should’ve fucking known. If there was anyone, it would be...

“Eyyyy’ man you want some drugs?”

Big Q aka Quackity.

Tommy watches as the other guy shuffles awkwardly, pulling out a few notes and trying to slyly slide the money to the drug dealer.

He turns to Clementine to sigh quietly, “Never do drugs my child,” Then he reconsiders, “Actually, do drugs, but don’t buy them from *him*. ”

It’s best to just get this over with.

Tommy steps out from behind the cover of the tree and clears his throat loudly. Both men let out a yelp of surprise, turning to look at him in unison.

Quackity looks surprised for a moment before grinning, “Eyyyyy man, it’s my boy TommyInnit. What’s good?”

Tommy sets Clementine down on the grass. “Not much to be honest, just, y’know, stopping a drug deal.”

Quackity laughs, “Woah that’s great man, you’re popping off. Who you stopping?”

Tommy reaches behind him and pulls out his dart gun, “You.”

Quackity frowns before laughing, “Nah man, this - this ain’t a drug deal? What are you blind? I’m giving this guy therapy.”

Tommy lowers the gun slightly, “Therapy?”

“Yeah dude,” Quackity explains, “This guy is traumatised, went through some deep emotional shit.”

“Oh fuck, seriously?” Tommy scratches his head awkwardly.

“Yeah, sucks balls dude. This guy, like - *hah* - he, like, tried robbing a store and got scoliosis.”

“What the fuck?” Tommy raises an eyebrow, “Isn’t scoliosis like, like, a medical condition?”

Quackity shrugs with a grin, “I dunno man, I’m just the therapist. Apparently he got like, a stick to the back? And it like, totally fucking, rearranged his spine.”

That sounds kinda familiar...

Tommy glances at the other guy for the first time, squinting to get a better look. Black mask...

“Quagmire?!”

The guy grunts. “Yeah, it’s me. You fucked up my spine you dickhead.”

Now that he looks at him properly, the robber’s back is curved, but like, inwards.

Tommy winces before realizing, “Didn’t you try to kill me?! You’re a fucking piece of shit dude, I like, told you about my fish and the fucking tank and you threw a knife at me!”

Quackity frowns, “Hey man, that ain’t cool, why would you try to kill a fish parent?”

Quagmire huffs, “I was trying to rob a fucking store! Who do you think I am? Jesus Christ?”

Tommy shrugs, “I mean. We’ve never seen your face so,”

Quackity nods, “Yeah that’s true, you could like, totally be Jesus Christ dude. Which is like so much worse, because you tried to *kill* someone.”

“I’m not *Jesus Christ!* ” Quagmire shouts.

Tommy and Quackity raise their hands in surrender. “Jeez, calm down big man. It was just an assumption, easy to make.” Tommy soothes.

Quagmire gestures his hands around in frustration, “What the hell is wrong with you guys?! You,” He points at Tommy, “Are a bloody *vigilante* , you’re already illegal and on top of that you brought your fucking fish with you! Why the hell is it in a Sprite bottle?!”

Oh my *god* , this guy needs to take a chill pill. He’s acting like this is his first rodeo or some shit.

“And *you* ,” Quagmire points to Quackity, “Aren’t a *therapist* , you’re a drug dealer!”

“You lied to me?” Tommy questions, betrayed.

Quackity laughs nervously, “No, listen Tommy. I didn’t *lie*. I *am* a therapist and I treat my patients with uh, happy powder.”

Tommy sighs, head in hands. “I can’t believe you’ve done this.”

He takes his gun back up and shoots Quackity in the leg, the man going down with a cry before passing out. Honestly, the darts aren't even that strong.

Tommy turns to Quagmire, who lets out a shriek.

"Just let me go! You've already ruined my spine."

Tommy shoots him too and he crumples to the floor.

He turns to his daughter, "No mercy, *Clementine*, no mercy for them."

Clementine does a flip in the water.

There's more shuffling and Tommy jumps, turning around with his gun pointed.

Pointed at the *Blade* .

Oh shit.

"Oh wow," He says, lowkey freaking out, highkey having the best moment of his life.

"Hey," The Blade says casually, twirling his sword around his fingers.

This is the best moment *ever* . He's so cool, he's so *cool*. Oh god, oh god, Tommy is going to hyperventilate.

Tommy inhales shakily, breathing heavily before clearing his throat, “Hello,” He says, voice dropped at least three octaves.

The Blade gestures to the men on the floor, “You do this?”

Tommy nods jerkily, “Uh, yea- *yeah* ,” His voice cracks. Shit. “They were uh, drugging.”

The Blade raises an eyebrow, amused. ““Drugging?””

He nods again, brain to mouth filter non existent, “Yes, *drugging* . Doing the drug... things.”

The Blade hums, looking Tommy up and down. “What’s your name?”

Oh god, oh *god*. The *Blade* wants to know *his* name. This is epic. This is poggers. He looks down at Clementine in excitement, she swims fast in the water.

“I’m, uh,” He stutters, “TommyInnit. The vigilante.”

“Vigilante huh?” The Blade questions, mouth tugging into a half-smile.

Wait. Tommy’s a *vigilante*. Why the fuck is he conversing with the very person who is meant to *capture* him?

His mind bursts into flames of panic. Alarms bells ringing. Thoughts overlapping of *Oh fuck, oh jesus, you may die, oh jesus, oh fuck, oh shit, I’m hungry, oh shit, fuck, shit, oh god*.

He should shoot him. He needs to shoot the Blade.

Tommy's hands shake. He can't shoot the *Blade*. That's like definitely illegal or something, it probably goes against the rules of everything, everywhere.

The Blade watches his internal panic, seemingly entertained. "Don't worry, I'm not here for catchin', I was just interested is all."

Tommy is still very worried.

"I for some reason, don't believe you," Tommy starts, "I like, you know that - that I shot your brother right?"

Why is he doing this to himself? Tommy isn't a masochist. Why is he self-sabotaging?

Then the Blade *laughs*, it's more of a bark of laughter - sudden and loud, "Oh I know, that helps me sleep peacefully at night."

Tommy is very confused. "You... like me shooting your brother?"

The Blade nods, grinning. It's a very scary grin. "Of course. Feel free to continue shooting him in fact. Actually y'know what? What kind of guns you like? I'll get you one, on the house."

Tommy's mind is in shambles.

The Blade, the *Blade* wants to fucking, gift him guns?

What timeline is this?



“Uh, right. Can you just, hold that thought for a fucking moment,” Tommy laughs, bordering on the edge of insanity, probably.

He needs a goddamn minute.

He turns to Clementine who is already staring at him. “ *Clementine*, what the fuck is this? Did you do this? Have we entered an alternate fucking dimension?” He accuses the fish who just gapes at him.

“Unbelievable. I’m blaming you. This- *this* is some weird shit. He’s offering to buy me *guns* . Tubbo’s right, I can’t have real guns. It would like, completely put the world out of balance or some shit.”

Clementine swims slowly.

“You know what? Okay, you’re - you’re right. Okay, okay.” He nods to his daughter before turning back to the Blade.

The Blade is staring at him in fascination. Tommy shuffles awkwardly on the spot.

“Sorry about that,” Tommy coughs, “I uh, yes, I will continue to shoot the Willow, if you’d like?”

He’s not really sure how to go about this.

The Blade huffs a laughter, “Sure kid.”

Tommy bristles, “I’m actually, like, not a fucking child. I’m a big man. Probably older than you actually.”

The Blade raises an eyebrow in disbelief, but otherwise shrugs, “Whatever you say child.”

Now he’s just *trying* to annoy him.

Tommy does not *pout* . “Not a *child* .”

“Okay child.”

Fuck shooting the Willow. Tommy’s about to shoot this guy, no hesitation. He raises his gun higher in warning.

The Blade just smirks, “You think that’s going to work?”

Tommy shrugs, “Let's find out.”

He shoots him.

The hero barely startles. Tommy hates that he is impressed and kinda fanboying at how *cool* he is.

The Blade grimaces at the dart stuck in his arm before pulling it out, “What the hell is in these?”

Tommy shrugs again. He has no idea.

“Well, as fun as this has been. Shootin’ and all. I’m gonna take these *criminals* off your hands,” The Blade sighs, leaning down to chuck Quackity over his shoulder.

Tommy tries not to deflate in disappointment. “Yeah that’s cool, thanks for not like, arresting me or something. See you around Blade.”

As the Blade picks up Quagmire, he turns to the teenager, smiling small. “Techno.”

“Huh?” Tommy frowns.

“Call me Techno.”

And with that, the hero disappears into the darkness.

Tommy stands still, frozen.

“ *Clementine*, ” He whispers reverently, “ *Clementine*, we just - we just got the *Blade* ’s name?”

He just got the Blade’s *name*.

---

“Tommy fucking Innit! I *told* you not to turn the earpiece off! Why don’t you ever listen to me, I *swear* . What’s the point in me even making the bloody tech?! You’re sleeping on the couch. I hope you freeze. *Honestly*. You don’t deserve a bed, or - or - is that? Is that Coco Pops in Clementine’s water?! I told you not to feed her that shit! I swear, *Fredderick* is a better listener than you!... “

Tommy tunes out, a dopey grin on his face as Tubbo seethes.

He got the Blade's fucking name. *And* he has permission to shoot Willow. *And* he's getting guns, for *free*.

No one is doing it like TommyInnit, the *courageous* and *talented* and *handsome* and *charismatic* vigilante.

---

Wilbur stares at Techno, eyes narrowed. "Why are you smiling like that?"

Techno flops down onto the couch next to his brother to smirk at him, "I have no idea what you are talking about, dear brother."

Phil watches the scene with increasing worry. He just replaced the windows.

"What did you do?" Wilbur questions, lips in a scowl.

Techno shrugs, "Nothing much, arrested a drug dealer, bought dinner, talked with your arch nemesis," The man lists off his fingers.

Wilbur's eyes widen before they settle into a glare, "You talked to that demon?!"

Techno grins, "It was a pleasure really, to talk with the person who has caused you so much suffering."

Wilbur grits his teeth, "Why didn't you *arrest* him?!"

Techno shrugs, “Because, it’s fun.”

“Fun?!” Wilbur screeches incredulously. The hero turns to Phil, eyes scorching with rage. “Phil, did you just hear this dickhead?”

Phil sweats. “Mmm.”

“For *fun*?” Wilbur repeats, fists clenching. “I’ll show you *fun*. *Do a flip off the building.*”

Phil sighs.

## Chapter End Notes

typo??? i dont think so (pls tell)

eyyyyyyyyyy man im tired

u guys are crazy theres like 100 somethign comments last chapter, i really wanted to answer them but theres so many jesus, thank you so much for the support, especially the well wishes and advice, u guys are so nice <33333 i love the amount of flirting comments too lmao they make me laugh. maybe we should all kiss,,, jk haha.... unlessss???? \*bites lip\*

someone asked what tommy looks like for this fic, and tbh i have no idea let ur imagination run free. HOWEVER @banikon on twitter did some amazing fanart for tubbo and tommy's designs plus some scenes from chap 3 so u should def check them out. (idk how to like embed fanart in the fic yet lmao)

uh anyways i made discord thingy it expires in a days so if u missed it, just comment below and i can send the link to u

<https://discord.gg/rMQv7RPK>

i honetslly have no idea how to run a discrod so this shold be fun :D

i promise im gonna update boy in the bubble next, its just a big chapter and uhhh u guys really wanted more of this one

also also dont forget to add my twitter @bigbrainsimp  
i may post like update times and little spoilers there plus u can send fanart :)

i think thats everything honestly idk im tired lmao  
<33333333

# Glock Wielder Supreme

## Chapter Summary

dududududududuudddudduuddudududu

## Chapter Notes

wassup new chapter  
u weirdos probably missed me

enjoy this stuff

also TW: there is dart shooting this chapter. it starts at “Tommy kicks open the door” and ends at the end of the scene

ok pog

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy stares in disbelief.

How could this have happened? Where did he go wrong? What could he have done to deserve this betrayal?

He glances down at Clementine in his hands. She does a flip in the water.

“*Clementine*,” He hisses, “This is a serious problem, don’t laugh.”

She stares up at him and Tommy glares.

She's becoming rebellious these days.

But there are bigger problems on Tommy's mind.

There is an imposter in his house. An *intruder*. An abomination.

"Are you okay dude? Want some water?"

How *dare* this satan spawn offer him water in *his* own home?

This is blasphemy.

Tommy looks at Tubbo, eyes narrowed. "Who the fuck is this?"

Tubbo scowls at him from his placement at the desk, idly twisting on the spinny chair. "I already told you, like, three times already. The answer is still the same. This is Ranboo and I'm teaching him how to develop tech."

Tommy sniffs in disdain, "Okay *Ranboob*."

The tall slenderman looking fuck just smiles awkwardly, "It's pronounced Ranboo, actually."

Tommy grits his teeth, "That's what I said, *Ranboob*."



“Okay, uh, I’m kinda, um, starting to think you don’t like me? Which is fine, honestly,” The awkward bitch puts his hands up in surrender. “I won’t be here for long, just you know, trying to learn from Tubbo and I’ll be out of your hair dude, sorry. Uh, also I like your fish?”

Tommy clutches Clementine close to him, “Her name is *Clementine*, but you’re not going to address her or even look in her direction you heathen.”

Tubbo sighs in exasperation, shooting the beanstalk an apologetic look, “I’m so sorry about him, just like, ignore his presence. I do it all the time and I live with him. He’ll eventually get bored and go commit crimes or something.”

Tommy huffs, offended, “I see you have replaced me huh? Was I not fucking good enough? Did I not slave away in the kitchen this morning to make you breakfast?”

Tubbo raises a brow, “It was cereal. And you put the milk first.”

The intruder has the audacity to scrunch his nose up in disgust, “Who puts the milk first?”

Tubbo shakes his head in disappointment, “I know right? He manages to disgust me more and more everyday.”

Tommy glares, seething, “Is this bully TommyInnit day or some shit. I don’t even know who the fuck you *are!* You tall fucking slenderman looking bitch boy! I bet you don’t even eat cereal, you probably eat cat shit. Is this who you are replacing me with Big T? Some walmart slenderman who can’t decide on a hair colour?”

Tubbo just stares at him, eyes despaired as if looking into the void of hell. He stares some more before turning to the bitch boy. “Yeah, so as I was saying, just ignore him and eventually he’ll get tired.”

The slenderman nods unsurely, eyes glancing between the two roommates. “Right, okay, that’s cool - that’s, that’s cool.”

Tommy lets out a shout of frustration, “Fuck you, fuck you Tubbo. I won’t forget this you traitor, betrayer, replacer. You’ll regret this. You’ll - you’ll fucking regret this day.”

Tubbo nods, “Right, that’s great Toms,” He says absentmindedly, before turning back to his monitor, “So Ranboo, if you look here, this is one of the first prototypes I’ve made, obviously it’s quite basic, but it’s good for beginners...”

Tommy watches in disbelief as they begin a conversation *without* him.

He looks down at Clementine. “This is unacceptable,” He tells her.

---

Stalking the Blade may not have been Tommy’s brightest idea, but it is one of his best.

He and Clementine prowl in the darkness, following the hero through his patrol.

It’s a pretty pogchamp experience, Tommy can’t lie. He gets to watch first hand as the Blade stabs his enemies and swiftly arrests criminals like a badass motherfucker.

He tilts Clementine’s bottle so she can get a better look, “*Clementine* take notes, this will be you one day my child, a sword wielding legend.”

Clementine blows a bubble at him.

The Blade is fighting some robber. It’s a pretty one sided fight to be honest, because the moment the hero grazes the criminal with his sword, the guy is paralyzed on the floor.

They watch as the hero lets out a sigh, cracking his neck to the side before slugging the robber over his shoulder effortlessly.

Tommy may be a little awestruck. But it's only natural.

“Are you just goin’ ta’ follow me around?”

Tommy startles violently, almost dropping his daughter.

“Uhhhhh,” He replies eloquently, before coming out of his hiding space. “Hello, the Blade,” He greets.

The Blade raises an eyebrow at him, an amused lilt to his mouth. “Thought I gave you my name?”

“Ah! Oh yes,” Tommy laughs awkwardly, “Yes, um, Techno... Blade.”

The hero snorts, “Technoblade?”

Tommy nods after a moment, “Technoblade.”

“Alright then, Tommy, why have you been followin’ me?” Technoblade asks, causally adjusting his grip on the paralyzed criminal.

Tommy shifts on his feet, “Well you see, funny thing that, so like you know, how uh, like, maybe last week? You remember, like, early last week with the drug dealer and stuff? When you kinda said that you’d get some,” He coughs, “ *Guns.* ”

Technoblade smirks, “You’re lookin’ for some violence huh?”

Tommy doesn’t know if he should nod; this guy is technically meant to be an advocate for peace and justice and stuff.

“You could say that,” Tommy settles for.

The hero hums in approval. “That’s cool, I can hook you up. You’re gonna have to go to the headquarters though.”

Hold the *fuck* up.

“I have to *what?* ”

Clementine swims at super speed in the bottle.

“You heard me dude,” Technoblade shrugs, idly flicking his hair. “You gotta come with me, I left the guns there.”

“Can’t - can’t you just, I don’t know, bring the guns to *me* ?” Tommy absolutely cannot under no circumstances, go to the hero headquarters.

Technoblade smirks at him, “But that’s no fun. Also I’m lazy. Take it or leave it.”

“Okay, give me a fucking moment jeez,” Tommy huffs, turning his back to the hero so that he can converse with Clementine.

“*Clementine* this is fucking insane right? I can’t just, go into the fucking building dressed like this! I’m going to be arrested on site.”

Clementine swims slowly.

“*No*. No way.”

She stills and stares at him.

“*Clementine* I’m not taking off my mask, in front of the *Blade*. Did I drop you on your head as a baby?”

Clementine gapes at him.

“Oh god,” Tommy sighs, “You’re *insane*.”

She does a twirl.

“Fine. *Fine*. But if I fucking die, I have left nothing in my will for you. Nothing.”

Tommy inhales deeply before turning back around to Technoblade. Who is staring at him in amusement?

“I will accompany you, to the uh, *hero headquarters*,” Tommy agrees before tacking on, “A very dangerous place for a *wanted* vigilante.”

Technoblade snorts, “Wilbur is the only one that wants you.”

Tommy furrows his brows. “Wilbur?”

Technoblade waves him off, “Don’t worry about it.”

Tommy narrows his eyes, “Um, okay then. So uh, here’s the thing. They’re like, obviously gonna figure me out the moment I enter.”

“Take off your mask then,” Technoblade shrugs.

“That’s what *Clementine* said too. But no offence, I don’t really trust you,” Tommy says, full offence.

Technoblade shrugs, “If I was gonna turn you in, I would have by now. You’re harmless.”

Tommy lets out a noise of deep indignation. “I’m fucking TommyInnit. I’m one of the best vigilantes to grace this kingdom. I am *athletic* and *talented* and *handsome* and *charismatic*. I am *far* from harmless.”

Technoblade looks him up and down, “Right of course, how could I be mistaken?”

Tommy frowns, “I think you’re being sarcastic.”

“Am I?” The hero hums.

Tommy huffs, “Okay fine, I’m gonna take off my mask. *But* if you tell anyone my identity, I will like, shoot you multiple times or something.”

“I thought we established that the darts don’t work on me,” Technoblade smirks.

“It won’t be a dart,” Tommy promises.

Technoblade chuckles, “Alright kid, just take off your mask so we can get goin’ I ain’t got all day.”

It’s now or never. If he dies, Tommy’s blaming Clementine.

Tommy slowly, *slowly*, reaches up a hand to his face to grip the mask. This is it. This is the moment.

The moment he reveals his true identity to a hero he has looked up to for his entire-

“Hurry it up dude, stop tryin’ ta’ be dramatic.”

Tommy scowls. He moves his fingers extra slowly just to be annoying.

“You may need to brace yourself, because I’m actually quite beautiful and have been known to be blind people with my outstanding features and muscular bone structure-“

“I’ll leave you,” Technoblade threatens. “I’ll just leave you behind and you can forget your guns.”

“Ok fine jeez,” Tommy pouts, yanking the mask off.

The cold air turns his cheek pink. Definitely not because he is very nervous and potentially might die because he just revealed his face to one of the top ten heroes.

Technoblade’s eyes widen - not a lot, barely noticeable. But Tommy sees it.

“Are you *twelve*? ”

Tommy squawks in offence, “What the fuck! How bloody dare you. I’ll have you know I am eighteen years old.”

Technoblade looks concerned. That’s not good. “No, seriously. Are you twelve. Because I can’t give guns to a twelve year old. That’s just bad rep.”

“I’m eighteen.”

“Uh huh, yeah I believe you,” Technoblade nods, “Now tell me the truth.”

Tommy grumbles something under his breath before speaking up, “I’m sixteen,” He confesses.

“Jesus, Wil is actually trying to kill a child,” The hero mutters.

“I’m not a fucking child!” Tommy screeches. “Wait, are you talking about Wil as in the Willow? He wants to *kill* me?! What did I do?”

Technoblade shrugs, “I dunno, he kinda hates you a lot. Wants to murder you and that.”

“Don’t talk about my murder so casually!”

“Eh,” Technoblade shrugs again, “I don’t think he’ll kill you when he sees your face.”



Tommy freezes, “Oh no, no, no. Willow is not knowing my identity. You will refer to me as, um, Tomathy.”

Technoblade snorts, “Tomathy?”

“Tomathy.”

“Alright, *Tomathy*. And what about the hoodie you’re wearin’?”

Tommy glances down at himself. “What about it?”

“Willow’s gonna notice that your wearin’ the same ugly hoodie as the guy he’s tryna’ kill,” The hero warns.

“Hmmm,” Tommy hums, “Gimme your cloak.”

“What.”

“Your cloak. Give it.”

“I don’t think so, child.”

“Come on, Blade, it’s the only way. I’m not wearing a t-shirt under this.”

Technoblade looks at him in disgust and then down at his cloak. “If you make it snotty I’ll kill you myself.”

“I’m sixteen, not fucking five. I won’t get your cloak dirty big man, just hand it over.”

Technoblade reluctantly takes the thing off and gingerly hands it over to the boy.

“Thanks,” Tommy says, pulling the thing over him and tugging his hood down underneath it.  
“Now, here’s the cover story-“

“Cover story?”

“Yeah, cover story. We gotta make this believable. So I’m Tomathy, an orphan and you decided to show me your awesome hero stuff because you saw how amazing and badass I was.”

“But I hate orphans.”

Tommy shrugs, “You’re turning a new leaf.”

“Dude, you’re bein’ so dramatic. There’s probably gonna be like no heroes in the buildin’, it’s like prime patrol time.”

“So no cover story?”

“No cover story.”

---

“So this is an orphan I picked up on the street, I’m showin’ him my awesome hero stuff cause’ I feel pity for him,” Technoblade explains to the Smiling hero Dream.

Tommy watches as the top ranking hero looks between them sceptically. Or well, he can't really tell due to the hero's large porcelain mask.

"Ayup," Tommy greets, "I'm Tomathy."

"Right, well, *Blade*, I think you know the rules," Dream scratches his neck, "Not really meant to bring random kids from off the street into the headquarters of the most powerful heroes."

"It's alright Dream, this guy is with me," Technoblade rests a hand upon Tommy's head. "Tomathy is cool. I'm thinkin' of takin' him as my sidekick."

"Uh huh, and what are his abilities?"

Tommy smirks, "I have guns."

Technoblade coughs, "He means he has strength enhancement. Guns as in really good biceps."

Tommy lifts his noodle arm and tenses it, "See, look at that."

Dream sighs, "Right, y'know what? Philza can deal with this. Just keep the child on a leash or something."

Technoblade pats Tommy's head again, roughly. "Don't worry about him. No need to inform Philza about this. Thanks Dream."

"Uh huh," Dream says unsurely before glancing down at Tommy's hands. "What is that?"

“*Clementine*.”

Dream pauses, “Clementine?”

“Yeah, *Clementine*. My daughter.”

“Right, okay. Well I’m going on patrol. I’ll see you guys later, hopefully just you Blade.”

Technoblade waves Dream off as the other man departs.

Tommy grins at the hero, “That went well I think. Where are the guns?”

Technoblade looks at him in barely concealed exasperation. “Your self preservation skills are severely lacking.”

“That’s what Tubbo says,” Tommy replies.

---

Tommy gapes at the assortment of *weapons*. There are so *many*.

He grasps Technoblade’s arm in excitement, “Big man, *big man* , this is so poggers oh my god.”

Technoblade shrugs him off, “Yeah dude, it’s my lair, of weapons.”

“Do you know how fucking poggers this is?”

“I don’t like the way you use that word.”

“ *Poggers.* ”

“Please stop.”

“Can I choose any gun I want? What about a sword? Can I have a sword? Oh my god, I think I need that sword,” Tommy rambles as he walks towards a blood red handled sword.

“Actually, you can’t -“

Tommy picks it up, setting Clementine on the ground so that he can swing the blade around.

This is the best day of his life. He is using one of the *Blade’s* swords. No one is doing it like him.

“Oh my god, I’m so fucking epic right now. Are you seeing this Technoblade? Are you witnessing me at full pog?” Tommy turns to the hero in question.

The hero is staring at him in confusion.

Tommy pauses, “What?”

Technoblade shakes his head. “What is your ability by the way?”

Tommy shrugs nonchalantly, “Don’t have one.”

Technoblade stares at him and then a bit more.

Tommy shuffles awkwardly under his gaze.

“Huh,” Is all the hero replies.

“Um, anyways,” Tommy starts, “Can I have the sword?”

“No.”

Worth a shot.

“Fine, fine,” Tommy sighs, “Gun it is.”

He eventually finds the most epic gun in existence. It’s beauty, It’s grace, It will shoot someone in the face.

He marvels the gun in his hand, sleek and red and fucking pogchamp. He grins, “I want this one.” He declares, looking up at Technoblade.

The hero huffs, “Sure kid, take it.”

“You are my favourite hero, Technoblade.” Tommy announces loudly. “I think not even Philza is as awesome as you. Even though he is so pog and I would die for him. I don’t really like Willow all that much, even if he is epic, because he’s trying to kill me.”

Technoblade smirks, but something in his eyes softens the expression. “You’re welcome Tommy.”

Tommy feels oddly warm in the airy room.

He smiles at the hero.

“So, are you sure about the sword? Or?”

“No.”

---

Tommy kicks open the door, gun raised and full of darts.

“Wassup fuckers.”

The slenderman dude is still fucking there. And he’s playing *Mario Kart* with Tubbo. His Tubbo.

This is unacceptable.

Clementine blows bubbles up at him. Tommy nods.

There is only one way.

Tommy raises his gun and shoots the two-toned bitch right in his arm.

Tommy grins in triumph as the guy lets out a pained wheeze on the floor, Tubbo alternating between trying to help his friend and shooting daggers at the blonde.

“I warned you my friend,” Tommy states, blowing the imaginary steam from his gun. “Mess with me and face the glock, for I, am TommyInnit, vigilante and glock wielder extraordinaire.”

---

Wilbur and Phil walk back from patrol to their penthouse, to find Techno eating noodles on the couch.

“When did you get back mate?” Phil questions, slumping down beside the younger.

“A while ago,” The man says around a slurp.

“I thought you had patrol?” Wilbur narrows his eyes.

“Yeah I ended it early.”

“Why?” Wilbur questions, suspicious and wary.

“Got an orphan.”

“You hate orphans,” Phil comments.



“This one was cool. He lifted my sword.”

“Hold up, hold up,” Wilbur raises his hand, “You brought a *child* to the headquarters and took them to your *lair*?!”

“He lifted your *sword*?!” Phil questions in disbelief.

Techno shrugs.

“Why would you do that?!” Wilbur shrieks.

“I was giving him guns. To hurt you,” The twin explains, twirling some noodles around his fork.

“*Me*?!”

“Yeah,” Techno grins, “Did I forget to mention? It’s that one kid who just like, constantly, destroys you beyond repair.”

Wilbur stares at him and then stares some more, expression blank. “Techno-“

“Can’t you wait? I’m eatin’.”

“*Techno*-“

“Come on dude, gimme a break. Let me eat my noodles.”

“ *Chuck-* “

“ Dude, Wil-“

“*-yourself off the balcony.*”

Phil just watches in despair.

## Chapter End Notes

typos? i don't think so u liar (pls tell)

sorry i haven't updated in a while, i was too busy FINISHING my other fic. Yup that's right guys, i actually finished a multi chaptered fic and i think that's quite pog. maybe u should go read it if u like sbi and dream + tubbo sibling angst - it's called the boy in the bubble.

okay that's enough plugging. thank you all so much for supporting this crack fic. please try not to take this fic so seriously lmao i wrote this on a whim so it mainly just for humour and not heavy lore or plot or anything (although i do have some plot which is building up tee hee)

u guys are so funny in the comments omg. i can't believe we are on like 17000 hits or smth. that's insane. i love u guys

also some people last chapter missed the discord link so i'm putting it up one last time  
<3

<https://discord.gg/h75NwzqQ>

here u go

cult pog

# We Didn't Start The Fire It Was Always Burning

## Chapter Summary

jack manefol jack manefol aww jack manefol jack manefol-foll off bridge jack mani-foll  
off bridge jack mani-buuh jack manidrown

## Chapter Notes

AYUP! new chapter here! :)

i bet u losers missed me /lh

this chapter is honestly a bit of a fever dream for me lmao

i don't think there's any TW this chapter, but please comment if u think i should put any  
:)

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy wakes up to a foot in his face.

This is not unusual.

However, this foot is long and has a spongebob squarepants sock on.

That's not Tubbo's foot.

Tommy sits up abruptly and almost falls off the bed.

There is another boy in his bed.

“What the fuck.”

Tubbo stirs from his end of the bed, rubbing his eye blearily as he glances over at his roommate. “Tommy shut up you dick.”

“Why is this bitch in our bed?!” Tommy demands, fists clenching the covers in anger.

Tubbo glares at him, “Because you fucking shot him in the arm.”

“Okay?” Tommy furrows his eyebrows, “That sounds like a him problem.”

“ *You* shot him.”

“Okayyyy?” Tommy drawls, “Still don’t know why he’s in my bed.”

“ *Our* bed,” Tubbo corrects, “You’re lucky I didn’t make you sleep outside. The least you could do is let him recover.”

“Recover from what? It was a dart! I didn’t stab the bitch or some shit,” Tommy rolls his eyes.

“He could report you to the authorities for assault. You *shot* him. He cried.” Tubbo glares.

Tommy shrugs, “Eh,”

Tubbo has the audacity to pull the covers further around the two-toned stick boy and *pat* his head protectively. What the fuck.

He's being replaced. It's official.

"Is this it? Is this the end Tubbo? Of us? Of all we've built together?" Tommy bemoans, head in hands.

"What are you on about now?"

"All the memories. The orphanage. The noodles we ate together. That one time I ate all your skittles. The time you threw me out the window. The *other* time you threw me out the window. When we jumped off a train. When you set fire to that building and blamed me. That time you pretend to be my dad--"

"I thought Henry stole my skittles?"

"Shhh," Tommy soothes calmly, "I'm reminiscing about our relationship. I'm grieving."

Tubbo stares at him in exasperation. "Grieving what?"

"The end."

Tubbo snuggles back under the covers, shoulder to shoulder with that *imposter*. "I could keep questioning your bullshit but I'm tired. I'm going back to sleep. Go find a hobby or something. Actually, how about you get a job. You're sixteen. It's legal."

Tommy frowns, offended. "I have a job."

“Do you get paid?”

Tommy pauses, raising a finger to his chin in thought.

“Exactly.”

Now that Tommy thinks about it, all his hard work stopping drug dealers and being epic goes unnoticed. No one ever pays him for his constant vigilance.

“You know what?” Tommy starts loudly, clapping his hands together, “I’m going to get a job that gives me money. I’m going to get a job and you’re going to be so impressed by my job skills that you will forget all about Ranboob and beg for my forgiveness. Then I will consider accepting your apology, but I will make you beg some more and make you buy me dinner and then you will be my servant for a week and do my laundry. Then and only then, will I accept your apology for ignoring my charisma and charm for some wannabe slenderman. I will have so much money.”

Tommy looks at Tubbo. “Are you scared of my master plan Tubbo?”

“Tubbo?”

Tubbo is sleeping.

---

“So here’s the thing *Clementine*,” Tommy starts as he shrugs on his black suit, straightening out the collar of his button up. “We can’t just get *any* job. We have to get the only job. The job of jobs. Y’know?”

Clementine stares at him.

“Yeah, exactly. McDonald’s is like, not good enough. We go big or we go home. We want money or we want *nothing*. Do you understand *Clementine*?”

Clementine spins in a circle.

“That’s my girl,” Tommy grins, “I would get a suit for you, but I haven’t found any on Amazon yet.”

Tommy picks up his tie and wraps it around his neck before pausing. “Do you know how to do this?” He asks the fish, hands holding the ends of the tie in confusion.

Clementine gapes.

“Okay, so one over the other? Are you sure?”

Clementine does a flip.

“Right, right. Uh huh. Okay, yep,” Tommy mumbles as he follows the instructions before turning to look into the mirror.

“ *Clementine*, you’re a genius. It’s perfect.”

Clementine blows a bubble.

“What’s your name?”

“Thomas Richardson the um,” Tommy stutters. Which is better? Third or fourth? “Thomas Richardson the Fifth,” He settles on.

The man at the desk types on his computer, eyeing him sceptically, “Yeah, you’re not registered in our database.”

Tommy frowns, “That is incredibly strange, goodsir. I’ll have you know, I’ve been working at this company for the last decade.”

“Right... “ The man purses his lips, “And what is your role here?”

Tommy scoffs, “You *really* don’t know me? That’s appalling. Who are they hiring these days? I need to speak with the CEO.”

The desk manager tenses, “Sir, I don’t know who you are but I request that you leave the building before I call security.”

Shit.

Okay. Maybe this isn’t working.

Tommy lifts his shades upwards to stare down at the man. “Listen here, you fucking *peasant*. I will rain hellfire on you if you do not provide me with the access I desire. I am Thomas Richardson the Fifth and I have connections that you could only dream of-“

“What’s going on here?”



Tommy pauses and feels dread pool in his stomach as the desk manager lets out a relieved sigh.

“Manifold sir, this gentleman here has been harassing me with false information.”

Fucking snitch.

Manifold lifts his shades to stare at Tommy, eyes raking up his form. Tommy does the same with his shades.

Manifold grins, “I like you. What’s your name?”

“Thomas Richardson the Fifth,” Tommy replies.

“Nice, I’m gonna call you Dick. That alright Dick?”

Tommy doesn’t like that.

But...

Money.

“Yes, Dick is an appropriate replacement for my name,” He agrees.

Manifold claps a hand on his back, “Thanks Spifey, this guy is with me now.”

Spifey watches in bewilderment. “Of - of course sir.”

Manifold pats Tommy’s shoulder, “Come with me.”

Tommy nods, picking Clementine up from the desk, bottle under his arm.

“What’s the fish for?” Manifold questions casually as he steers them into an elevator.

“Emotional support.”

Manifold nods, “Cool.”

---

“See, I’ve been looking for some fresh blood in this company. I wanna speak to the people. I wanna produce products that show the world that we understand them. That we understand their struggles and their problems, that we can be relatable. We need people like you,” Manifold says from his chair, centred in the middle of the office.

It’s more of a penthouse than an office in Tommy’s opinion.

“What is it you make exactly?” Tommy asks as he touches some random glass ornaments. There’s one of a horse with wings and it’s pretty pog.

“Cereal.”

“Cereal?”

“Yeah, you ever heard of Manifold flakes?”

“Oh! I had that for breakfast, it was shit - I mean, there’s a lot of interesting flavours,” Tommy coughs.

“It’s shit. You can say it’s shit. That’s why we lace it with cocaine.”

Tommy’s eyebrow twitches. “Sorry what?”

“What?” Manifold tilts his head.

Tommy laughs nervously, “Hah, sorry I thought you said cocaine for a minute there.”

“Anyways,” Manifold continues, “I want you to help me improve this company. Raise it to it’s true potential and then *exceed* it.”

“Wait so I’m hired?”

Manifold laughs, “Dick, you’re the manager.”

*Poggers.*

---

Tommy adjusts his phone, awkwardly tilting his head. “Hello TikTok, I am now manager of Manifold Inc. This is very big man of me,” He breathes, lifting his badge. “See? Look at my

badge, I am very pog right now.” He grins.

“Dick? You have a meeting in five.”

Tommy posts the video and stops spinning in his chair. He glances over at his secretary, Violet or Purple or something.

“Thanks Ivy,” He replies as he gets up, adjusting his shades.

“It’s Purpled.”

Tommy nods, “Okay Amethyst.”

He hears a groan of frustration and the door closes.

“Y’know,” Tommy turns to his daughter, “I think we should commission you a tank in the wall. What do you think *Clementine*?”

Clementine swims around quickly.

Tommy grins, “Yes, yes I know. Just imagine it *Clementine*. A massive tank, all to yourself. So many Coco Pops. You’ll be living the dream.”

TommyInnit is actually the most successful person alive. It’s true. He has his own office and everything. All in a matter of hours. *No one* does it like him.

“Let’s go boss around some fuckers, *Clem*.”

---

“Wait, you want to turn the top floor into a temple?”

Tommy tuts at Amanda, “A *shrine* .”

Amanda stares, “You want us, to turn the top floor - the board meeting room - into a shrine for your fish.”

Tommy sighs, glancing around the room in exasperation. He looks at the other members, shaking his head at Amanda’s ignorance.

“Listen, Amanda, I like you, you’re cool,” Tommy starts, “But you’re asking too much questions and not giving any answers. Can you build it by this evening or not?”

Amanda looks at the others for help, but they all nervously turn away. “You can’t seriously make us turn a meeting room into a shrine for a *goldfish* .”

“ Her name is *Clementine* and you will address her as such,” Tommy scowls, “There is no room for disrespect. I think you need to look at the slides again,” Tommy sighs and picks up the laser pen, pointing it at the projector.

“Slide one,” Tommy says aloud, gesturing to the wall. “Don’t disrespect *Clementine*. ” He clicks the pen. “Slide two; Address *Clementine* with she slash her. She is not an it.” He clicks again, “Slide three; Blueberry muffins are mandatory.”

He turns off the projector. “Am I understood? Because I feel like there’s a lot of miscommunication going on here. Tell me if you understand.”

The members all sigh, “Yes Dick.”

Tommy claps his hands together, “Brilliant, so the shrine is a go. That’s great guys. This has been a productive meeting. See you tomorrow.”

“Wait what about the stocks? The sugar tax has made us raise the prices and-“

“Sorry what? I thought I just ended the meeting. Didn’t I end the meeting?” Tommy questions, frowning.

Amanda lets out a frustrated noise, “Dick, please. This isn’t what’s good for the company. Are you even eligible to work here? How *old* are you?!”

“Old enough,” Tommy shrugs, “Goodbye now.”

“But-“

Tommy lifts his shades to look down at her.

Amanda sighs.

“Yes Dick.”

Tommy grins, “Great meeting guys, see you later. Looking forward to the shrine.”

Once they’ve all left the room Tommy sighs, leaning back against his chair. “*Clementine* this is going so well. It’s stressful though, Amanda is proving to be a problematic employee. Might have to cancel her.”

---

“So, how’s everything going? Well I assume?” Manifold questions.

Tommy adjusts his tie and sniffs, “Yes, yes of course. The employees love me. The business is going well. The shrine is almost at completion.”

“Shrine?” Manifold raises an eyebrow.

Tommy waves him off, “Nothing to worry about I assure you. Just go back to CEO things. I’ve got it covered Jack.”

“Jack? Are we close enough for that Dick?” Manifold narrows his eyes.

“Yes,” Tommy lifts his shades, “I think we are Jack.”

Manifold grins, clapping a hand on the boy’s back, “That’s why I like you Dick, got backbone,” He praises before sighing, “Well I’ve got a meeting. Keep this place from burning down will you?” The man jokes.

Tommy laughs, “Have no worries Jack, this place is more stable than it’s ever been with me around.”

Manifold laughs, “Good man, Dick, good man.”

---

“Mr Dick sir! The shrine is ready,” Violet alerts him.

“Thanks Mauve,” Tommy replies, standing up excitedly, grabbing Clementine. “Let’s go girl.”

“Purpled sir.”

“Yes yes Plum, I got the message thank you.”

Tommy slides past the secretary to the elevator.

He sees a worker about to enter and quickly tries to close the elevator. The woman narrowly pushes past the closing doors with a glare.

Tommy glares back. “I was trying to close it.”

“I noticed. How rude of you,” She scowls.

“It was a hint that I wanted to be alone.”

“Unlucky.”

“Listen here woman, I am Dick, manager of this company. Be respectful. I wanted to talk to my daughter in private but I suppose I’ll allow your presence.”

The woman frowns, “Daughter?”

“Yes, my beloved *Clementine*. ” Tommy says reverently before lifting the sprite bottle higher so that he’s eye level with the fish.



“Right, um, I think this is my stop actually,” The woman says abruptly, repeatedly pressing the eight floor.

Tommy watches her frantically press the button and stumble out of the elevator. He shrugs.

“Now that we’re finally alone, *Clementine*. Your room is completed, so you need to close your eyes for the surprise,” Tommy tells her.

Clementine swims slowly.

“No, close your eyes or you’ll ruin it.”

Clementine flops upside down and floats, stationary.

“Good, I’ll tell you when to open your eyes,” Tommy nods as he steps out of the elevator on the twelfth floor.

The floor is a masterpiece. A renaissance tapestry of Tommy touching Clementine’s fin sits on the largest wall. There are candles lined across the walls. The floor is a gold and white marbling.

Tommy gasps.

Low and behold, the tank.

No, it’s more than a tank.

An aquarium.

It takes up the entirety of the wall window, showcasing the landscape outside through a watery lens.

“ *Clementine* open your beautiful eyes,” Tommy whispers.

Clementine turns back around and stares.

Then she starts flipping the fuck out. Swimming at super speed, faster than the speed of light.

She’s a blur of happiness.

“ *Clementine* this is your true calling. This is what you deserve my daughter,” Tommy says as he carefully opens the sprite bottle cap, pouring the fish into the opening of the tank.

Tommy watches her swim around excitedly and feels a tear come to his eye.

“Are you - are you *crying* over a fish?”

Tommy hastily wiped at his cheek turning to Lavender, “I’m not crying, this scene is just very majestic to me.”

Indigo looks at him sceptically, “Right, well I’m obligated to ask if you need anything else sir?”

Tommy hums, “More candles, some roses - the orange ones and um, you got any Oreos?”

Crocus nods, “Yes sir will do.”

Tommy grins, “Thank you, Lilac.”

Grape sighs.

---

In Tommy’s defence.

He did not set the building on fire.

That’s what he will say in court.

“What the *fuck* happened?!” Manifold screams in terror as his corporation goes up in flames.

“Ah,” Tommy says eloquently, as he watches his tapestry burn. It looks kind of poetic if he’s honest. “Well, you see, the - the uh, the candles they - well - I - no not me, I think Jasmine did it actually.”

“Who the fuck is Jasmine?” Manifold screams.

Jeez, this guy needs to calm down.

“You know, Dark Orchid, my secretary or whatever. I think he did it. Probably,” Tommy shrugs, trying not to cough up a lung at the fire.

“We need to evacuate the building!” Manifold screeches grabbing Tommy’s arm to drag him to the fire exit.

“Yeah, but my tank, I gotta' get *Clementine*.” Tommy complains.

“Who cares about the fucking fish?!”

Tommy gasps, deeply hurt, “She is my *daughter*. I would sacrifice my life for her.”

Manifold stares at him, shaking his head slowly, “You’re *insane*,” He whispers in disbelief.

Tommy frowns, “Um no, anyways I gotta' get my fish. Meet you outside or something,” He says before decking it back to the room.

He yelps as fire licks at his heels.

Maybe he shouldn’t have requested so many candles.

“*Clementine!* Father is here to save you!” Tommy calls out as jumps onto the tank shimmies down into it, submerging himself in the water.

He holds his breath and holds out his hand for the fish who immediately swims into his embrace. He grins, using his other hand to guide her into the sprite bottle.

Okay now he just needs to get out of the tank and get the fuck out of the building.

He's halfway out of the tank when he notices the fire surrounding him.

Fuck.

Okay.

Tommy lowers himself back into the tank.

He might die here.

Come on. He's TommyInnit. He's *courageous* and *athletic* and *handsome* and *charismatic*.

And drowning.

For fucksake. All he wanted was a source of income. And world domination maybe.

He looks into Clementine's eyes.

Clementine stares back at him and blows a bubble.

The tank shatters into a million pieces and Tommy barely has time to gasp before he's taken into strong arms.

"What the fuck," He chokes out, water dribbling out of his mouth as he glances up at his saviour.

“Hello there mate, sorry about this, bit messy of an entrance.”

*Philza* .

Oh my god. Oh my *god*.

This - *this* is the best day ever. This tops every experience Tommy has ever experienced ever.

“Philza,” He whispers reverently.

“That’s me,” Philza laughs. Oh god he just laughed. This is great. Tommy made *the* Philza laugh. “You were in a bit of a pickle weren’t you.”

That’s when Tommy realises he’s in the air. He’s *flying* in Philza’s arms.

Maybe he *did* die.

Now that he’s aware, he can feel the wind blowing through his hair, feels his soaked suit sticking to his body uncomfortably. He shivers.

He can also see Philza’s huge fucking wings flapping behind him. This is so pog. He might pass out.

“I might pass out,” Tommy says.

Philza laughs again, “That’s okay mate but what the fuck were you doing in a tank?”

“ *Clementine*, ” He answers.

Philza just nods, “Oh that’s cool.”

Tommy grins. “Yeah.”

---

Eventually Philza lowers them to the ground, Tommy wobbling for his footing before stabilizing himself.

He looks over at Manifold Inc. the building burnt and smouldering.

Yikes.

Tommy goes to put his shades on only to realise they’re missing.

Double yikes.

“What’s your name mate?” Philza questions.

“Dick,” Tommy answers immediately, “Short for Thomas Richardson the Fifth.”

Philza smiles, albeit a bit puzzled but mostly just warmly, “Ah right, I see. Well I’ve got to help my colleagues get the rest out of the building. You gonna be okay?”

Tommy nods, shivering. “Uh huh, yep.”

Philza looks at him for a moment and then smiles, eyes seemingly deciding something.

Tommy watches as the man takes off his bucket hat, settling it on the boy’s head gently.

“Don’t catch a cold mate, I’ll see you later alright?”

Tommy nods belatedly, speechless.

---

Tommy walks through the door, Clementine’s bottle clunking as he slumps against the wall.

Tubbo and the slenderman bitch pop out of the kitchen to stare at him.

“You were out for ages, where’d you go?” Tubbo questions.

Tommy sighs, “Got a job, set the place on fire, flew out a window.”

Tubbo nods, “Nice, what’d you want for dinner?”

Tommy hums, “Sausage, mash and peas?”

“No mash, sausage and chips?” Tubbo offers.



Tommy nods, “Good enough.”

The two-toned fucker stares at Tommy a little longer as Tubbo returns to the kitchen. “I like your hat,” He says.

Tommy grunts, “Thanks.”

“Don’t forget to change out of those clothes before you get sick Tommy,” Tubbo calls.

“Yes Big T.”

---

Sitting on the couch, watching reruns of South Park, Tommy decides that maybe Ranboob isn’t that bad.

“Pass me the ketchup?”

“Get it yourself bitch.”

“That’s a bit rude, pass the ketchup?”

Tommy rolls his eyes, “Ugh, fine,” He huffs, passing the ketchup to the taller.

“Thanks man.”

“Shut up.”

“Tommy be nice,” Tubbo chides even though he isn’t really listening, immersed in the tv.

“Whatever.”

Tommy takes a bite of his chip before pausing.

"I didn't even get fucking paid!"

---

Phil enters the penthouse to find the two other residents playing Uno.

“Hey guys,” He greets.

“Hi Phil.”

“Hellooo.”

“I met someone interesting today,” He says conversationally, hanging up his coat.

“Oh?” Wilbur questions absentmindedly, glaring at Techno as he places a +4.

“Yeah, he said his name was Thomas Richardson the Fifth?”

Techno snorts, “That’s interesting.”

Phil hums, “Yeah, he reminded me of that vigilante kid.”

Wilbur stills, “You met him?”

Phil nervously laughs, “Not exactly, I don’t know if it was him. He just sounded like him, and was the same height and has a weird pet fish.”

Techno smiles, “You talkin’ bout Clementine?”

Phil laughs, “Yeah but he says it like *Clementine*. ”

“Where did you even see him?” Techno questions as he places down a +2.

“Saved him from a burning building, still don’t know why the fuck he was there,” Phil shrugs.

It’s oddly silent after that and Phil turns only to find Wilbur glaring a hole into the table.

“Why the fuck do you guys keep finding him and not turning him in?” The man questions, eerily calm.

Phil sweats. “Ah Wil I wasn’t sure and y’know he’s real cute man. He doesn’t even do much, he’s harmless.”

“Harmless? *Harmless?* He resisted my mind control and picked up Techno’s *sword*.” Wilbur seethes.

Techno smirks, “You’re just jealous. I know you wanna lift my sword bro.”

“Shut the fuck up, that’s it. I’m gonna capture him. I’m gonna capture him since you imbeciles keep letting him go,” Wilbur grits his teeth.

Techno rolls his eyes, “Calm down Wil, you need a nap or something? He’s a kid, he can’t do that much.”

Wilbur lets out a noise of deep frustration, glaring.

Phil sighs, “Wil *no* .”

“Wil *yes* ,” Wilbur retorts as he glares at his twin. “ *Go fucking sky dive out the window.* ”

“He didn’t even do anything Wil!”

“He made me pick up eight cards!”

## Chapter End Notes

no one: saw any typos (pls tell)

tommy: let's build a shrine

innocent employees trying to do their best: yes dick

this chapter was very crazy even to me and yes all the events took place in one day don't question it

we are getting a bit more plot maybe??? idk

also!!! i'm gonna try and do a schedule so u guys aren't just waiting for chapters randomly lmao. so, to be manageable and leave time for school i'll be updating chapters most likely over the weekend from now on. so expect a chapter fri-sun unless i randomly decide to do one in the week. beware this may not go to plan but hopefully i'll be able to update weekly :)))

anyways yh i love you guys, i can't believe we're at 27000 hits when we were at 17000 last chapter - it's honestly crazy. and there was even more comments last chapter, i love each and everyone one - they make me smile so much and some of them are so fucking funny lmaooo (the flirty ones are my favourite ahaha let's all get married ahaha)

cult pog <3

also also!!!!

here's some fanart! I'll post one each chapter :)

i love fanart so much so thank you to everyone who has done some for me <3333 i'd love to display them all so don't be afraid to tag me on twitter

[really cool fanart of tommy and tubbo :\)\)\)](#).

# Why The Fuck Is There Spaghetti In My Soup

## Chapter Summary

His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy

There's vomit on his sweater already, Ranboo's spaghetti

## Chapter Notes

i wrote half of this at like 1am and then passed out

u weirdos are probably excited for this chapter

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

TommyInnit the *courageous* and *athletic* and *handsome* and *charismatic* vigilante, is sick.

Yes, take a moment - a minute to comprehend. Tommy understands if you are shocked beyond belief; it is truly unbelievable to think that *he* of all beings would succumb to a puny cold.

“Tommy stop whining.”

He sneezes.

“Oh god ew, cover your nose man,” Tubbo complains, shying away from the blanketed bundle of germs.

Tommy glares, eyes red, “I’ll do it again,” He warns.

Tubbo screws up his face in that one expression that is made just for Tommy, it’s a mixture of disgust, disappointment, despair and deep ire. Tommy calls it the Quadruple D Expression, or QDE™ as a quick and simple initialism.

“It’s just a spoonful,” Tubbo rolls his eyes, nudging the tablespoon forward.

“You’re trying to kill me,” Tommy declares, lips pursed.

“Not yet,” Tubbo smiles, “But you’re driving me closer to the edge every second.”

“The edge of what?” Tommy sniffs.

“Mass genocide.”

Jesus, this guy *seriously* needs therapy. “You ever tried therapy, big man?” Tommy suggests like the kind person he is. God, Tommy is so kind, so good, such a *saint*; here he is, on his deathbed, dying, and he’s spending his last moments being emotional support for his deranged best friend. No one is doing it like him.

Tubbo stares at him, “That’s not a question *you* should ever ask anyone.”

“That’s rude,” Tommy grumbles, wrapping the blanket tighter around his frozen body. “I am offended, please leave as you have severely offended me. I am offended,” He declares, offended.

Tubbo sighs, widening his eyes, “Can you please just take this? You’ll feel better Tom.”

What a dirty tactic. Truly disgusting that he would do such a horrible thing.

Tommy scowls, “Don’t ‘Tom’ me you dick I’m not drinking that poison.”

“Please? Big man?”

Damn him. Damn Tubbo to hell. The heathen.

“No,” He argues.

“Big T?”

“ ...No,” He pouts.

“Tommy, you’re so brave and courageous and cool. But to prove your ultimate strength, you need to drink this. It’s the only way.”

Now, Tommy knows that is bullshit.

Probably.

It’s kind of bullshit?

Maybe.

...It may be bullshit.



He needs to prove his ultimate strength.

“Are you lying?” He mumbles, squinting his eyes at the teenager.

Tubbo shakes his head, “No lies here big man, I just wanna see how strong you are.”

Tommy huffs, shivering, “Fine, I’ll do it. For strength,” He concedes, before adding, “And pogness.”

“Not a word.”

“Pogness,” He repeats.

Tubbo sighs, “Still not a word, now drink it,” The boy nudges the spoonful closer.

Tommy looks down at the spoon of brown liquid and scrunches his nose.

“ *Tommy* ,” Tubbo says impatiently.

“Wait, I need- I need to prepare myself. I-“

Tubbo shoves the spoon in his mouth and he splutters.

Tubbo smiles, “Wow, great job big man, that’s great.”

Tommy considers spitting it out just to spite him, but Tubbo might kill him. He swallows the bitter liquid.

“Fuck you,” He croaks out.

Tubbo just smiles, “Uh huh, alright big guy, I’m leaving now, Ranboo is making you soup or something I dunno.”

“I don’t want Ranboob’s soup.”

“Be nice, I won’t stand for you bullying the innocent child.”

Tommy scowls, “Then sit down.”

Tubbo rolls his eyes, “Hah hah, so creative.”

Tommy pouts, “Why are you leaving me?”

Tubbo sighs, “Tommy you know I have to go at some point.”

“This is betrayal, this is unacceptable and bad.”

Tubbo groans, “You’re so fuckin’ dramatic.”

“Leaving me behind with that tall bitch boy,” Tommy continues.

“No Ranboo slander in this household,” Tubbo says sternly, “I’ll be back soon Tom.”

“You won’t,” Tommy sniffs, “You’re leaving forever.”

Tubbo pats his head, “You’re obviously delirious.”

“I’m not delicious you freak,” Tommy grumbles.

“Alright, you need to sleep, lay down Tommy,” Tubbo orders.

“But- but my fucking nose, it’s - it’s blocked. I can’t breathe. I’m dying,” Tommy bemoans.

“Okay, okay,” Tubbo soothes, “Here,” He says, placing a few pillows behind the other’s back, “Sleep propped up like this, and - and you’ll be fine.”

Tommy looks up blearily, “Don’t leave me with slender man.”

Tubbo snorts, “You’ll be fine. Call me if you need me, I’ll be back before you know it.”

Tommy sniffs, “You’re a terrible, *terrible* friend.”

“Yup okay, see you later dude,” Tubbo grins, getting up off the bed and abandoning Tommy to the cruel, cruel world.

Tommy shivers, “This is unacceptable.”

---

“*Clementine*, I want to do crime,” Tommy announces to the fish.

Clementine stares at him, “No.”

“But *Clementine*, crime pogchamp.”

“No, bad Tommy.”

“Yes Tommy.”

“No Tommy.”

“Yes Tommy.”

“Um Tommy? I’ve brought you soup?” Ranboob peaks into the room unsurely, glancing between the bedridden boy and the goldfish.

“I’m having an important discussion at the moment, we’ll have to reschedule,” Tommy coughs, waving off the boy.

“With... *Clementine*?” Ranboob tilts his head, eyebrow raised.

“Yes, *Clementine* says no to crime,” Tommy glares at his daughter. Clementine blows a bubble and Tommy gasps, “How bloody dare you?”

“I thought you were a vigilante?” Ranboob frowns, “Don’t they, like, stop crime,” Ranboob pauses, “Albeit, illegally.”

“Yes, but I want crime now.”

“Can you please drink your soup?”

“No.”

“But Tubbo said-“

“Tubbo isn’t here and you have no authority over me. This is my house now bitch,” Tommy declares through a particularly intense coughing fit, voice rough.

“It’s actually an apartment,” Ranboob retorts. Tommy rolls his eyes.

“Okay Ranboob,” He says, continuing even as the other teenager goes to protest, “Well it doesn’t matter, you can’t control me. You can’t force me to eat your soup. I am TommyInnit and I am a big man-“

“I could just call Tubbo?” Ranboob suggests.

Tommy *knew* it. This guy is an actual satan spawn in disguise. He’s pure unadulterated evil.

“That’s blackmail.”

Ranboob hums, “Is it? I think it’s just gentle, emotional manipulation? I don’t really know, it’s more Tubbo’s area than mine to be honest.”

“Don’t call Tubbo.”

Ranboob takes out his phone, “Uh huh, are you going to drink your soup?”

Tommy stares, then he glances down at Clementine. *Help me* , he prays to his one and only true friend in this cruel, cruel world. Clementine does a twirl.

Okay, Tommy can work with this.

It’s time for a Pro Gamer Move™.

“Ok,” He concedes, “I’m gonna drink your fuckin’ ass soup.”

“I assure you there’s no ass in it, absolutely none,” Ranboob smiles, a confused look in his eyes, handing over the soup.

There’s definitely ass in that soup.

“Alright, I’m gonna drink this soup,” Tommy sighs, taking the bowl and spoon. “Go write a book or something, I dunno what the fuck you do.”

“I don’t... write books?”

“What are all them diaries doing around the place then?”

Ranboob pauses, “They’re not- I’m not - It’s not for writing *books* . It’s for um, like notes-note taking. Of what I learn, with Tubbo.”

“Uh huh, sure big guy,” Tommy squints at him, “Do me a favour and name your first book ‘How to sex’ by TommyInnit, thanks.”

“I’m not doing tha-“

“Thanks, I really appreciate it big man. So happy you’d agree.”

Ranboob stares at him. Oh god, he’s developing the *look*. The QDE™ look.

Well, it was only a matter of time really.

“You know what,” Ranboob sighs, “Sure I’ll do that.”

“Poggers,” Tommy grins.

“I’m gonna go watch the newest ep’ of WandaVision. Drink your soup and have a nap,” Ranboob orders, tiredly.

“Of course,” Tommy agrees.

Ranboob narrows his eyes, “Don’t do anything... that Tubbo would do and don’t do anything you would do, and um, don’t do anything that you or Tubbo wouldn’t do... find the little grey area in the middle of all of that.”

“You’re sayin’ a lot of words, stick man,” Tommy mumbles, “I’m gonna be good, I promise.”

Ranboob nods, once then twice, “Good, good,” He repeats, “I’m gonna check on you like, every five minutes.”

“Your lack of trust wounds me,” Tommy says, placing a hand on his heart.

“Please, just do what sick people do and rest,” Ranboob sighs, walking back out the door.

---

Tommy would like to state that Ranboob never excluded Clementine from his little grey area.

Clementine always has brilliant ideas, and there’s a lot of things that she will do.

What Tommy is doing right now, is not one of them.

“*Clementine* shhh,” Tommy hushes her as he scales the apartment building. “You’re such a bad sidekick.”

Clementine swims quickly in the bottle.

“Oh my *god*,” Tommy groans, “Look I’m sorry, your plan was just stupid. Why would I stay in bed all day? It’s crime time baby.”

Clementine stares at him.

“Listen, I could have left you at home,” Tommy grumbles, “I’m being so nice to you right now.”



Clementine blinks.

“Okay that’s just fuckin’ rude. Listen, we’re gonna have fun. The night has just begun my daughter,” Tommy grins, “Also, I am not drinking that shitty soup, why was there spaghetti in it?” He shudders.

Tommy lands on his feet, legs shaking. The world blurs for a second and he stabilizes himself against the wall.

“Shut up *Clementine*, it’s crime time, and *nobody* stops crime time.”

---

“Yeah dude, I’m gonna need to see your hero license,” The Blazing Hero Sapnap holds out his hand lazily, “Cuz’ like, there’s been a vigilante around these parts, doin’ stuff.”

Tommy coughs, “Hah, of course, it’s just - just,” He shuffles around in his hoodie pocket, “It’s uh, just... “

Sapnap stares, “Yeah, dude can you like, hurry up? I actually ordered a pizza like ten minutes ago but then 404 fucking slept through his patrol so *I* had to do it - anyways, just hurry up.”

“Oh nice, what toppings?” Tommy asks.

“Pineapple.”

Tommy scrunches up his face underneath his mask, “...Pineapple?”

Sapnap glares, “Did I stutter? Stupid bitch.”

“Woah big man, calm down,” Tommy laughs, “You’re just obviously at the bottom of the food chain.”

“What the fuck? I’m a top ten ranking hero?” Sapnap frowns.

Tommy snorts, “Not with those tastebuds you aren’t. You’re at the bottom now. Natural selection is coming for you.”

“I’ll give you fucking natural selection in a minute,” The hero threatens, “Give me your license.”

“Yeah,” Tommy nods, “Of course big man, it’s just...” He shuffles around some more before pulling out a card, “Here,” He says handing it over as he slowly inches away, Clementine in hand.

“This is a fucking Tesco ClubCard.”

Tommy grins, “Buy yourself a meal deal!” He shouts as he activates his trainers, jumping off into the night.

---

Ranboo wipes away a tear as the episode ends, “Wow, that - that was - wow.”

WandaVision is a masterpiece, truly.

He looks at the time; 9:46pm

Oh jeez, he was meant to check on Tommy.

Hopefully the boy is asleep.

Ranboo stands up, stretching idly as he makes his way to the bedroom.

“Tommy?” He calls out softly.

Silence.

Ranboo prays he’s sleeping.

He inches the door open slowly, peeking inside to see an... empty bed.

“Oh man.”

---

Tommy is currently running.

“ *Clementine* , this was, perhaps not my poggest idea,” He huffs out sluggishly, as the trees morph into one another.

“None of your ideas are pog.”

“Shut *up* . I can’t believe- ” He breathes shakily, lungs heaving, “That I raised you and fed you and taught you crime only for you to -to *turn* on me. My own flesh and blood.”

“Tommy, tree.”

“ *Clementine*, you’re not a tree, you’re a fi-“

Tommy groans, forehead slamming into rough bark.

“Tree.”

“Fuck off,” Tommy grunts, slumping down against it. He sniffles. Snot dribbles down and wipes it hastily with his sleeve.

“That’s nasty.”

“ *Clementine*, stop bullying your sickly father. I am dying.”

“Still nasty.”

“I’ll put you up for adoption,” He threatens empty.

“Sure.”

“You’ve been spending too much time with Tubbo,” Tommy sighs, closing his eyes for just a few seconds.

---

“ *Tommy* ,” A voice croons for him.

“ *Wake up. Wake up Tommy,* ” It says, “ *You need to wake up. This isn’t re-* “

---

Tommy awakes with a gasp, head thinking against the tree. “Oh fuck,” He groans.

Clementine stares up at him from her bottle.

“ *Clementine*, did I just pass out?” He asks groggily.

Clementine blows a bubble.

“I’m not tired,” He argues, “I don’t need a nap shut the fuck up,” He grumbles, standing on shaky feet.

He pauses at the sound of shuffling.

Tommy turns around suddenly, coming face to face with his worst enemy.

Okay, well that's a lie. To be honest this whole arch-nemesis shit is kinda one-sided.

Willow stares back at him, a smug smile.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't the little vigilante," The hero grins.

Tommy resents that. "I resent that. I am tall."

"Uh huh, anyways," Willow twirls a set of handcuffs around his index finger. "This is where this shitty little game ends."

"Listen man, I dunno how I offended you. Sorry there were no askers. Did you ever find any?" Tommy questions, interested.

Willow's expression darkens. Yeesh okay, a sore spot it seems.

"You will rue this day."

Tommy snorts, "I won't 'rue' anything. You know you can like, talk normally right?" He says as he slowly inches away.

Willow stalks closer, "There's no escape this time."

Tommy glances down at Clementine, who stares back up at him.

Oh god, this may be the end.

Tommy sniffs as Willow turns into two blurry figures.

Willow grabs him by the arm, yanking him forward and Tommy stumbles, unable to hold his own.

“Time to see who’s behind this stupid mask,” Willow grins.

Tommy frowns, “Not stupid,” He mumbles trying to sluggishly squirm away.

Willow reaches the side of his mask and tugs it off with a quick tug.

Tommy stares up at the hero blearily.

Silence envelopes them.

Willow looks really stupid. In Tommy’s opinion. He looks surprised or something. His mouth is wide open, eyes staring in disbelief.

It makes Tommy laugh a bit, giggling softly.

Willow is still staring at him like an idiot.

And then.

Tommy sneezes. Right in the hero’s face.

Willow lets out a shriek of disgust, letting go of the boy who flops down onto the ground.

Tommy giggles. "Sorry," He says, not sorry at all.

Willow is frantically wiping the germs off of his face with his gloves.

"You're a brat," Willow grits out, eyes still wide in shock. "How fucking old are you? You're - you're barely ten. No not even--"

Tommy frowns, "I'm sixteen. Fuck you."

Willow stares, "Sixteen."

"Yeah."

"Sixteen."

Tommy nods again, unsure, "Yeah?"

Willow groans, dropping to his knees, head in hands, "I've been chasing a *child*. An actual gremlin child."

"I'm *not* a child," Tommy glares, upset. "Fuck you, you dick. Lets fucking go right now. I'll - I'll fight you."

Willow snorts as Tommy stumbles to his feet.

Tommy tries to scowl at the hero, but he doesn't know which Willow to stare at. Why are there three?



Willow watches in barely concealed amusement as Tommy throws a punch so off centre that he misses the hero and trips over his own feet.

This is the worst day of Tommy's life.

He feels hands grasp him under the knees and the middle of his back and lets out a whimper as the world tilts on its axis.

"Up we go," Willow sighs, cradling the boy to his chest.

"No, no go down," Tommy slurs, "Don' send me jail, or - or I'll sue you."

Tommy feels the chest beneath his head rumble.

"Sure gremlin."

"*Clem-Clementine*. Need my daughter," Tommy startles.

"The bottled fish?"

"*Clementine*."

"Okay, okay, got it. Hold on," Tommy feels the hands jostle him up higher as Clementine is deposited in his arms.

"My child," Tommy whispers.

“Alright, I’m taking you to the penthouse.”

“This is kidnapping?” Tommy questions, furrowing his brows. “This - this - *Clementine* says it’s kidnapping.”

“Do you know how to get home?”

Silence.

Tommy huffs, “Fuck you, you - you fuckin’ hero man.”

Willow laughs, “Okay gremlin,” He says as he starts walking.

“Are you gonna kill me?” Tommy wonders, staring up into reddish brown eyes.

Willow’s expression is weird again. “I’m not going to kill you.”

“Are y’ sure?” Tommy mumbles, vision blurring. “Cuz’ cuz’ Te - Tec- Te-“ He stumbles over his words, frowning. What was his name again? “Tec- Techie? He uh, he said you wanna kill me.”

Willow looks amused and concerned all at once. “Techie?” He grins, “ Can’t believe Techno told you his name,” He murmurs before huffing, “I’m not gonna kill you. I was gonna arrest you.”

Tommy’s eyes widen, tears appearing, “M’ goin’ ta’ jail?”

Willow sighs, "I'll let you off today," He grumbles, reluctantly, averting his eyes from the teenager. "I still hate you. I'm gonna capture you. It's just- just, you're completely out of it or whatever."

"M' not goin' ta' jail?" Tommy's bottom lip trembles.

Willow looks down at him for a split second before looking back up at the sky. "No. Stop crying holy shit. Close your eyes. Stop looking at me."

Tommy frowns, clutching Clementine closer. "Why?"

"You're - you're, just stop. Take a nap or something, you look like shit," Willow grumbles.

"Promise you won't kill me?" Tommy looks up at him, holding out his pinky.

Willow looks constipated.

"You need a shit?" Tommy asks.

"What?"

"You look weird."

"I'm fine."

"Oh," Tommy stares at him, pinky still in the air.

Willow sighs, "I'm holding you, I can't do a pinky promise," He grimaces at the words as he says them.

Tommy frowns, lowering his pinky. "Oh. What about a ritual?"

Willow almost stumbles over his feet. "What."

"A ritual. Y'know? So I say," Tommy pauses in thought, "I say, um, *I promise not to kill TommyInnit the really courageous and athletic and handsome and charismatic vigilante*. Now you copy it."

Willow stares down at him. Tommy looks up at him expectantly.

Willow sighs, "I promise, not to kill TommyInnit, the courageous--"

"Really courageous."

"*Really* courageous and athletic and charismatic--"

"No, you missed out handsome."

Willow inhaled deeply, "*Really* courageous and athletic and handsome and charismatic vigilante."

Tommy giggles, "That was so fuckin' stupid big man. Can't believe I made you say that."

Willow stares down at him, expression of deep ire. "Fucking gremlin."

Tommy just grins.

Slowly, he feels himself drift off to the steady sound of the hero's footsteps, content in the knowledge that he's safe.

---

"Let me get this straight," Tubbo pinches the bridge of his nose, "You lost him?"

Ranboo shifts nervously on his feet, "It appears so yes."

Tubbo sighs, "Clementine is gone too?"

Ranboo nods.

"Okay, well he's probably fine then," Tubbo huffs, "Still need to find him though, the dick ran off *knowing* he was sick."

Ranboo nods again, "He didn't even drink my soup."

"Yeah about that," Tubbo stares at Ranboo in bewilderment, "Why was there spaghetti in it?"

---

"Wil? Why do you have a child?" Phil questions upon Wilbur's entry.

Wilbur scowls, “I found him, in the woods. He’s sick.”

Phil frowns, worried as he goes over to see who Wilbur is holding. Phil stares down at the bundle in his arms and freezes.

“Isn’t that?”

Wilbur huffs, “Yes.”

“And you’re-“

“Not a *word*. Phil. Not a word.”

Phil raises his hands in surrender, a small amused grin on his face. “I ain’t saying anything mate.”

Wilbur glares at the man, “I hate the kid okay, shut up.”

“Not saying a thing Wil,” Phil laughs, “Why don’t you go put him in one of the bedrooms. Get a cloth too, he has a fever.”

Wilbur grunts in agreement about to step into the hallway only to be greeted by Techno.

Techno stares at him and then at the child, then back at him. Techno smirks.

“This isn’t the headquarters Wil.”

“I know that,” He grits out.

“You’re holding Tommy awfully gentle there,” Techno observes. “Not quite fitting for you arch nemesis is it?”

“Techno, shut up.”

“Hey, hey,” Techno grins, “I’m just surprised is all, that you haven’t murdered him. In fact,” Techno hums, “You brought him to our *penthouse* , a top secret location. Even after you berated *me* for bringing him to the lair. Kinda hypocritical if you ask-“

“ *Jump. Just jump out the window. Right now.* ”

“Wil!” Phil calls out.

## Chapter End Notes

typos? in this economy? (pls tell)

ayup hello hi how are you guys???

how did u like delirious tommy? : D

honestly, i’m kinda emotional because i love you guys so much and the support is kinda overwhelming. we’re at 37000 hits which is crazy because last week we were at 27000. there’s almost 1000 comments which is insane to me. i never thought i’d ever get a fic that blew up like this. i used to dream about this kinda thing, so thank you all so so much for all the support, every comment, every kudo, every subscription and every bookmark - they all mean so much to me <33333

also, i've seen comments of people recommending or reading my fic with their siblings and friends and that is so cool i'm gonna cry wtf guys

also pls no one spoil the last episode of WandaVision, i haven't watched it yet and twitter is so full of spoilers i'm scared

cult pog <3

(p.s. to that one person in the comments who keeps missing the discord link, when u comment i'll give it to u lmao)

also quick UPDATE: um some people were asking where to send fanart - you can tag my user on twitter @bigbrainsimp. also i was thinking maybe we could use a #, like um???? #vigilantetommy?

now here is some amazing fanart. honestly seeing art of my fic gives me so much serotonin

[really\\_pog fanart](#)



# I Lost My Bitchass Roommate Again

## Chapter Summary

Philza Minecraft actually created Minecraft

## Chapter Notes

it is 4am and i am tiredt

u mfs are probably really happy rn

u weirdos

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Give me the fucking cloth.”

“No, I’m doin’ it.”

“ *No* , I’m doing it - Phil tell him I’m doing it.”

“Boys.”

“You’re not even doin’ it right, just hand it over.”

“I swear to god, *give me the cloth.* ”

“Wil, no.”

Tommy blinks his eyes open blearily.

Where the fuck?

“Look what you’ve done-“

“What *I’ve* done?”

Three blurry figures hover above him.

Oh god. He’s gone and died hasn’t he? He’s in heaven.

“Stop using your abilities for stupid shit Wil.”

“I’m *not* . He’s just fucking annoying me.”

“Oh *I’m* sorry for tellin’ you that can’t put a soaking wet cloth on the kid’s head.”

“Oh like you’re an expert. What are you? The cloth police?”

Maybe he’s in hell?

“Shut the fuck up,” Tommy croaks out, chest heaving.

The figures become clearer as they all turn to stare down at him.

What is this? His day of judgement?

Maybe he should have paid Fundy back that one time.

“Ello mate, how’re you feeling?”

That voice. It’s very familiar.

Tommy blinks once more and then squints.

Oh *fuck*.

That is Philza.

“Philza Minecraft,” He whispers reverently, sitting up hastily, gripping the covers beneath him as the world spins for a moment.

The hero looks at him in confusion. “Minecraft?”

“Philza Minecraft,” Tommy repeats, seriously.

“Um, okay,” The man nods, “Not really sure what that means. I am Philza yes.”

“You created Minecraft,” Tommy says.

Philza stares at him, "Right."

"Thank you," He whispers, "You are the hero of people, a blessing to our nation, a frog in the setting sun. Philza Minecraft."

The man reaches out and gently pats Tommy's head. Tommy is never washing his hair again.

"I'm never washing my hair again," He tells him.

Philza laughs, "Jesus, fuck, you're really out of it kid."

The Blade snorts beside the winged man, "No, that's just him."

Tommy looks at the blade hero, eyes wide. Oh wow. This - this is poggers.

"Blade," He says in awe.

The hero raises an eyebrow, "I told you to call me Techno."

"Blade," He repeats.

The Blade huffs, "Techno."

"Blade?" Tommy questions.

“Techno.”

Tommy furrows his brows in concentration, “Te- Tec- Tech-“ The hero nods encouragingly.  
“Techie.”

Tommy watches as the man goes through like, ten different expressions in a matter of seconds, ending in a look of constipation.

“You need a shit too?” Tommy asks, so considerate as always.

“Don’t call me that,” Techie grimaces.

“Okay, Techie,” Tommy agrees.

“ *No*, ” Techie glares.

Tommy frowns, “Why?”

“That’s not my name.”

“Yeah it is,” Tommy decides.

“No that’s not how this works, my name is Techno.”

“Techie.”

“Techno.”

“Techie.”

*“Techno.”*

*“Techie,”* Tommy giggles.

“I won’t reply to anything but Techno,” Techie says.

Tommy frowns, “Techie.”

The man stays silent.

Well that’s just fucking rude.

“Techie,” He tries again.

Tommy feels his bottom lip tremble, “Te-Techie,” He warbles.

He watches the man’s eyes widen in... in fear?

“Techie,” He repeats, tears springing to his eyes.

“Okay, okay,” Techie hastily puts his hands up, “Stop crying. Call me what you want.”

The tears do an uno reverse back into Tommy’s head.

He giggles, “Techie, Techie, Techie.”

He watches Techie groan, placing a palm on his face in frustration.

“Hey, hey Techie you - you got that sword? The poggers one? Can I play with it?” Tommy asks excitedly, squirming in the bed, ready to get out and be fucking awesome.

He goes to stand up and almost immediately crumples to the ground if not for a pair of arms wrapping around his torso.

He frowns in confusion.

Tommy glances up at his saviour and sees the Willow.

*Oh shit. What the fuck what the fuck what the fuck what the fuck this is so cool no it isn't yes it is no it isn't the Willow is holding you that's kinda pog no no it's not he's going to die when did Willow get here was he here the whole time what the fuck what the fuck what the fuck he's kinda hungry ew no ranboob's soup what the fuck there was spaghetti why was there spag-*

“Oh my god it's Willow,” Tommy cuts off his own internal monologue to gape up at the man.

The man in question looks weird again. Why does he keep looking at him like that?

“Wilbur,” The man says.

Tommy lets out a noise of confusion, “Wha?”

“Call me Wilbur,” Willow says.

“Wil-Willo- Wil- Wilby,” He smiles up at the man.

“N- No,” Wilby hisses, “ *Wilbur, say it, say Wilbur.*”

Tommy giggles, “Wilby.”

“ *Say Wilbur,*” Wilby insists.

“Wilby,” Tommy laughs.

Philza Minecraft lets out an amused huff, “Wil give it up, he’s null to your bullshit.”

Tommy watches as Wilby throws a fierce glare at Philza Minecraft.

Tommy is set back on the bed and tucked back under the covers. He squirms immediately, kicking out his legs.

“Ow *fuck! Stop kicking me,*” Wilby orders. Tommy kicks him in the chest.

“You - you can’t contain me, I’m - I’m Tommy- Tommy,” He buffers, letting out a cough, “Tommy vigilante boy and I am a certi- certificated glock wielder.”

Techie snorts, watching in delight as Wilby struggles to detain him.

He’s too powerful. Tommy’s pogness is off the charts right now.



“ *Just stay fucking still.* You’re literally sick, how do you have this much energy?” Wilby curses.

Tommy cackles, “I am - I am god.”

Philza Minecraft grins, “You heard the kid, he’s god Wil.”

“None of you guys are helping so *shut the fuck up,*” Wilby seethes.

“Woah that’s like, rude big man,” Tommy frowns, disappointed. “When you speak you should think, is it true? Is it helpful? Is it inspiring? Is it necessary? And better yet, is it kind?”

Wilby stares at him in a mixture of irritation and bewilderment, “Did you get that off Pinterest?”

Tommy shakes his head, “Tubbo made me recite it for an hour after I told a man that his dog was ugly.”

Wilby stares.

“He was *really* ugly,” Tommy justifies, “And he bit me in the ankle.”

Wilby stares some more.

This is kinda awkward.

Maybe.

Should it be awkward?

“Anyways,” Tommy drawls, “What brings you here?”

“This is my house.”

“Cool, cool, cool,” Tommy nods, “Nice. How’d I get here?”

“You tried to fight me and then you passed out.”

Tommy pauses, “You *napped* me,” He whispers, aghast.

Wilby frowns, “I didn’t nap you.”

“Where’s *Clementine* my beloved?”

Wilby sighs, leaning down to pick up a bottle off the floor.

Tommy freezes. “That’s not her bottle,” He stares at the Coca Cola wrapping in disgust.

How could they have done this?

Wilby snorts, “Yeah, I know, that bottle was disgusting and filled with bits of cereal. What the fuck have you been doing to her?”

Tommy bristles, “Don’t - don’t question my parenting skills.”

Wilby rolls his eyes, chucking the bottle at him.

Tommy cradles Clementine to his chest. He narrows his eyes at Wilby, “You - you need to leave me alone, I’m having a private discussion.”

“No chance.”

Tommy grumbles incoherently. No manners with this guy, honestly.

“ *Clementine*, what’s the situation? Are we trapped? Have you figured out an escape route?” He whispers.

Clementine does a flip.

“That’s - that’s not good. *Clementine*, we are in mortal danger.”

Clementine stares at him.

“What? Wilby? No, I don’t like him. He’s stupid.”

Clementine blows a bubble.

“No that’s fucking stupid. I’m not even sick anymore.”

Clementine stares.

“I’m *not*. ”

“You sure about that Tommy?”

“Yes I’m sure, respect your father.”

“No.”

“ *Clementine* , you’ve developed an attitude in this bottle. That’s unacceptable. I will downgrade you to an orange juice carton.”

“As if.”

“I *will*. ”

“Are you done?” Wilby interrupts, staring between Tommy and his daughter in exasperation.

“You’ve cor- corrected - no,” That’s not the right word, “Cor- corrupted, you’ve corrupted my daughter.”

Wilby sighs, pinching his nose, “ *Shut the fuck up*. Can you do that? Is that even possible? Oh my *god* , of all the people to resist my abilities, did it have to be *you*? ”

Tommy nods, seriously, “Ayup.”

The hero throws his hands up in frustration, or deep agony. Tommy can't really tell.

"Calm down, chill out big man, have a carrot or something," Tommy placates, "Some bitches just be mad all time," He rolls his eyes, before adding. "You're bitches."

Wilby stares at him, deep *deep* hatred burning in his eyes. Or maybe it's just tears.

"Like you're always mad, what's your deal? I'm just straight vibin'," Tommy shrugs.

"Straight vibing?"

Tommy nods, "Straight vibin' big man."

"I can't do this, I can't *do* this," Wilby starts to whisper.

Tommy shares a worried glance with Clementine.

Jeez.

"You ever considered therapy Wilby?"

Wilby picks up a pillow and chucks it at him. "Be fucking quiet. I'm trying so hard to not murder you right now."

"Not hard enough obviously," Tommy snorts and then giggles, "Heh. That's - that's she said."

Wilby frowns, "What, that - that doesn't even make sense?"

“You’ve never had a woman say that’s she’s trying so hard not to murder you? Amateur,” Tommy sighs.

“Who *are* you?” Wilby cries, head in hands.

“TommyInnit,” He chirps.

“Just go back to sleep,” Wilby pleads.

“M’not tired. What if you murder me?”

Wilby sighs, “Didn’t I do that stupid ritual?”

Tommy giggles, “That was just to make you look fucking dumb.”

Wilby glares.

“Okay, okay. Let’s do a pinky promise?” Tommy suggests excitedly, wriggling his pinky.

“You are such a *child* ,” The man snorts.

Tommy frowns, lowering his pinky. “M’not a child,” He scowls, “Fine. No pinkies.”

Wilby stares at him. Tommy watches as he goes through a seemingly unpleasant thought process that ends with a defeated expression.

Wilby shoves his pinky finger out towards him, eyes averted. “Come on, let’s just fucking do it.”

“Really?” Tommy questions, hope rising in his chest.

“I’m not going to ask again, hurry up,” The man grunts.

Tommy hastily raises his pinky, linking it quickly with the other.

Wilby sighs, “I promise not to murder you.”

Tommy grins, happy, “That’s pog.”

Wilby turns to look at him, expression changing to something softer. “Shut up.”

“Hey, when are you gonna let them speak?” Tommy gestures to Techie and Philza Minecraft.

“Never.”

---

“You’re looking after him awfully carefully, Wil,” Techno grins as he watches his twin settle the sleeping teenager into the bed.

“Shut up.”

“I’m just saying’, not very villain arc of you,” Techno hums.

Wilbur brushes some sweaty strands of hair out of Tommy’s face softly, “I hate him.”

Techno snorts, “You do? Really?”

“He’s the bane of my existence,” The man says as he fluffs up the pillows around the boy.

“I’m sure,” Techno muses, “Absolutely despicable right?”

Wilbur nods as he combs his fingers through the boy’s hair, a small smile tugging at his lips when Tommy leans into his touch, “The worst. I’ll murder him.”

“Yeah, I can see that,” Techno rolls his eyes,

“I hate him,” Wilbur insists.

“Yup, sure Wil.”

---

Tommy is living his best life. It’s true.

To be honest, he has no idea where he is. But he has Clementine and the fucking best sword in existence. So things like location and safety aren’t a priority.



He swings out the sword with a whoosh. “Nyoom!” He says eloquently.

“I am TommyInnit and I have the *blade* ,” He narrates, slashing and slicing up anything in his path.

There’s no monsters or villains though, so he settles for cutting up the curtains and couches.

“ *Clementine*, I am at full pog. One day you will reach this potential and be-“ He sneezes, “be cool like me.”

He lifts the sword to the ceiling. “I am harnessing the power of the gods! Pog beam!”

“What the hell are you doing?”

Tommy screams, spinning around to point the sword at Philza Minecraft.

“Oh,” He says, “Philza Minecraft, what are you doing here?”

The man in question is staring at him in something akin to wonder, “How did you get out of the bedroom?”

“I walked?”

“But I, I put up-“ The hero cuts himself off with a sigh, “I don’t know why I’m surprised. Where did you even get Techno’s sword?”

“Found it.”

“Where mate?”

Tommy shrugs. “I dunno. Where are we?”

Philza Minecraft looks at him in concern. The hero carefully nudges the sword aimed at him towards the floor and places a hand on Tommy’s forehead.

His palm feels so cool. Tommy melts into it. A hand snakes around his waist to stop him from falling.

“You’re still burning up mate, why can’t you just stay in bed?”

“Sword pog.”

Philza Minecraft snorts, looking at him with something weirdly soft in his eyes, “Sword pog,” He agrees.

Tommy grins.

“Alright, back to bed with you then,” The man declares, hoisting the boy over his shoulder.

Tommy lets out a gasp as his world is tilted upside down. “No bed,” He whines.

“Ah ah,” The man tuts, “Not gonna work with me.”

Tommy pouts. Damn it.

Then he looks down at the wings on Philza Minecraft's back and lets out a *manly* squeal. Oh god Philza Minecraft is carrying him and he has wings.

This is awesome.

Tommy grasps at a bunch of feathers on the man's wings, marvelling at the softness.

"Wings," He says reverently.

Philza Minecraft is so majestic. The only man ever.

"You're the only man ever," He tells him.

He feels the way the hero laughs, jostling them. "Thanks mate."

"Philza Minecraft," Tommy says just for the sake of saying it.

"TommyInnit," The man says back and Tommy can hear the smile in his voice. He giggles.

---

"Tommy, can you let me go mate?"

Tommy tightens his fingers on the feathers. "You are a hostage."

Philza Minecraft sighs. “That’s great mate, now let me go.”

Tommy shakes his head. “Stay.”

“No I’ve got to get your medicin-“

“Stay.”

Philza Minecraft stares at him, “Mate-“

“Stay.”

“I’ll come back I-“

“Stay.”

“Okay, fuck,” The man sighs, slumping back against the bed.

Tommy snuggles further against him, hands still attached to the wings.

“Bird.”

The hero huffs, “Not a bird.”

“Birdza.”

The man chuckles, “You’re so out of it.”

“Birdza.”

“Okay mate.”

---

“Fucking open your mouth.”

Tommy clamps his jaw shut.

There is no way in hell that he’s drinking that shit.

“I swear to god, it doesn’t even taste bad,” Wilby tries to persuade.

Does Tommy look gullible? Does he?

Wilby stares at him, eyes narrowed. “Your hoodie is fucking ugly.”

Tommy gasps, deeply offended, “How-“

The hero shoves the spoonful into his mouth.

It’s vile. Disgusting. Horrific. Absolutely terrible... it tastes pretty good. Cherry flavoured.

This is unacceptable. He will not accept this L.

He spits it back out into the man's face.

*“Motherfucker!”*

---

“No, no way,” Tommy scoots further up the bed. “Uh uh,” He shakes his head rapidly.

“It’s just soup,” Techie drawls.

“You don’t understand what soup has done to me.”

“It’s soup,” Techie says, deadpan.

Tommy hesitates, “I have trauma.”

Techie lowers the bowl, “Really? I don’t like, actually want to traumatise you.”

Tommy sniffs, tears prickling at his eyes, “Sorry, it’s just, I’m being dramatic.”

The hero sits down on the bed, “Tell me about it.”

Tommy heaves in a shaky breath, “Sorry, this is really hard for me to say,” He whispers, wiping at his tears, “It almost feels like yesterday,” He shudders, “When I was forced to drink soup,” He pauses, “With spaghetti in it.”

The man stares at him. He stares for a long time.

He shoves the bowl into Tommy’s lap. “Drink the soup.”

It turns out to be pretty good.

---

Ranboo shivers.

Tubbo glances at him in confusion, “You alright?”

He nods, “Yeah, just felt like someone was slandering me.”

Tubbo hums, “Huh, that’s nice.”

Ranboo frowns, “It’s actually not, funnily enough.”

Tubbo pats his back in condolence. “Come on, help me hang up more posters.” The shorter boy shoves a bunch of papers into his arms.

Ranboo looks down at the posters sceptically, “Are you sure these will work?”

Tubbo stares at him, “Yeah, why not?”

Ranboo squints, lifting a poster to read it, “I dunno, something about it saying ‘I lost my bitchass roommate again. He’s annoying as fuck and keeps running away but I still love him. Plus, I already bought him shit and I don’t want to return stuff. Please bring him back, his name is TommyInnit. He probably won’t respond to it cuz’ he’s a little shit though.’ Is a bit...” “Ranboo trails off, not sure how to word it. “Unprofessional?” He tries.

Tubbo shrugs, “I think it’s appropriate for him, now start sticking them to those trees over there.”

---

“Wilby I’m bored.”

Wilby grunts from his position beside him.

“Wilby.”

“What?”

“I’m bored.”

The hero groans, “Go to *sleep*. ”

“Let’s play a game.”

“No.”



“It will be fun, I promise,” Tommy smiles, “Right *Clementine*?” He turns to his daughter, who does a backflip. “See? *Clementine* agrees.”

Wilby sighs. He’s got that QDE™ look. “Okay,” He agrees.

Tommy grins, “Okay, you just have to guess what I’m saying.”

“Alright?” Wilby nods, looking lost.

“Okay, starting now,” Tommy announces before speaking, “?????”

Wilby stares at him. “What the fuck.”

“No that’s not it, try again,” Tommy shakes his head, “?????”

“How are you doing that?” Wilby whispers, eyes wide.

Tommy frowns, “That’s still not right. Are you even trying?” He pouts, “???????”

“What the *fuck*.”

“You’ve said that one already,” Tommy sighs. This game isn’t that fun. “The word was Pogness.”

“How- how did you? Am I the only one? How is that even possible?” Wilby whispers in disbelief.

This guy has serious issues.

“I dunno what you’re talkin’ about, but there are five stages to grief and they don’t always happen in order,” Tommy soothes, patting the man’s back. “You’re going to be okay Wilby.”

“What the *fuck* .”

---

Tommy wakes up with a mild headache and severe embarrassment.

“Oh *fuck*, ” He whispers to himself. Technoblade is resting at the end of the bed, sleeping.

This is terrible. Truly.

He looks down at Clementine. “We never speak of this. I did *not* call the Willow, *Wilby* . I also never said *Techie* or *Birdza* ,” He shudders.

Truly a humiliating day for TommyInnit.

“Now *Clementine*, we were never here,” He tells her, stealthily escaping the bed and diving out the window.

---

Tommy unlocks the apartment door with a sigh.

“Tommy?”

Oh fuck. Fuck, shit, fuck, more shit.

“Yeah?”

Tubbo pops his head out from the kitchen to smile at him, “Nice of you to show up.”

“Haha, yeah,” Tommy nods, “Good to see you big man.”

“I suggest you put Clementine down,” Tubbo advises with a smile.

Tommy sighs, placing Clementine on the floor as he prepares for his defenestration.

---

“Techno! Techno wake the fuck up!” Wilbur hisses.

Phil is worriedly looking out the window.

“ *Wake up.* ”

Techno startles into awareness, eyes blearily looking up at his twin. “Bruh, I was sleepin.”

“Where’s Tommy?” Wilbur seethes.

Techno opens his mouth, finger raised only to lower it as he glances over at the empty bed.  
“He was here.”

“How the fuck did you miss him *escaping?*” Wilbur throws his hands up.

Techno shrugs, “Sleepin.”

Wilbur glares at him, “Yeah, well you can go and sleep outside. *Do a backflip out the window.*”

Phil narrowly moves out of way to avoid Techno as he shoots out into the open air.

He sighs.

“Wil... “

## Chapter End Notes

was there a typo? idk sounds a bit sus (pls tell)

heyyyyy guys, so like i know how i said i wasn’t gonna update till the weekend but here  
LISTEN

i have nothing actually (wave my beloved i am going to bed now i promise)

this fic keeps reaching new milestones and it's crazy, we're at 1100 comments, you guys are amazing. almost 47000 hits and 900 bookmarks. i love you guys.

also hello to those from twitter :D it feels so cool to see u guys talking about this fic on there

anyways yh idk what else to say, it's like 4am and my brain is slowly dying

haha lets all get married /j

unless??

ok i'm sorry

cult pog <3

okay here's some amazing fanart

if u want to send in fanart or just talk about the fic u can use the hashtag #vigilantetommy or just tag me @bigbrainsimp :)))) feel free to dm about anything <333

[techno and tommy fanart that's so pog](#)

# Sir This Is A McDonald's Drive-Thru

## Chapter Summary

can i get uhhhhhhh chicken tenders???

## Chapter Notes

u guys are all massive simps lmao

imagine simping for a crack fic  
couldn't be me

also TW: there is a dart gun scene which starts at "Tommy watches him out of the corner of his eye..." and ends at the end of the scene

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

TommyInnit, the best vigilante in the existence of vigilantes, is grounded.

Yeah, soak it up. Laugh.

It's truly upsetting.

He huffs, wiping the back of his hand against his forehead, before returning to wiping down the sink.

It's unfair, really. You run away for a day or two while sick and suddenly you're grounded for two weeks and stuck on bathroom duty.

“This shit is so fucking stupid,” He scowls to Clementine who watches him from her position on the bathroom windowsill.

Clementine stares.

“No, I don’t fucking deserve this. I did nothing wrong,” He justifies.

Clementine does a flip.

“No, no. We don’t talk about what happened. Nothing happened. I don’t even know what you are talking about, like I honestly have no idea what you are about. I don’t even know what heroes are. Who are heroes? That’s crazy, never heard of them. Do they even exist? That’s crazy. *Clementine* shut the fuck up,” He groans, shuddering as he relives the embarrassment of a lifetime.

Clementine stares.

“Have mercy on your father, you’ve become so rebellious these days. I bet it’s that fucking bottle,” He glares, “The second we are ungrounded, I’m getting rid of that shit. Sprite bottle supremacy.”

Clementine swims around in a circle.

“I’ll drown you,” Tommy threatens. Clementine stares. “I will. I’ll put you in the toilet. You wanna go down the toilet *Clementine*? I did a big shit in there like an hour ago. You wanna go down there?”

“Tommy, stop threatening the fish and clean please,” Tubbo calls out tiredly as he peeks into the bathroom.

“I *am* ,” Tommy huffs, scrubbing extra hard for no reason. “See? Squeaky fucking clean.”

Tubbo raises an eyebrow.

“You know what I don’t understand?” Tommy starts, crossing his arms.

Tubbo sighs, “What?”

“Why the fuck is that slenderman living here without doing manual labor? Why isn’t he making me breakfast and worshipping the very ground I walk on for letting him into my humble abode? It’s disgraceful,” He sniffs.

Tubbo stares, disinterested. “I invited Ranboo here actually, and he does make breakfast - just not for you.”

Tommy narrows his eyes, “He makes breakfast for you?”

“Yes.”

Tommy pauses, eyeing Tubbo in concern. “Does...” He trails off, not sure how to breach the subject. He needs to be compassionate, this is a sensitive topic. Tommy bites his lip in thought.

Tubbo stares at him in question, “What?”

Tommy inhales deeply before sighing, “Tubbo,” He says softly, eyes gentle. “I know this is probably difficult for you to answer... but,” He pauses again, closing his eyes, “Does he put spaghetti in it?”



Tubbo sighs

“He puts spaghetti in everything.”

---

“Move.”

“I’ve already moved.”

“Move more.”

“I can’t.”

“Yes,” Tommy scowls, “You can.”

Ranboob stares back at him, frowning.

“If I move anymore I’ll fall off,” The beanstalk complains.

Tommy stares. “Ok?”

“I’m not moving.”

Tommy doesn’t like this confidence. This slenderman looking bitch is getting too comfortable in his house.

“Fine,” Tommy shrugs.

Ranboob nods, turning back to the television.

Tommy watches him out of the corner of his eye, slyly sticking his hand in his hoodie.

He pulls out his gun, armed and ready, and shoots the bitch right in the side.

Ranboob screams, falling off the couch.

“Tommy!” Tubbo shouts from the kitchen.

---

“Stop shooting him or I’m confiscating every gun you own,” Tubbo warns.

Tommy scowls, eyes averted. “I don’t know why he’s still crying.”

“ *Tommy.* ”

“Okay, okay,” He rolls his eyes. “I won’t shoot him for a while. Imagine being that weak. It’s just a dart.”

“Not everyone has some weird fucking main character plot armour you dick,” Tubbo slaps him upside the head.

Tommy frowns, “What?”

Tubbo stares, “What?”

Tommy squints, “...Nothing.”

“Okay anyways, there’s some pasta in the fridge for lunch.”

Tommy groans, “Is that all we eat? Is this our lives now? It’s all that fucking bitch boy’s fault. I’m sick and tired of pasta. Not poggers.”

“Tommy you’d eat those birthday cake breakfast bars for every meal, every day, if I let you.”

“And?” Tommy frowns, confused. “There’s nothing wrong with that. Have you read the label? ‘Energy for the whole day, the only snack you need.’”

Tubbo shakes his head, “There’s no saving you.”

Tommy furrows his brows, offended. “I am not in need of saving. In fact, I’m the opposite. I do the saving. I am the saver. The saver of savers. I save those who need saving. Saving is my career.”

“Yeah, I’m leaving,” Tubbo says, walking out of the bedroom.

---

“ *Clementine*, I’m not having this argument again,” Tommy scowls.

Clementine stares up at him before turning away.

“This attitude is unacceptable. Ever since you’ve been in this fucking bottle you’ve turned into a heathen,” He sighs, head in hands.

“No *Clementine*, that is a bad idea. Why do you only have bad ideas? Are you trying to intentionally sabotage me? Are you trying to sabotage your father?”

Clementine blows a bubble.

Tommy gasps, hand on heart. “How *dare* you? I - I can’t believe you would say that.”

Clementine does a twirl.

Tommy holds up his palm, “I don’t want to hear it.”

Clementine opens her mouth.

“ *No*, ” Tommy starts, “Don’t even,” He threatens.

She blows a bubble.

“ *Clementine!* ” He cries, outraged. “I will leave you here.”

Clementine stares.

Tommy smirks, smug, “Yeah, that’s what I thought. Listen, we’re going whether you want to or not. I’m sick of fucking pasta. I’m going to eat real food.”

Tommy shuffles his feet into his trainers, tapping them against the floor to activate them.

He braces himself, knees bending before he launches out of the window and into the night.

It’s time to eat a refreshing, healthy, balanced meal.

---

“Welcome to McDonald’s may I take your order?”

Tommy hums, “Yeah uh, can I get... “ He trails off, looking at the menu. “A Mcflurry and a large fries.”

“Yes, is that all?”

Tommy pauses, glancing down at Clementine. “A sprite please. But like the big bottle.”

“We don’t sell those sorry.”

“You do,” Tommy decides.

“...What?”

“You have those bottles, I know you do,” Tommy says.

“Sir, I’m sorry we don’t.”

He rolls his eyes. “Okay, lie to my face then. I know you have it. You fuckin-“

A loud beep cuts him off.

Tommy scowls, turning to the car behind him. “Can you be fucking quiet? I’m trying to order a meal here, you bitch!” He shouts.

There’s more beeping. These people have no manners. Disgraceful.

A man rolls down his car window to glare at him, “Get the fuck out of the way!”

“I’m ordering my fucking meal!” Tommy screams back.

“This is a drive through!”

Tommy raises an eyebrow. “Okayyy?” He drawls, zero fucks given.

“You don’t even have a fucking car!”

That’s just hurtful.

“I haven’t passed my drivers license you dick!” Tommy gives him the middle finger.

“You can’t be here, you’re meant to order inside you idiot!”

“And you’re meant to shut the fuck up, but neither of us are listening huh?” Tommy retorts, scowling.

“Get out of the fucking road kid!”

“Or what?!” Tommy screams. “This is a free country and I will stand where I want! And I want to stand here!”

Tommy is such an inspiration. God, he’s such an icon. Clementine better be taking notes.

He turns back to the McDonald’s drive-thru feed. “Yeah, so I’ll take a Mcflurry, large fries, that fucking sprite bottle and a sixty nine nugget meal.”

“Sir, this is a Mcdonald’s drive-thru.”

---

Tommy would like to announce that none of this is his fault.

He tilts his head back against the wall, narrowing his eyes at the officer through the bars.

A young man is crying, head in hands while the officer talks to him.

“He just kept asking for sixty nine nuggets!” The man cries, tears eyed and frantic, “We - we don’t *sell* sixty nine nuggets. No one does!”

Tommy rolls his eyes. He's surrounded by crybabies.

"Right," The officer nods, writing something down. "Anything else?"

"He started threatening my *family*. He started speaking but I couldn't understand him and I think he was cursing me," The man trembles, glancing at Tommy fearfully before quickly looking away.

The officer narrows his eyes at the teenager.

Tommy shrugs. "No idea what he's on about."

"You *liar!*" The man sobs, eyes crazed.

Yeeeeesh. Yikes. Yoinks.

Tommy sucks in a breath through his teeth, "He's clearly got issues," Tommy tells the officer. "Take him to therapy," He advises.

The officer sighs, "Someone needs to bail you out, you got someone to call?"

Tommy hisses. There's no way he's calling Tubbo. He's not self-sabotaging. He has self preservation. He's responsible.

"No," Tommy says.

The officer sighs again, "Great, you're what? An orphan and a delinquent?"



That's just rude. So rude.

Tommy scowls, "And you're what? Fat *and* old?"

The officer glares. "Guess you're sleeping here tonight," He sneers.

Tommy rolls his eyes, "Yeah, yeah. This ain't my first rodeo, you can leave me here and go cheat on your wife or something."

"Watch your mouth kid."

"Watch your diet."

Okay, that was rude and uncalled for. Tommy sighs, "Sorry, I didn't mean that. Weight doesn't affect your ability to be a pog person, everyone's bodies are cool. You're just a dick." He apologizes with a thumbs up.

The officer huffs, "Thanks, I guess."

Tommy shrugs, "It's alright. Sorry about the wife thing."

The officer waves him off, "It's cool. Sorry about the orphan thing."

"It's fine big man, parents are overrated anyways."

The officer laughs, "Yeah sure kid. Listen," He sighs, "I'll let you off this time. Don't go harassing McDonald workers anymore you hear?"

Tommy salutes, “Loud and clear.”

The officer unlocks the chain around the bars. “Go on kid, get outta here.”

“You’re cool for a person who listens to the government,” Tommy tells him as he leaves.

“You’re just letting him go?!” The McDonald’s worker sobs.

Tommy stares at the guy.

The man freezes in fear.

Tommy grins, “Yep, he’s just letting me go.”

Well that was easy.

---

Nothing is easy.

Tommy is on the run. From the *Willow*.

This is not poggers.

He pants as he jumps from building to building, Clementine's bottle sloshing around.

"Tommy get back here!"

Why would he do that??? He likes living.

"I am going to have to respectfully decline," He shouts, "Thanks for the suggestion though."

"Not a suggestion," Willow growls, "It was a fucking order you brat."

Tommy is maybe, slightly, just a tiny bit scared.

"It sounded like a suggestion to me!" He retorts, stumbling momentarily.

Jesus. He hasn't exercised in a while.

"Stop being difficult!"

"I don't know how to do that!" Tommy quips, bracing his feet to launch off onto the next building.

He bends his knees and jumps.

He should lose Willow after this. The man can't possibly catch up. Right?

Tommy realizes midair that he didn't put enough momentum behind the jump, already exhausted.

He inhales sharply, fingers stretching out to grasp the edge of the building.

Only to miss.

Tommy gasps as his fingers clench around nothing. His stomach drops as he plummets.

Shit, shit, shit.

His hand tightens around Clementine, eyes squeezed shut.

He inhales sharply, chest heaving as his body impacts with something firm.

Oh god. He just died. Oh god, he's *dead*.

"Why're you so fucking reckless?" Willow's voice is tight.

Tommy opens his eyes abruptly, "What the fuck?" He croaks.

"Can you stop trying to kill yourself?" The man glares down at him, hands tightening around him.

Tommy squirms in the cradle hold, "I thought you'd like that," He scowls, "Seeing as you're trying to kill me."

The man frowns, "I'm not trying to kill you, you gremlin."

Tommy squirms more, “Let me down you dick.”

Willow sets him down on the ground, a hand wrapped firmly around his wrist.

“Can you stop trying to fucking escape for five minutes?”

“What? So you can kill me?”

Willow sighs, raising his palm.

Tommy flinches. Oh god Willow is going to torture him. Oh god, he should have never antagonized the man.

He lets out a confused noise when he feels a hand pressed against his forehead.

“You’re not burning up anymore,” The hero sighs, eyes softened. Tommy frowns.

What the fuck?

“Why aren’t you hurting me or something?” He tilts his head in bewilderment.

“I pinky promised, remember?” Willow rolls his eyes.

“You what?” Tommy gapes.

Willow stares, “You made me pinky promise.”

A flush climbs it's way up Tommy's neck and reaches his ears.

For fucksake. This is humiliating.

"I - I," Tommy stutters, averting his eyes. "I didn't do that."

Willow smirks, "You did. You even started to cry."

Tommy wants the sweet release of death.

"Shut *up* ," He scowls, "I did not cry you dickhead."

"You did," Willow sings, "And you called me *Wilby*."

Tommy clamps a hand around his ear. "La la la, I can't fucking hear the shit coming out your mouth."

"Aw Tommy, do you want to call me Wilby again?" Willow laughs.

"La la la," He shouts.

"No need to be embarrassed, I already know you're just a baby," The hero teases.

"Fuck off, fuck off, fuck off," Tommy chants. Maybe if he repeats it enough times he will cease to exist.

He preferred it when the guy was trying to kill him.

“You’re a dick Willow, did you know that?” He glares.

Willow just smiles, “Call me Wilbur, gremlin.”

“Not a gremlin,” He scowls.

“Uh huh, sure,” Wilbur hums. “Anyways, I’m taking you with me.”

“You’re kidnapping me?”

Wilbur shrugs, “I guess.”

“That’s illegal.”

“You’re illegal.”

Touché.

“Can I at least get something to eat?”

---

“He’s not allowed here!” The worker cries, traumatised, “He’s not allowed here!”

Wilbur looks between Tommy and the guy. Tommy shrugs.

“Dunno what he’s on about, never been here in my life,” He says.

Wilbur narrows his eyes, “Right, well what do you want to eat then?”

“Mcflurry, large fries, big sprite bottle and sixty nine nuggets.”

Wilbur nods, “That’s all thanks.”

A tear trickles down the worker’s face, “We- we don’t sell sixty nine nuggets, *or* a large sprite bottle.”

Wilbur smiles, “Let me rephrase, *get me a Mcflurry, large fries, large sprite bottle and sixty nine nuggets.*”

---

When Tommy steps into the penthouse, he can’t help but stare at everything.

It’s pogchamp to be put simply. So many weapons.

He beelines straight for Technoblade’s sword with a grin. “ *Clementine*, this is epic.”

He swings the sword around.



“Wilbur managed to find you then?”

Tommy screams, jumping. He turns around to see Technoblade.

“Oh, hello Technoblade. Nice to see you,” He coughs awkwardly.

The man raises an eyebrow before looking down at the sword, “Having fun with that?”

Tommy flushes, “Ah yes, very pog.”

“Maybe next time don’t run off when you’re sick and you can play with it for longer,” Technoblade says as he plucks the weapon from the boy’s hands.

Tommy lets out a noise of protest as his beloved sword is taken away. Stolen. This is truly a bad day for the TommyInnit community.

“I’m sorry for escaping,” He says, eyes wide.

Technoblade stares.

“I’m *kinda* sorry for escaping,” He amends.

Technoblade continues to stare.

Tommy rolls his eyes. “I’m not sorry for escaping.”

Technoblade nods, “Yeah, I already knew that.”

The door opens and in walks the most majestic person in existence.

*Philza.*

*“Philza,”* Tommy says in awe.

“Oh Tommy, good to see you mate,” The man smiles, “After you escaped,” He adds with a sinister look.

Tommy cowers.

Philza is a scary man.

“Ah yes, you see. I was feeling better and well, you know, it was time for me to leave,” He laughs nervously.

Philza hums, “Of course, I forgive you mate,” He says in a voice which very much says he *doesn't*.

Tommy gulps. “Sorry, Philza.”

The hero's eyes soften, “It's okay, you just scared us is all. We were worried.”

Tommy frowns, “You were worried?”

Philza smiles, with a bit confusion. “Of course we were.”

“Even him?” He nudges his head towards Technoblade who is averting his eyes.

“Yes, even Tech.”

“Wilbur was the most worried,” Technoblade retorts, “He was so *sad*. Started throwin’ a fit and shoutin’ at everyone.”

Wilbur appears at the door, eyes murderous. “Techno shut the fuck up.

Technoblade smirks, “What? It’s true, you were on a rampage-“

“ *Out the window. Get out.* ”

Tommy watches in amazement as the blade hero turns around and takes a running start out the window, diving out into the night.

“Woah, Tubbo does that to me!”

## Chapter End Notes

a typo? in my nugget meal? no way. (pls tell)

there’s probably loads of typos cuz i posted this from my phone without editing lmao

hey guys. jesus there are a lot more of you now lmao. you guys are crazy, making this crack fic popular.

thank you so much for all the comments and bookmarks and subscriptions and hits. you guys are so pog we are on like 65000 hits and 1300 comments, that's insane. thank you so much, i love you guys.

i've made so many new friends through this fic, you are all so swag.

cult pog <3

my twitter is @bigbrainsimp - this is where u can send fanart or just talk with me :)

now fanart!

you can use the hashtag #vigilantetommy or just @ me if u do any fanart for me, i've received so many wonderful pieces of art in the past week. i love doing shoutouts because there are so many amazing artists who are so underrated :D

[really\\_pog fanart](#)

# Defenestration Bros™

## Chapter Summary

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yuh yuh defenestration bros yuh yuh defenestration bros yuh yuh defenestration bros  
yuh-

## Chapter Notes

hello simps

i wrote half of this at 1am and the rest in school instead of doing my eng hw so i think  
that explains me as a person

no TWs i think

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So, Tommy, tell us about you,” Philza smiles from across the dinner table.

Oh god. Tommy sweats. This is not good.

“Well,” He starts with a nervous laugh.

He needs to come across as professional, mature and intellectual.

Tommy slyly averts his eyes to Clementine for help. She stares at him.

“Well, um,” He stalls, stabbing a carrot. “I... “

Come on, come on. He just needs to say something normal.

He’s TommyInnit. He’s got this in the bag.

“I’m a criminal.”

Technoblade snorts while Wilbur chokes on his glass of water.

Philza barks out a laugh, “We’ve gathered that, thanks though.”

Tommy shoves the carrot in his mouth, face burning.

This isn’t going well

This is going terrible in fact.

“You got any other hobbies?” The winged hero questions, before adding, “Besides the illegal activities.”

If he speaks, he’s in trouble.

Tommy hums, nodding.

Silence overtakes the table.

Technoblade coughs, “Are you going to tell us?”

Tommy shakes his head.

“Tommy, mate, we’re not gonna bite your head off,” Philza tries to soothe.

The teenager glances nervously over at Wilbur, who raises an eyebrow, playing innocent.

“We’re not going to bite your head off *anymore*,” Philza amends, giving a look to Wilbur.

Tommy is in doubt.

“How about your fish? Tell us about her?” Philza tries again.

“ *Clementine*, ” Tommy corrects, placing his fork down. “She is a blessing, granted from the gods. I found her in a pond and adopted her. She is my daughter, and she is one of the greatest beings in existence. I tried to get her a tank but then I walked in on a robbery and nearly died. Then I found a sprite bottle and it was perfect - so that was where she resided until *someone* decided to throw it away. But it’s fine now because she has a new one. *Clementine* did have a shrine at one point but it was burnt down, *not* by me.”

Tommy finishes speaking only to find everyone staring at him in varying degrees of bewilderment and interest. He clears his throat awkwardly.

“I’m going to eat now,” He announces, shoving a potato into his mouth.

“So, Clementine huh? That’s a nice name,” Philza says, eyes oddly soft. Tommy shifts in his seat, nodding as he chews.

“How the fuck did you get her a shrine?” Wilbur stares at him, eyebrows furrowed.

“I was manager of Manifold Inc.”

“The company that makes the shitty cereal?” Techno tilts his head.

Tommy nods, “Yeah it’s so fucking bad, I think they put cocaine in it.”

“How the *fuck* did you become manager? You’re sixteen, that’s not even legal,” Wilbur questions, eyes wide.

Tommy shrugs, “I’m mature,” He justifies, “And professional.”

They all stare at him in disbelief.

That’s rude.

“I *am*, ” He scowls, “Jack saw the charisma and talent and handsomeness and knew I was perfect for the role.”

“How did the building burn down?” Philza asks, mouth twitching in amusement.

Tommy pauses, “I don’t know. But it wasn’t me.”

Philza huffs, smiling, “Course not. You are very mature, and professional.”



Tommy grins, “That is true.”

God, this is a good day for the TommyInnit community. He just got called mature and professional by the best man in existence.

“Philza, you are very cool,” He admits sincerely.

The hero smiles softly, “Thanks mate.”

Wilbur huffs, rolling his eyes.

Technoblade smirks, “What? You jealous Wil?”

Wilbur bristles, cheeks turning an angry red. “No-“

“You *seem* like you are,” Technoblade teases.

“ *Jump-* “

“Ah ah! Not at the dinner table, in front of our guest,” Philza chimes in quickly, sending a swift glare to the twins.

Tommy shrugs, “It’s cool. Sometimes I get defenestrated at dinner.”

Philza squints, “Do you get defenestrated often?”

Tommy hums in thought, waving his hand in a so-so motion, “Fairly regularly, depends on what I’ve done in a week.”

“Tommy that’s - that’s extremely concerning kid,” The winged hero frowns.

Tommy raises an eyebrow in confusion, “Not really, just some regular old defenestration. You know how it is.”

“I actually don’t, oddly enough,” Philza clarifies.

Tommy shrugs, “Well, I’m sure *he* knows how it is,” He tilts his head towards Technoblade.

Technoblade nods, “He’s right. I do.”

Tommy gives Philza a ‘told-you-so’ look before turning back to the sword hero. “Can we start a club?”

Technoblade snorts, “No.”

“It’ll be fun,” Tommy insists. “Absolute poggers.”

“Those words imply the exact opposite.”

“No, no. It will be so pog. We can - we can be like the defenestration bros,” Tommy grins. God, he’s such a genius. His brain is so big. “Defenestration bros. The slogan can be like,” He deepens his voice, “Got thrown out a window? Me too. We are Defenestration Bros. All capitalized.”

Techno stares at him.

In fact, everyone is staring at him.

“What?” Tommy frowns, “Come on, that was such a good fucking slogan. Defenestration Bros, here to save the day after falling from tall heights. We could - we could have like, a movie made about us Technoblade.”

Wilbur snickers, sending an amused look to the teenager, “Technoblade?”

Tommy crosses his arms, “Yes? That’s his name?”

“His name is Techno.”

“...Blade,” Tommy corrects.

“No, Techno.”

“Blade. Technoblade,” Tommy insists.

“God, I’m having déjà vu,” Philza laughs.

“Technoblade is his legal name,” Tommy decides.

“...What the fuck? That’s so incredibly false,” Wilbur whispers in bewilderment.

“His name can’t be Techno. That’s weird. Not poggers,” He justifies.

“I still don’t like the way you use that word,” Techno chimes in.

“And Technoblade is not the weirdest fucking name? Who has blade in their name? Do you know how much he would have been bullied in school?” Wilbur throws his hands up.

“Techno is so much weirder. Because like, it could be short for Technology and that’s just weirdchamp. Technoblade is a beautiful name, badass and terrifying.”

Wilbur stares at him. “Yeah, I’m done with this conversation.”

“So you’ve given up and admitted defeat,” Tommy nods.

“That’s not at all what I said.”

“You did.”

---

“Hi, uh, Tubbo?” Ranboo bites his lip, holding the phone to his ear.

“Yes dear?”

Ranboo huffs a laugh before remembering why he called, “So, um, basically, basically, you know Tommy?”

“No. I don’t actually.”

“Ok sorry, yeah, so Tommy, he uh, hmm,” He stalls, “He kind of, escaped,” He confesses before adding, “Again.”

He hears Tubbo sigh on the line.

“Get the posters back out.”

---

“Can I have your sword back?”

“No.”

“Please?”

“No.”

“The sword *needs* me.”

“Doubt it.”

Tommy glares, “I will escape again.”

Technoblade hooks his fingers around the collar of his hoodie. “No, you won’t.”

Tommy smirks, “You wanna bet?”

---

Philza walks into the living room, carrying a tray of milkshakes, Wilbur in tow. “Hey boys, we’re ba- Tommy why do you have Techno’s sword?”

Tommy grins, brandishing the weapon and doing an epic spin with the handle. “I am glock wielder supreme.”

Philza turns to Technoblade, disappointment clear in his expression, “Tech, we left for *ten* minutes. You couldn’t keep a fucking murder weapon away from him?”

Technoblade looks up tiredly at him from his position on the couch, “Never make me babysit again,” He glares.

Wilbur smirks, “What? Were you no match for a *child* Techie?”

“Not a fucking child!” Tommy screeches.

“You don’t know what happened,” Technoblade stares, eyes full of despair. “He is not someone who can be tamed.”

“Pog beam!” Tommy shouts, thrusting the sword into the air. “*Clementine* did you see that? That was poggers.”

This is such a fucking epic day for the TommyInnit community. He’s totally stealing this.

---

Tommy sips his milkshake. Cookies and cream. So pog.

He glances over at Wilbur. He's got mint chocolate chip. Tommy needs to try it. He won't be able to live a complete life without trying it. He will actually die.

He stares at the man.

Then he stares some more.

Wilbur finally glances over at him, eyes immediately narrowing. "No."

"What?" Tommy widens his eyes, "I didn't say anything big man."

"You're not having any."

"Any of what?" Tommy tilts his head.

"My milkshake," Wilbur glares at him.

"You wanna give me your milkshake?" Tommy grins.

"That's not what I said."

"I mean, if you insist," Tommy shrugs, reaching over to grab the drink.

Wilbur quickly lifts his arm, dangle it over the boy. “You’re just not listening to anything I say. Down gremlin.”

“You want to give me your milkshake so bad? That’s crazy,” Tommy says, leaning over the man to try and grab the drink.

“Tommy, no.”

“Tommy, yes.”

“Tommy, *no*. ”

“Wil, just give him a sip,” Philza sighs. Thank god for Philza, the only man ever.

“Listen to him, he speaks the language of the gods,” Tommy nods, “Philza is so smart.”

“Shut the fuck up, you’re actually so annoying,” Wilbur glares.

It’s time for a *Pro Gamer Move*<sup>™</sup>.

Tommy huffs, falling back into his seat dejectedly. “Fine,” He sighs, “I didn’t want some anyways.”

Wilbur stares at him before huffing, “Good, I wasn’t going to give you any.”

Tommy crosses his arms, sipping his own milkshake sadly. “Fine. I don’t care.”



“Fine,” Wilbur grunts back.

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

*Fin-*“

“Oh my fucking god, *here* take it you fucking gremlin,” Wilbur grits out, eyes averted as he shoves the drink into Tommy’s hands.

Tommy grins, “Wow, you didn’t have to.”

He’s so fucking smart. So big brained. Pogness is off the charts.

He takes a sip of his victory.

“Oh that’s fucking disgusting!”

---

“So, how about a game of Uno?” Philza suggests. Ugh he’s such a legend.

“Yes, Philza, of course Philza,” Tommy agrees immediately.

Wilbur shoves him, “You fanboy,” He taunts.

“I’m not a fanboy, I just appreciate that I am in the presence of a legend. Two legends in fact,” Tommy justifies before adding, “You are not one of those legends.”

Wilbur rolls his eyes, “I figured.”

“No offense, it’s just - y’know, you were on a rampage trying to murder me for a while,” Tommy shrugs.

“Sometimes, I still think about it,” Wilbur smiles sinisterly.

Tommy subtly edges himself closer to Technoblade on the couch.

“So, Uno?” Philza tries again.

“Yes, Philza, anything for you Philza,” Tommy salutes.

Technoblade shrugs, “Yeah, I’ll probably win again.”

“That’s a fucking lie, last time was a fluke,” Wilbur scowls.

“Was it?” Technoblade smirks, “And what about the five rounds before that?”

Wilbur glares, “Flukes.”

Technoblade snorts, “Okay dude,” He turns to Tommy, leaning into to whisper, “He’s so bad. He’s so bad at the game.”

“I can *hear* you,” Wilbur kicks his twin in the leg. “*Dive out-*“

“Wilbur no!” Philza smacks the man upside the head. “No defenestration.”

Wilbur sulks, slumping down into the couch, “Whatever.”

“Okay, so let’s just fucking play Uno,” Philza sighs.

---

“You can’t do that!”

“What do you mean I can’t do that?! I’m playing by the rules.”

“You’re fucking cheating!”

“*You’re* cheating!”

“Boys-“

“This game is so scuffed, oh my god.”

“The deck wasn’t shuffled properly! How do you get three plus twos?! It’s fucking rigged.”

“You’re rigged!”

“No, *you’re* rigged you fucking gremlin!”

“Don’t even try it bitch boy! I am just so fucking epic, the poggest person in existence and you can’t handle it!”

“You’re delusional! You’re so delusional-“

“Just say you can’t handle my pogness and go!”

You know what?! I’m going to fucki-“

---

“Wilbur, what do you say to Tommy?” Philza sits before them, expression solemn.

Wilbur averts his eyes to the ceiling, “...I’m sorry... for trying to throw you out the window.”

Philza turns to Tommy, “And what do you say?”

Tommy rolls his eyes, arms crossed, “I’m sorry, for biting you repeatedly on the arm...”

“Thank you-“ Philza starts only to be cut off.

“I’m also sorry, for being fucking awesome and too powerful for you to handle,” Tommy stares at Wilbur.

Wilbur stares at Tommy, eyebrow twitching.

“You *fuckin-* “

---

“Can we watch this one?” Tommy asks, pointing to Moana on the tv screen.

“You’re actually a child,” Wilbur snorts.

“I want to watch it,” Tommy glares, “It has the *Rock* in it. I want him to know that I have watched his movie.”

Wilbur stares at him, “Why are you like this?”

“We’re watching Moana,” Tommy decides.

“Okay, Tommy,” Philza agrees easily while Technoblade shrugs

“You’re all soft,” Wilbur rolls his eyes. “Fine, put it on.”

Tommy grins. This is the best day ever. He’s with the best heroes ever, watching probably the most majestic movie to have ever been made.

He grabs Clementine, placing her on his lap, “You must watch, daughter, this is an important part of your childhood.”

Clementine blows a bubble.

He grins, “Yes, the *Rock*. ”

---

Techno glances down at the child resting on his shoulder. He gives a panicked look to Phil and Wilbur, “Help, he is touchin’ me.”

Phil laughs, “I’m sure you’ll be fine mate, he probably thinks you're safe enough to sleep on.”

That does not warm his heart. Not all.

He looks back down at Tommy. His eyes are shut, and for once, the kid actually looks relaxed and *peaceful* . His chaotic energy must have drained out.

Techno awkwardly shifts underneath the boy, wrapping an arm around his shoulder. Tommy’s head falls onto his chest and he lets out a small noise.

It’s not cute. It’s not.

“He’s adorable,” Phil smiles. Wilbur grunts despite the way his eyes are soft on the boy.

“He’s exhaustin’ .”

“He’s a gremlin.”

“He’s *adorable*,” Phil insists, reaching out a hand to brush Tommy’s hair off of his forehead.

“Maybe,” Wilbur hums, “Still a gremlin.”

Techno finds he can’t disagree with either of the statements.

“Shouldn’t we get him home?” Techno suggests.

Phil hums, “We should,” His eyes show reluctance.

“Tommy,” Techno says gently, shaking the boy a bit.

The teenager lets out a grumble, grabbing a fistful of Techno’s shirt.

“Tommy, wake up.”

“Fuck off,” He mumbles sleepily, making Techno huff in amusement.

“Tommy, wake up, you’re drooling on me.”

The boy shakes his head, “Shhh Techie,” He slurs.

They all freeze.

That wasn't cute. That wasn't cute. That *wasn't* cute.

"That was so cute," Wilbur whispers, Phil nodding.

"Your fondness is showing Wil," Techno teases.

"You're literally holding him," Wilbur stares.

"Leave me alone," He sniffs.

"Are we keeping him?" Wilbur asks Phil.

"Yeah," Phil decides, "Yeah we are."

---

"Let me hold him."

"No."

"You've been holding him for like, an hour."

"Yeah, cuz he likes me better."

"Phil, tell Techno to give me Tommy."



“Uh-“

“No, he has chosen me.”

“You’re not a fucking pokémon, give me the child.”

“No, get off me, you’re going to wake him.”

“No, *you’re* going to wake him.”

“No, you’re -“

“ *Let go of Tommy and fuck off out the window.* ”

“Wilbur, seriously?” Phil sighs.

Tommy blearily opens his eyes to the sight of Technoblade diving out into the air.

He grins, “Defenestration Bros.”

## Chapter End Notes

typos? are u blind? (pls tell)

hello cult. how are u cult. hope u are well cult. sorry for the shortish chapter. BUT holy shit this fic is doing numbers thank you so much. we're at like 80000 hits which is so crazy to me. thank you all so much.

when i made this fic, it was immediately after reading one of sircantus's fics (pls check them out, they are so pog. and i thought wow, i want a fic that's as popular as that and as funny. i never thought too much about whether i'd actually get popular but here we are.

thank you thank you thank you. you guys are so pog. i have like 800 twitter moots and that's crazy.

ALSO kind of important. i've given up on having an update schedule. i knew i said i'd update once a week but i'm just going to do what i want. sorry haha but it will just be spontaneous. i might update twice in two days or not for two weeks and thats ok because this is my comfort fic that i write when i want to. it's kinda scary now that's it's blown up because some of u guys have high expectations and detailed theories. let me just say this. i am child. i'm literally 16 and this is a crack fic, pls don't expect much. i don't think this fic out like my others because that's not what this one is about, it's literally just a way to relax when i'm feeling stressed (which is very often it seems lmao). so yh.

anyways

cult pog <3

here's some amazing fanart :)))

you can send fanart or just talk to me on twitter @bigbrainsimp

[big.pog tommy fanart](#)

# That's What I Like

## Chapter Summary

jump jump jump jump jump jump jump jump jump jump jump jump jump in the cadil-

## Chapter Notes

AYUP SIMPS

here is new chapter that i wrote at 1am in the morning. it is now 2am

don't think there's any TW but pls tell

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo watches as Tubbo zips up his hoodie, expression fierce, stance tense.

“Are you sure we should do this?” He questions nervously, scratching the back of his neck beneath his own hoodie.

Tubbo turns to him, eyes hard, “This is the only option Ranboo.”

“Um, no,” Ranboo shifts, “I feel like, there are many, *many*, other ways to go about this.”

“This is *my* only option,” Tubbo corrects, crossing his arms before adding, “*So*, it’s your only option.”

Ranboo looks down at him, raising an eyebrow, unconvinced.

“We are doing this,” Tubbo states firmly.

Ranboo sighs, “Of course dear, anything you say dear,” He says sarcastically.

He’s starting to think this friendship has a major power imbalance... and it’s not in his favour.

Tubbo grins, “I knew you’d come around eventually. C’mon, this will be fun Boo.”

Ranboo purses his lips, “Yeah, I’m sure, for *you*.”

Tubbo’s grin widens.

“This is what you signed up for, by living in my house,” Tubbo shrugs.

“Apartment,” He corrects, smiling despite his impending doom.

“Whatever,” Tubbo waves a hand.

“I feel like this debt is slightly unfair,” Ranboo huffs, “By living in your house, I what? Have to suffer public humiliation?”

“Yes,” Tubbo stares at him.

Ranboo laughs, reaching out to pull Tubbo’s hood up and over his head, ruffling his hair, “You’re pure chaotic evil.”

Tubbo grins up at him, teeth showing, “You love me for it.”

As Ranboo stares down at the boy - decked out in a green dinosaur hoodie which *should* be adorable and yet is somehow intimidating - he thinks that maybe he regrets befriending the physical version of the devil on his shoulder.

But maybe he likes it a little too much.

Either way, he doesn’t think he really had a choice in the matter.

Tubbo gets what Tubbo wants.

---

Tommy wakes up suspiciously comfortable.

There is no foot in his face.

He blinks his eyes open in confusion, scrunching up his nose as he yawns.

Blinking blearily at his surroundings, the world blurs for a moment before becoming clear.

He stiffens.

This isn’t his house. What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck. What the-

“Oh my god, shut *up* ,” A voice growls beneath him.

Wait, beneath him?

Tommy lifts his head, eyebrows furrowed. He looks down and lets out a yelp.

What the fuck.

“Wilbur?” He croaks out at the man, who is glaring up at him.

The man grabs him by the elbow, dragging him back to his chest.

“Go to fucking sleep gremlin,” Wilbur huffs, placing a hand in Tommy’s hair.

“What the fuck?” Tommy mumbles, eyes already falling shut as the fingers in his hair start moving.

“Shh,” Wilbur hushes him, “It’s too early and once you start talking, you don’t fucking stop.”

Tommy frowns. That’s just bloody rude.

“That’s fucking rude big man, I’ll have you know-“

“Shut the fuck up,” Wilbur growls.

Tommy clamps his mouth shut.

Listen, Wilbur isn't scary or anything, Tommy could probably, totally, maybe, take the guy in a fight. Anyways, Tommy isn't listening to the guy cause' he's scary, that'd - that'd be stupid. He's just - he's just *tired* okay? He's not intimidated by the hero or anything. He's fucking TommyInnit, the *courageous* and *athletic* and *handsome* and *charismatic* vigil-

The fingers running through his hair make his mind buffer for a second, a yawn escaping.

He's - he's TommyInnit, the *courageous* and *athletic* and-

Wilbur hums lightly, chest rumbling beneath Tommy's head.

He's - he's TommyInnit, the - the...

---

"You *drugged* me!" Tommy accuses over the dining table.

Wilbur raises a tired eyebrow at him. Philza isn't even listening, scrolling through Twitter or something. Technoblade is drowning in his bowl of cereal.

"I what?" The man yawns.

"*Drugged* me," Tommy hisses. He turns to Philza, "Philza, Philza, he *drugged* me."

Philza hums, glancing over at him, momentarily turning his attention from his phone, "He did what mate?"

“ *Drugs*, ” Tommy whispers, “I have been drugged.”

Philza nods, “And how did you come to that conclusion?”

“I- I was forced back to sleep against my will,” Tommy seethes, “He used magic and *drugs*. Magical drugs.”

Philza tilts his head, “I thought his ability didn’t work on you?”

Tommy raises a finger, pausing, “Well, that’s why it wasn’t his ability. It was fucking drugs.”

“There’s no drugs in penthouse, mate,” Philza smiles before pausing, “At least, I fucking hope not.”

“Drugs is the only possible reason,” Tommy stares.

Wilbur snorts, “Hey Phil, Phil, scratch his hair.”

“Hmm what, why?” Philza frowns, despite his hand already reaching out towards Tommy.

Wilbur just grins, the bastard, “Just do it.”

Tommy goes to protest only for his brain to completely shut down, form slumping in the fingers that comb through his hair.

Philza lets out a surprised laugh, “Oh my god,” He marvels, “It’s- it’s like his off button. Wil, you’re a genius.”



Tommy tries to glare at Wilbur from his slumped position.

Wilbur smirks, "He's like a puppy, fucking annoying all the time."

Tommy sluggishly lifts his middle finger, "Fuck off, you stupid bitch boy," He scowls.

"Aw Tommy, Tommy," Wilbur coos, "You like head scratches? You wanna go play fetch later?"

Tommy is going to commit many crimes against this man.

Philza lifts his hand from his hair with an amused huff. Tommy does *not* chase his hand. He does *not* feel disappointment

He glares, cheeks flushing, "Fuck you, fuck your bald head, fuck your stupid powers and your stupid face."

Wilbur frowns, hand reaching up to grasp at his head, "I'm not bald."

Tommy shrugs, feigning disinterest as he inspects his fingernails, "You sure about that?"

Wilbur pauses, pulling down a strand of his hair to stare at it, "Yes?" He clears his throat, "I mean yes. What the fuck, I'm not bald."

Tommy hisses through his teeth, glancing over at Clementine who is placed next to him, "Yikes," He whispers to her before turning to the man, "You're in what? Denial? That's the first stage of grief Wil."

“I’m?” Wilbur stares at him in disbelief, “I’m not grieving?”

“Woah, you’re *deep* in denial,” Tommy pulls a face.

“I’m *not* fucking grieving. There’s nothing to grieve, I’m not bald.”

“Listen, don’t displace your anger on me,” Tommy placates, raising his palms in soothing motion, “I know this is a hard time for you, being bald is a tough realization. I can help you through this, I can support you through this, but I am *not* your therapist. Seek professional help before taking out your problems on *innocent* individuals such as myself.”

Wilbur throws up his hands in frustration, “Fuck you, fuck your mind games, I hate you.”

“Mind games? Jeez, I think you’re beyond help at this point,” Tommy sighs, “I retract my previous statement, seek um, seek an exorcism.”

“What the fuck,” Wilbur stares before turning to Philza, desperate, “Phil, Phil, tell him to stop fucking bullshitting.”

“Uh what?” Philza glances up from his phone, “Sorry kids, wasn’t listening. Don’t think I really want to listen. Tommy stop doing whatever you’re doing, Wil, don’t kill him or something.”

“Tell me I’m not bald!” Wilbur screams.

Tommy snorts, sending a knowing look to Clementine. What can you do, really, when someone’s in denial of baldness?

“Listen, Wilbur, big guy, there’s loads of amazing people who are bald. Like The Rock, um, John Cena, Caillou, Saitama,” He lists off on his fingers, “They are all pretty cool people. You’re not one of them, of course. You’re not a cool bald person. You’re not even an alright

bald person. You're the *worst* of the bald community, in fact, you give them a bad rep just by existing."

Wilbur's expression turns stony.

Uh oh.

Tommy quickly exits his seat, "I'm just going to like, widen the distance between us, big man, because you seem kinda volatile and-"

Wilbur lunges for him.

Tommy screams.

Technoblade stays sleeping in his bowl of cereal.

Philza sighs.

---

"So you both just- just ignored exactly what I told you not to do?" Philza stares at them.

Tommy whistles, staring out the window. Wilbur stares up at the ceiling humming.

"*Boys.*"

"If anything it's Wilb-"

“No,” Wilbur cuts him off, “It’s entirely Tommy’s fault.”

“Hey, fuck off,” He scowls, “It was you. You started this. Just because you’re *touchy* about your bal-“

“Do not fucking *start*- “ Wilbur seethes.

“Oh my god,” Philza groans, “Can you guys stop fucking trying to commit assault for five fucking seconds?” He glares.

They both shut up.

Philza is a terrifying man.

“Tommy,” Philza starts. Tommy cowers in his seat. “For the love of god, stop antagonizing Wil about his baldness,” He sighs, before adding, “And stop biting him. It’s just not hygienic, mate.”

Tommy sniffs, crossing his arms.

“And Wil,” He turns to the man, who pouts, “Stop trying to chuck him out the building. He’s a child. He will probably die, I think.”

Wilbur shrugs, “Okay, I guess.”

Philza claps his hands together, “Great, perfect, now can we continue breakfast without unnecessary violence?”

They both nod before pausing.

Wait.

“I’m not bald!”

“I’m not a child!”

---

Tommy was honestly vibing, he was having the best time of his life, watching Minecraft parkour videos with Technoblade in the living room, when his phone rings.

He was naïve. So, so naïve.

This is a tragic tale.

He has picked up the phone so innocently, so ignorantly. He had lifted it to his ear, not checking the caller ID. This was his first mistake, but it was not his last.

“Tommy,” Tubbo’s voice had crackled through the speaker, devoid of emotion.

And it was at that moment, that Tommy realised, he fucked up.

“Oh! Tubbo,” He had chuckled nervously, sweating. “How are you today? Well, I hope. The weather is nice out. What would you like for dinner? Anything you particularly like? Chocolates? You want chocolate? I can get you chocolates?”

There was a laugh that cracked through the line, sinister and foreboding. “Oh, Tommy.”

Shivers had gone down his spine.

“Don’t worry about chocolates,” He could hear the smile in Tubbo’s voice. “You will pay one way or another.”

And then, the line had cut off.

Truly a terrible day for the TommyInnit community. *Truly*, a terrible day...

---

“Wait, so lemme get this straight,” Philza starts, “There’s this Tubbo person... and he’s going to kill you?”

Tommy shakes his head rapidly, “No, much, *much* worse.”

“Worse than dying?” Philza raises an eyebrow in disbelief.

Tommy nods seriously, “Yes.”

Technoblade snorts, “Surely this guy isn’t that bad.”

Tommy scoffs, “You underestimate him. He is not a force to be reckoned with, and I have done many reckonings.”

Wilbur smirks, “That sounds like a you problem.”

Tommy stares, “You kidnapped me.”

Wilbur pauses before shrugging, “Still a you problem.”

Tommy is going to strangle this man. He groans, “Only *Clementine*, understands the true pain I suffer. Isn’t that right my daughter?”

Clementine does a flip.

“You’re so right *Clementine*, you’re so right,” He nods. “We just need to go.”

“What?” Philza frowns.

Tommy sighs, standing up, “Me and *Clementine* have decided to leave the kingdom for personal reasons that we cannot disclose. We will also not disclose our location as you three are liabilities and witnesses. We must escape by dawn and hope for the best.”

Technoblade snags him back down onto the couch by his hoodie, “I don’t think so.”

“But Technoblade, you have to understand,” Tommy pleads, widening his eyes, “Defenestration Bro to Defenestration Bro-“

“I didn’t agree to that title,” The man cuts him off.

Tommy frowns, “No, we’re keeping it. Defenestration Bros™ is the best name in existence. Anyways, you’ve *got* to understand. You must let us go.”

“You’re seriously overreacting, oh my god,” Wilbur rolls his eyes, “Who even is this fucking Tubbo?”

“My roommate,” Tommy sighs.

“Wait, you have a roommate?”

“You’re *our* roommate now.”

“Hah, L.”

Tommy glares at them. How do they not understand the severity of the situation? Children, the lot of them.

“You will *all* understand soon enough,” Tommy sighs, shaking his head, “And then, you will feel deep, *deep* regret.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to just stay here, mate?” Philza offers like the beautiful, majestic, martyr of a man. Truly a hero.

“Philza, you are a wonderful man,” Tommy answers sincerely, placing his hand atop the man’s shoulder. “Truly a blessing to our nation. But not even you can save me from his wrath. He will find me. And if he finds me here, the damage will be plentiful.”

“Why do you speak like that?” Wilbur’s face goes sour.



Tommy rolls his eyes. Honestly, this guy just hates him. “Why do you look like that? Bald bitch.”

“I’m not fucking bald!”

---

So, Wilbur, Technoblade and Philza have decided to follow him on his journey to his demise.

How lovely of them.

Tommy drags his feet as they walk through the town, dejected, with *Clementine* in his grasp.

“Hey, what the fuck is this?” Wilbur calls out, waving a piece of paper in his hand, a few steps behind the rest of them.

Tommy turns around, squinting at the paper before letting out a noise of realization, “Oh, that’s just a missing poster.”

Wilbur stares at him, “ *Your* missing poster.”

Tommy nods, nonplussed, “Yup.”

“Why aren’t you surprised?” Wilbur stares at him in bewilderment.

Tommy shrugs, “Those come out fairly often, I’m pretty sure most of the kingdom doesn’t even bother looking for me anymore. It’s like, a monthly thing,” He waves him off.

Wilbur stares at the poster and then at Tommy and then back at the poster. “You are just insane.”

Well that’s rude.

“Hey, don’t judge others' life choices. I’m not insane. I’m very sane, in fact,” He scowls.

Wilbur stares at him.

Tommy rolls his eyes, “Honestly-“

He’s cut off by a high pitched ringing noise. He lets out a noise of confusion, glancing around to the find the source.

Tommy finds it.

A large billboard flickers to life, showcasing live feed.

He squints. What the fuck.

Everyone in the area has turned to watch in confusion and intrigue.

The screen goes from white to the scenery of a... bakery?

Two people walk into the frame.

Tommy lets out a gasp of horror.

Oh god.

Tubbo smiles, wide and menacing.

“TommyInnit, I know you’re fucking watching this.”

Tommy watches as Tubbo clears his throat, standing beside fucking Ranboob. They’re both wearing dinosaur hoodies.

Wait... they got fucking matching hoodies without him?

This- this is blasphemous.

“Tubbo is a child?” Technoblade whispers in confusion.

Tommy realises the heroes are staring at him. He sighs. “He’s more than a child.”

“You keep fucking disappearing all the time,” Tubbo continues, still smiling as he cracks his knuckles. Ranboob stands awkwardly beside the shorter boy, silent and fidgeting.

“And I bet you think it’s funny huh? Well, Tommy,” Tubbo clasps his hands together. “If you don’t return within the next twenty-four hours... “ The boy grins, eyes bright and almost *glowing* with intensity. “Many, *many* bad things will happen to you.”

Tommy gulps.

“But!” Tubbo raises a finger, giggling, “Just to make sure I get my point across, here’s a little taste of your medicine.”

Oh god.

The screen cuts to black.

Tommy inches away from the screen in fear. Surely, *surely*, Tubbo wouldn’t- he wouldn’t-

“ *Jump in the Cadillac-* “

Tommy lets out a scream of agony, “NO!”

“ *Girl let’s put some miles on it.* ”

The gods have forsaken him. This is the worst day of his life.

His face is on the billboard, fucking lip syncing That’s What I Like by Bruno Mars.

Tubbo is the devil.

“ *Anything you want-* “

Wilbur bursts out laughing, Philza following quickly. Technoblade snorts.

“Hah- oh my- oh my god- *hah!*” Wilbur wheezes, slapping his knee as he crumpled onto the ground on a fit of laughter. “You’re - you’re - *hah* - you’re such a fucking loser!””

This may just be Tommy's villain arc.

*“ Just to put a smile on you- “*

“Tommy,” Technoblade smirks, “I never knew you were so passionate about Bruno Mars.”

“Shut up,” He seethes, “Stop fucking laughing. This is- this is not acceptable!”

Philza wheezes.

How could he. How could his *hero* laugh at his misery.

Tubbo has no mercy.

*“ You deserve it baby, you deserve it all and I’m gonna give it to you- “*

---

Ranboo watches as Tubbo cackles maniacally.

Oh man.

He slowly inches himself away from the boy.

“This is very good, Boo,” Tubbo grins. “I can feel his suffering.”

Ranboo hopes he never ends up on Tubbo’s bad side. Or even his good side. Hopefully no side at all.

“Uh huh,” He nods uneasily, silently praying for Tommy. “I’m sure he’s suffering alright.”

Tubbo sighs, wiping a tear of laughter from his eye. He smiles brightly up at him, eyes innocent once again. “I’m hungry, what’s for dinner?”

Ranboo sighs. The mood swings with this guy.

He smiles, “I’m thinking spaghetti?”

Tubbo’s smile twitches minutely, “Wow, really? That sounds great haha, we only had it like, yesterday.”

“Yeah,” Ranboo agrees happily.

---

“So, we’re all going to meet Tubbo?” Philza questions as they walk through the crowd of people. The video is playing on loop. Tubbo is truly a sadist.

Tommy nods, “Maybe you guys can save me.”

Wilbur smirks, “Save you from what? Embarrassment? I’d rather not.”

Tommy kicks the guy in the leg. Dick.

“Save me from defenestration,” He scowls. “Tubbo is going to defenestrate me.”

Wilbur snorts, “I like defenestration.”

Technoblade glares, “I think we all know that.”

Wilbur turns to him, grinning, “In fact, why don’t I give a demonstration on how much I love it?”

“Wil, do *not*-“ Philza protests.

“Hey, Tech, *go climb up that building and then jump off, oh, and do a flip, like a backflip.*”

Tommy sighs as he watches the Blade hero sprint off. He raises a hand to his forehead, saluting the fallen soldier.

“I will join you soon, my brother, my Defenestration Bro,” He whispers as he prepares for his own demise.

## Chapter End Notes

typos? in my cadillac? absurd (pls tell)

hello cult, your cult leader is back. how are u guys? what was ur fave quote this chap? i love hearing what u guys think <3

you guys are so pog omg, i am in love with all of you. you guys are just amazing. i've got like so much fanart it's crazy, you guys are so talented. plus all of the vigilante tommy stories inspired by this one are so cool and well written with amazing plots, it's insane. we are at like 100,000 hits i think and i'm just,,, wow,,, in shock. i've got like a 1000 moots on twitter and it's amazing. thank you so, so much!

(also just a little reminder, you guys can write whatever you want for vigilante tommy - that's a free tag for everyone to use obviously. but um, pls if u use specific things like clementine the fish, or wilbur's hero name or just like things that are specific to my fic - just pls give me credit tysm <3)

um what else?? oh! i've written a bunch of fluff one shots :D go check them out if u want some fluff hehe. there's 'Ikanaide' — cute benchtrio fluff. 'I'm not clingy' — some clingytwf fluff <3 and 'Karma' — puffy and tommy fluff :)))

cult pog <3

here's some amazing fanart :))

if u want to send in fanart, or just talk to me, follow me on twt @bigbrainsimp or use the hashtag #vigilantetommy to tag ur fanart <3

[really cute wilbur and clementine fanart <33333](#)



# Subway Sandwich But The Sandwich Is Optional

## Chapter Summary

According to all known laws  
of aviation,

there is no way a bee  
should be able to fly.

Its wings are too small to get  
its fat little body off the ground-

## Chapter Notes

hello simps it is i

back with another chapter

what is wrong with me? idk

TW: mentions of stabbing with a fork at the start of this scene -

“I just don’t understand why we can’t a meal...” - ends at the end of the scene

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy inhaled deeply as he stares at the front door, Clementine held tightly in his clenched fingers.

“Are you... going to open the door?” Technoblade drawls from behind him.

Tommy hushes him, waving a dismissive hand. He's mourning.

"Yeah, mate, we've been standing outside for half an hour," Philza chimes in tiredly.

"I'm *grieving*," Tommy huffs, "I- I just need a few more minutes, I'm nearly finished with depression."

"That the last stage?" Wilbur huffs, crossing his arms.

Tommy turns around to frown at the man. "No, I must reach acceptance."

"Well fucking hurry up," The hero rolls his eyes.

"You can't speedrun grief, Wilbur, that's just unhealthy," Tommy sighs in disappointment. Honestly, he's so uncultured.

Wilbur glares at him. "You're unhealthy, open the fucking door."

"I'm still going through my depression stage," Tommy glares back before turning to Philza, "Philza, tell him I'm going through my depression stage."

"Uh, he's going through his depression stage, Wil," Philza shrugs, shoulders slumping in exasperation.

"I'll kick the door down?" Technoblade offers.

"*No!*" Tommy hisses. "I- just give me a goddamn minute and I'll reach acceptance."

“You got five minutes,” Wilbur grits out.

“You can’t put a time on grief, you dick,” Tommy scowls.

“ *Five minutes*, ” The man repeats menacingly.

Tommy purses his lips, “Fine,” He concedes.

He looks down at Clementine in his arms and prays.

“ *Clementine*, ” He starts in a whisper, “Oh *Clementine*, please save me. I know you can do it, you have to save me, I don’t think I’ll make it if Tubbo gets his hands on me-“

Clementine blows a bubble.

“No, no, *Clementine*, listen. You need to save me-“

“I think he’s gone back a step,” Philza sighs behind him.

“Yeah, he’s bargainin’ again,” Technoblade agrees.

“I’m *not* regressing,” Tommy seethes, “I - I’m just, reaching acceptance,” He pauses, “Slowly.”

Clementine does a flip.

“I don’t think that will work this time my daughter,” Tommy sighs.

He takes a deep breath, standing to his full height as he turns back towards the three heroes.

“Soldiers, the greatest of mankind, and Wilbur,” Tommy addresses, “This may be the end of me. You may have to carry on my legacy, carry on the pillar that I have built in this land, forage the fields for the fruits of my labour and *conquer*, in my name,” He presses a fist to his chest.

The heroes stare at him.

“It was great knowing all of you,” He sighs, “Except you Wilbur,” He ignores the middle finger sent his way. “May you remember my legacy, my amazing quotes, my badass vigilantism and most of all my name-“

“TommyInnit!”

Oh fuck.

He didn’t even manage to finish the final stage.

---

Ranboo does not want to be a part of this.

He very much does *not* want to be a part of this. He wants you all to know this.

He smothers a sigh as he hears Tubbo let out a shout of rage, followed by a scream from Tommy.

It seems that the chaos has started.

Ranboo stirs his spaghetti once more before turning off the pot. He may as well see what's happening.

He peaks out of the living room to glance at the doorway.

“Oh man.”

Tubbo appears to be... ? He can't explain what he's doing to Tommy. It shouldn't be physically possible.

“SAVE ME!” The victim screams, eyes locking with Ranboo's.

Ranboo immediately averts his eyes. Nope. He's about to turn away when he notices three tall, imposing men standing outside the door.

Okay then.

He squints.

Is that?

The winged hero Philza waves a hand in greeting, smiling amicably. “Hello mate.”

Ranboo slowly waves back.

What the heck.

---

Tommy sits stiffly at the dinner table.

Tubbo glares at the heroes. “Why are you here?”

“What? No autograph requests?” Wilbur tries, smirking.

Tubbo’s glare intensifies.

Wilbur inches away slightly.

“Sorry about this mate, we are Tommy’s um,” Philza pauses in thought, pressing finger to his chin.

“New roommates,” Technoblade states simply, arms crossed as he stares at Tubbo.

Tubbo stares and stares, before turning to Tommy, “Get them out of our house.”

“Apartment,” Ranboo chimes in.

Tubbo raises a hand, “Not now, Boo.”

“Wait, I’m your new roommate?” Tommy turns to the heroes, eyes widening in bewilderment.

What the fuck is happening?

“ *Tommy,* ” Tubbo hisses, “You’re not going with them.”

Wilbur places his arm around the teenager’s shoulder, dragging him into a half-hug, “Actually, yeah, he’s ours now.”

Tubbo stands up abruptly, fingers splayed across the dining table. “No, he’s not.”

Wilbur stares back, “Yes, he is.”

Tubbo grabs Tommy’s arms, yanking him across the table. He lets out a yelp at the sudden movement. “He’s mine.”

“Mine,” Wilbur glares.

“Fuck off, you dick,” Tubbo scowls.

“Fine, I will and I’ll be taking him with me,” Wilbur smirks.

Oh my god, what the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck-

“No the fuck you won’t,” Tubbo pulls Tommy closer.

“Uh-“ Tommy starts.

“Shut up Tommy,” They both say simultaneously.

Well okay then.

“Um, how about we have some dinner and talk about this civilly?” Ranboob suggests.

Tommy almost sighs in relief when they both pause.

He never thought he’d even think about this... but Ranboob may be his saviour.

---

“Uh, so,” Ranboob starts, awkwardly smiling at the table. “How did you all meet?”

“Crime,” Tommy supplies simply as he inspects his plate.

Huh. Pie.

Maybe Ranboob isn’t so bad.

Tubbo crosses his arms, “Well that’s just amazing isn’t it?”



“Well, how did *you* and Tommy meet?” Wilbur challenges, raising an eyebrow.

Tubbo glares, “Can’t remember, it was many, *many* years ago. Childhood friends. Practically brothers. You wouldn’t understand.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“ *Yeah?* ”

“ *Yeah.* ”

“Oh my fucking god,” Tommy exclaims, “What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Tubbo throws his hands in frustration. “I don’t know, Tommy, maybe the fact that three grown men are trying to *kidnap* you?”

“Tubs, calm down,” Tommy snorts, “They don’t want me. I’m pretty sure this is all a joke.”

Tubbo stares at him in disbelief.

There’s silence.

Tommy frowns, glancing around the table. “Right? It *is* a joke right?”

The heroes stare back at him.

“There’s no way you guys actually want me as a roommate,” Tommy whispers, “ *I* don’t even want me as a roommate and I’m fucking pogchamp.”

Philza smiles at him, “It’d be cool to have you around mate. We could get you your own room and everything.”

Tommy stares.

They are serious.

Oh god.

This wasn’t part of his master plan. What was his master plan? Does he have a master plan?

“ *Clementine*, help,” He hisses at his daughter. She stares at him.

“What? No!” He glares, outraged.

She gapes.

“ *Clementine*, you are not being pog right now,” He bemoans.

“You should give him to us, you don’t treat him right,” Wilbur declares.

Tubbo stares at the hero, “You are a hero, aren’t you meant to like, capture him?”

That's true.

Tommy nods, "Yeah, he was like, trying to kill me for a while."

Wilbur glares at him.

Tubbo raises an eyebrow, "Why would I let you take him? You might murder him."

Wilbur points a finger at the teenager, " *You* defenestrate him on a weekly basis."

Tubbo scoffs, "It's called discipline. Don't question my methods of parenting."

Tommy frowns in confusion, turning to Clementine. He leans in, "When did Tubbo become my dad?" He whispers. Clementine blinks slowly.

"Huh."

"How old are you exactly? Tubbo?" Philza questions, eyes warm.

Tubbo shifts, position defensive, "I don't see why that matters actually."

Philza places his hands out in surrender, "Just a question, I just wanna get to know you."

Tubbo furrows his brow, eyes narrowing before his shoulders relax slightly, "Eighteen."

"That's a lie," Ranboob chimes in with a smile.

Tubbo elbows him in the gut. “Nineteen,” He corrects.

Ranboob coughs, “Also a lie.”

Tubbo smiles, jaw clenched, “Be quiet, dear.”

Tommy frowns, “Since when do you call him dear?”

They both shrug.

That’s unacceptable.

“No, now that I think about it, you *also* got matching hoodies, *without* me,” Tommy seethes. Rightfully so. How dare they strengthen their friendship behind his back?

“ *Maybe* , we could have gotten them together, if you were *here* ,” Tubbo glares, “I bet you were with your *heroes*. ”

Tommy squawks, defensive. “Fuck you. I was *not* with them. I was trying to buy fucking Mcdonald’s because all this two-toned bitch boy makes is spaghetti!”

“Well yeah! All he fucking makes is spaghetti and I hate it too! But you keep leaving without telling me, you dick!”

“You hate my spaghetti?!”

“Well if I tried to leave, you’d probably say no! Because *Tommy, meh meh meh, meh meh meh, you’re sick, meh meh meh!*”

“Don’t mock my voice! I was worried for you, you little shit! I put up the posters again!”

“Yes! I saw! Right before you broadcasted my face on a fucking billboard!”

“I just don’t want you to escape again! You fucking idiot!”

“Well I just want you to pay more attention to me!”

“I’m sorry for ignoring you sometimes!”

“I’m sorry for constantly leaving without telling you!”

“Okay!”

“Okay!”

“Why are we still yelling?!”

“I don’t know!”

---

“So, now that you have both... “ Philza pauses, “Made up? I don’t really know what that was to be honest, but yeah, it happened. Now that we are all... calm - lets use the word loosely, how old are you actually Tubbo?”

Tubbo stares, “Nineteen.”

Philza sighs, “No, god,” He whispers to himself, head in hands, “I know that’s a lie, mate. How old are you?”

Tubbo huffs, “Seventeen.”

Tommy snorts, “He’s sixteen.”

Tubbo glares, “I’m closer to seventeen than you are.”

“I’m sixteen too,” Ranboob chimes in with a grin.

“Shut up,” Tubbo and Tommy say simultaneously.

“So...” Philza frowns, “All three of you... live here?”

Tommy shrugs, “Ranboob is optional. Like an add on. We are thinking of getting rid of him soon.”

“No we’re not,” Tubbo says.

Tommy sniffs, “He’s optional,” He repeats.

“Please don’t talk about me like an ingredient in a Subway sandwich. I am not optional.”

“So let me get this straight, you are all minors, living by yourself, here?” Philza frowns.

They all nod.

“Where do you get your income?” Technoblade raises an eyebrow.

“Through legal means,” Tubbo smiles.

“That sounds suspiciously illegal,” Wilbur narrows his eyes.

Tubbo smiles.

Philza’s frown deepens, “How many bedrooms are there here?”

“Our bedroom,” Tommy says.

“I- What? I said how many?”

“Our bedroom.”

“I- okay mate. I’m going to assume there is only one,” Philza sighs, voice tired.

Yikes. The man looks stressed. Tommy is concerned for him.

“You doing okay big man? You need therapy? I can give you a referral?” Tommy offers. He can’t give a referral, but he thought it’d be nice to say.

Philza stares at him, “No, Toms, I’m good. Thank you.”

Eh, each to their own. Tommy shrugs, “Alright.”

“Phil, are we still keeping him?” Wilbur asks, eyes narrowing. “Because-“

“ Yes, Wil. We are keeping him,” Philza rolls his eyes.

Wait. What.

“I actually have no idea what’s going on,” Tommy confesses. “Are you kidnapping me again? Because sorry but I don’t think I can go this time.”

“You don’t have a choice,” Wilbur’s eyes turn red.

“Wil, Jesus fucking Christ, *stop*, ” Philza slaps the man upside the head, “No threatening the child. You’re *supposed* to be a hero.”

“We are not letting him go,” Wilbur whines, “Phil, look at him, Phil, Phil, look at this,” The man reaches across, placing his hand in Tommy’s hair.

Tommy slumps in the chair, going boneless. He tries to glare up at the hero, but finds himself leaning into the touch.

This is humiliating.



“*Look* at that Phil. We have to keep him. We know his off switch,” Wilbur states, fingers running through the boy’s hair. Tommy lets out a sigh.

“He’s right Phil,” Technoblade nods, “We have claimed him.”

Philza stares at them, eyes softening when he looks at the teenager, “Ugh, you guys are so fucking feral.”

“Woah, Tommy has an off switch like Tubbo,” Ranboob gasps.

“He has one too?” Philza raises an eyebrow.

“I do not,” Tubbo frowns.

“Tubbo, stand up,” Ranboob orders.

“Wha? But-“

“Up.”

Tubbo lets out a long suffering sigh before standing up.

Ranboob grins, “Watch this.”

They all watch as the tall boy puts his hands under Tubbo’s armpits and lifts him off the ground.

Tubbo deflates, going still.

“See? I do this when he’s being feral and making stupid decisions,” Ranboob says happily, “He was trying to make a bomb out of the remote control yesterday.”

Technoblade grins, “I like him.”

Philza sighs.

---

“How about shared custody?” Technoblade proposes as they actually start to eat their dinner.

“Okay, you get him for one day a week. No, once a fortnight,” Tubbo agrees, eating a chip.

Wilbur frowns, “There is a large imbalance.”

“I will call the police on you,” Tubbo smiles, “I will call the police and tell them that you kidnapped a minor. I will then take your headquarters to court for misuse of authority, and I. Will. Win.”

Wilbur turns to Philza, “He is no child.”

“Wait, why am I being shared?” Tommy frowns.

“Shhh Tommy.”

Okay rude.

He stabs his fork into his pie, taking a chunk. He lifts his fork, only to blanch.

He lets out a gasp, shocked and betrayed. His stomach churns. He might be sick.

“Spaghetti?! In the *pie*?!”

---

“I just don’t understand why we can’t have a meal without those fucking cursed noodles!”

“You didn’t have to stab him, Tommy!”

Tommy scowls.

He glances over at Ranboob, who is sniffing, teary eyed.

It was only a fork.

“I think the spaghetti was a nice addition,” Technoblade shrugs.

Tommy glares at him, “Don’t you pick that slenderman’s side. He’s pure *evil*. ”

Technoblade snorts, “He’s crying because you stabbed him with a fork.”

“It’s a ruse,” Tommy sniffs.

“Uh huh,” The hero nods, unconvinced.

Ranboo sniffs into Tubbo’s shoulder. “I just *love* spaghetti.”

Tubbo sighs, “I know Boo, I *know*. ”

---

“Would, you, uh, like to stay, for dessert?” Ranboo offers, staring just past Philza’s eyes.

The man is intimidating.

Philza smiles, “Sure, thank you mate, sorry for imposing in your place all of a sudden.”

Wow, this man is too nice.

Ranboo shakes his hands, “No, no, you are good. It’s all good. Mhm, mhm. I’ll just, go get it. You guys can go to the living room.”

“Let me help you,” Philza offers, standing up from the table. “The rest of you can go.”

“Oh you don’t have to-“

“I want to,” Philza smiles.

Ranboo may just cry.

“Ok,” He nods and then nods again.

The others filter out of the kitchen in varying degrees of chaos. Tommy jumping onto the Willow’s back for some reason, the man screaming in alarm as Tubbo tells the Blade about his remote bomb.

“So, how long have you been living here?” Philza asks as he packs up the plates.

Oh man.

This is an interrogation.

Ranboo shrugs, focusing on picking up the cups, “A few weeks I think, nearly a month.”

“Where were you before?”

Ranboo shrugs, “Places.”

Philza stares at him. Ranboo shifts.

“Cool,” The man says.

Ranboo nods, “Cool.”

Philza’s eyes soften, “Where’s the dessert?”

---

“We had to get a new remote because the other one was deca- decap-“

“Decapitated,” Ranboob supplies for Tubbo.

Tubbo nods, “Yeah that.”

Philza nods, “That's interesting. Why don't we find a film to watch?”

Tommy nods, “Moa-“

“No,” Tubbo and Wilbur say together. They look at each other, eyes widening before they nod in understanding.

Tommy scowls from his position on the floor, bowl of ice cream resting on his knees precariously.

“Moana is good,” He grumbles.

“What about the Bee movie?” Tubbo suggests, sitting next to Tommy, legs criss-crossed.

“No,” Tommy and Ranboo declare at once.

Huh. Tommy nods, “It’s one of the worst movies invented.”

Tubbo frowns, shoving a spoon of his ice cream into his mouth. “I think it’s good.”

“You think arson is good,” Ranboo sighs.

“What about Zootopia?” Philza suggests. He is a man of culture, of course he is. God, Tommy loves Philza.

“Yes, Philza, of course Philza,” He says.

Tommy hears Wilbur scoff from the couch.

“Alright,” Philza sighs, “Now lets all just shut the fuck up.”

---

Phil glances down at the floor, all three teenagers slumped against each other, sleeping peacefully.

“Look at how cute they are,” He hums.

Wilbur scowls, “Tubbo is a demon. I hate him.”

“But he’s so tiny,” Phil smiles.

“He’s terrifying,” Techno whispers, eyes glinting with approval.

“I think he’s cute,” Phil shrugs.

“You think every child is cute,” Wilbur rolls his eyes.

“Just look at Ranboo, he’s so long and awkward. How can you dislike him?” Phil justifies.

Techno nods, “He’s right, the kid’s long and awkward. But he’s alright, I like im’.”

Wilbur huffs, “We came here for Tommy. I want Tommy.”

“But we can’t just *leave* these two,” Phil gestures to Tubbo and Ranboo.

“Oh god,” Wilbur groans, “You’re soft already. This is terrible. Stop trying to adopt every child you meet.”

“Tommy won’t go anywhere without Tubbo. And Tubbo won’t go anywhere without Ranboo,” Techno states.

“*No*. Don’t enable him, Tech,” Wilbur glares at his twin.

“Tommy and Tubbo are a package. Ranboo and Tubbo are a package. They are all packages,” Techno shrugs.



“ *No*. I refuse. I don’t like that devil incarnate,” Wilbur hisses.

“Eh, I think he’s cool. ‘Can create bombs.’”

“You just want violence,” Wilbur narrows his eyes.

Techno smirks lazily, “You caught me.”

“You dick, we are keeping Tommy and Tommy only. I can only handle one child.”

“We need someone to keep Tommy in line. And then we need someone to keep Tubbo in line,” Techno hums.

“ *No*. This is not happening. We are not adopting *three* children. One gremlin is a fucking ‘nough’.”

“I think it’ll be fun,” Techno grins.

“I hate you. No. *Jump out the kitchen window. Immediately.*”

Phil just shakes his head. “Wil... “

What has he gotten himself into?

typos? in my spaghetti filled pie? absolutely not (pls tell)

ayup. how are u cult? i hope u are well. thank you for everything as always, i love you guys very much.

today was not pog so i wrote this to feel better. i've been not great haha. idk i'm just,,, eh. i'm finding it harder and harder to be emotionally available, especially irl. like, i find it exhausting to talk to people. i just feel very fragile atm,,, if that's even an emotion??? i just feel like overwhelmed and underwhelmed at the same time? like i could cry at any moment. idk. this is a bad authors note i am sorry.

anyways, how did u like benchtrio? benchtrio my beloved. i love them and i love their dynamic,,, sorry if this chapter wasn't as good, i am tired lmao

cult pog <3

here's some amazing fanart. as always, contact me on twt at @bigbrainsimp where u can send me fanart or just talk :)

[very cute beeduo in dino hoodies <33](#)

# You Got Games On Your Phone?

## Chapter Summary

did u know that ipad kids are spreading like the plague? they are identified by their perpetually curved spines and crusty ipads. if u see an ipad kid today...

punt them

## Chapter Notes

ayup simps!

i wrote this chapter at like three different times of day lmao

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur huffs, adjusting his grip on the child in his arms, “We could have just left them behind. They aren’t needed.”

Phil smiles, cradling the unnecessarily tall child as they walk, “How could we leave them?”

“Easily,” Wilbur deadpans.

“They are packages,” Techno shrugs, small child flung over his shoulder carelessly.

“We came here for *Tommy*,” Wilbur reiterates with a glare. “*One* child.”

“And we got two for free,” Phil chirps happily, wings fluttering.

“Packages.”

“Tubbo is a fucking demon. He will probably try to murder us in our sleep,” Wilbur scowls,  
“And Ranboo is just weird.”

Phil frowns slightly, arms tightening around the child, “Leave Ranboo alone, mate, he ain’t done nothing wrong.”

Wilbur makes a face, “Did you *see* what he made?”

“I thought it was tasty,” Techno shrugs, “Spaghetti in a pie. Innovative.”

Wilbur stares at him.

“He just likes spaghetti,” Phil adds.

“He’s *weird*. ”

“You’re weird.”

“Shut the fuck up Techno before I-“

“No defenstration Wil,” Phil sighs, “He’s holding Tubbo.”

Wilbur smirks, “Even better.”

“Wil, *no*, ” Phil sends him a firm look, “God, you are unhinged. “

---

Tommy wakes up gradually. He sits up from a suspiciously comfortable bed and pauses.

Where the fuck?

Oh.

Oh not *again*.

It seems he has been kidnapped. Re-kidnapped.

“ *Clementine*, ” He calls out, glancing around the bed until he finds the sprite bottle. “Why the fuck do you keep letting this happen to me?”

Clementine stares up at him

Tommy huffs, “No, that’s not good enough, you should have used my glock.”

He sighs. Time to escape once again and hopefully not get defenestrated by Tubbo.

Tommy shuffles out of the bed with a scowl. Honestly... how inconvenient.

You get sick once and suddenly you’re constantly being taken by three of the top ten heroes.

He's got one foot out of the window when he's grabbed by his hood.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Technoblade.

Tommy huffs. "I'm trying to fucking *leave* before my face is plastered on another billboard."

He hears a snort and turns to look at the man, raising an eyebrow.

"I wouldn't worry 'bout that," Technoblade shrugs.

"Well it's not your fucking face that's gonna be on-"

"Come with me," The hero sighs, tugging on the boy's hoodie.

Tommy lets out an indignant noise as he is pulled away from the window, "No!" He protests, "This is very illegal."

"I've given you guns," Technoblade smirks, "This is the least illegal thing I've done."

"*Clementine*, save me," Tommy whispers to his daughter.

Clementine blows a bubble.

Tommy gasps, “You *heathen*. ”

---

“What the fuck.”

Tommy stares at the dining table where Tubbo and Ranboob sit together, Wilbur and Philza on the other end.

Philza looks up at his arrival, smiling, “Morning mate.”

Tommy stares.

Ranboob appears to be in and out of consciousness, head drooping onto Tubbo’s shoulder. It looks really uncomfortable because Tubbo is so short, his neck is just, bent.

Tubbo is glaring daggers at Wilbur who is smirking back at him.

“You guys are actual kidnappers,” Tommy realises, a revelation in his eyes.

“It’s not kidnapping if they are orphans,” Technoblade shrugs.

“That’s- that’s not how it fucking works,” Tommy whispers.

What the fuck.

---

“What cereal would you guys like?”

Tommy looks at variations of Manifold’s Flakes in Wilbur’s hands and grimaces.

“I’m not eating that shit.”

Wilbur frowns, “What’s wrong with it?”

“Have you fucking tried it?”

Wilbur raises an eyebrow, “I have it every morning.”

Well. That explains everything.

Tommy inhales deeply, “No wonder.”

“What?” Wilbur’s frown deepens. “What does that mean?”

“It means I did god’s work by burning that building to the ground,” Tommy sighs, “How are they still making that stuff?”

“They went bankrupt, this is just some of the bulk I bought a while ago,” The hero shrugs.

“I thought you said you didn’t burn that building mate?” Philza turns to the teenager.



Tommy pauses, “I didn’t.”

“But you just said-“

“I *didn’t*, ” He repeats slowly. “But whoever did, I praise thee. They are truly legendary and visionary of the future. I want to be just like them when I am older.”

“How are you able to bullshit so early in the morning,” Wilbur rolls his eyes, “Just pick a cereal.”

“I *said* I’m not eating that shit,” Tommy crosses his arms.

Wilbur narrows his eyes, “Fine. Then starve, gremlin.”

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

“*Fine.*”

“*Fine.*”

“*Fin-*“

“Oh my god, shut up,” Wilbur glares. “I’ll make you something else.”

“Wow, you didn’t have to big man,” Tommy grins.

“What about the rest of us?” Technoblade pipes up.

Tommy glances over at Tubbo and Ranboob who are playing Uno with Philza.

Ranboob still looks five seconds away from passing the fuck out, but Tubbo has a glint in his eyes that suggests he’s cheating.

Tommy narrows his eyes. How do you even cheat at Uno?

He watches as Ranboob’s eyes drift shut momentarily and Tubbo sneaks a card from the beanstalk’s hand at the speed of light. He glances over at Philza who is unaware.

Huh.

“I’m not cooking for you guys,” Wilbur scowls, “Go eat the cereal. I’m only cooking for the little shit because I hate him.”

“I don’t think that’s how it works, Wil,” Philza hums absentmindedly as he places down a card.

“It does,” Wilbur insists.

“I don’t think so. In fact, I think you’re showin’ favouritism,” Technoblade comments with a smirk.

“ *Jump-* “

“No, Wil,” Philza shakes his head.

“ *Dive-* “

“Still no,” Philza sighs.

“ *Flip-* “

“Wil, stop trying to change your wording. No defenestration in the kitchen,” Philza turns to look at the man, sending him a stern look.

Wilbur wilts, shoulders sagging. “He’s fucking annoying me,” He whines.

“Tech is always annoying you,” Philza shrugs.

Technoblade nods, “True.”

“Wait,” Tubbo pauses, looking up from his cards. “You defenestrate?” He looks at Wilbur eyes wide.

Oh god. No. This is the worst.

Wilbur nods, “Yeah, what about it?” He grunts.

“I am a fellow defenestrater,” Tubbo confesses sincerely.

Wilbur crosses his arms, “You’re not on my level.”

“You sure about that?” Tubbo smirks, crossing his arms as well.

“Yes,” Wilbur huffs, “I have defenestrated Techno over a hundred and fifty times, ever since we were children.”

Technoblade nods, “He’s right, it’s true. He started when we were three,” He explains before his eyes dull in exhaustion and deep agony, “And he’s never stopped.”

Tommy raises a hand to his forehead, chest puffed out. “A true soldier. An inspiration. You are pog.”

“Stop using that word.”

“The poggest,” Tommy continues.

“Yeah? Well I defenestrate Tommy almost every week. Have been doing so for years now,” Tubbo retorts.

“Not as long as I’ve been,” Wilbur glares.

“Well I’m not as old as you, am I? I have many more years for defenestration,” Tubbo justifies.

“You’ll never be as good as me. Your defenestration skills are lacking.”

“Why don’t I let you experience it firsthand?” Tubbo smiles.

Wilbur pauses before frowning, “Are you threatening me?”

“Am I?” Tubbo tilts his head.

“Phil, Phil, he’s threatening me, Phil, I want - I need to-“

“No defenestration Wil,” Philza groans.

“But-“

“ *No.* ”

Tubbo waves a hand dismissively, “No, go ahead Willow. Defenestrate me,” He smiles.

Ranboob snaps his eyes open suddenly, sitting up in alarm. He seems momentarily confused, glancing around frantically before he notices Tubbo at his side.

“Don’t do whatever you’re doing,” Ranboob tells the boy, placing a hand on his shoulder.

“What?” Tubbo pouts, “I’m not doing anything.”

Ranboob narrows his eyes, “Uh huh, sure buddy. Don’t make me hold you.”

“Wha- Boo, I’m not doing anything,” Tubbo whines, “Willow just thought I was threatening him.”

Ranboob stares, “ ...Were you?”

Tubbo widens his eyes, “No.

Ranboob sighs, “So you were.”

“Are you, like, his translator or somethin’?” Technoblade stares at the two of them.

“No.”

“Yes.”

Technoblade nods, “Cool.”

“Can we just have breakfast?” Philza sighs.

Tommy nods repeatedly, “Yes Philza, of course Philza.”

“Mate, please call me Phil.”

As if.

He would never disrespect the only man ever.

Tommy shakes his head, “Sorry Philza, no can do Philza.”

“I can make breakfast,” Ranboob pipes up with a smile, “I make it for Tubbo all the time.”

Tubbo’s eyes widen and he chuckles nervously, “Yeah, haha, you do. But maybe, today someone else should do it.”

“No, Ranboo you can do it,” Philza nods with a smile, “I’m sure it’ll be lovely.”

Tommy watched as Tubbo frantically shakes his head, trying to make some sort of cutting motion, then a throwing up motion which ends with him dying.

Oh god.

“Philza, I don’t think Ranboob should make it,” Tommy tries to advise like the saint he is. Being a good samaritan.

“It’s Ranboo, actually,” Ranboob sighs.

“Shut up, Ranboob.”

“I want Ranboo’s cereal,” Technoblade raises his hand.

Ranboob waves his hands dismissively, smiling sadly, “No it’s fine, it’s fine, you don’t have to eat my food. I was only offering haha. Don’t - don’t worry guys, I don’t want to pressure you into anything.”

They all stare at the abnormally tall child before sighing.

Fuck.

---

Tommy stares down at his bowl.

There's no way he can fucking eat this.

There's a whole fucking cinnamon roll right in the middle of the milk, Manifold flakes swirling around the outside.

But. That's not the worst part.

It's covered in cold spaghetti.

"This," Philza starts, staring at his bowl, "Is interesting."

"It's fucking terrible is what it is," Tommy grips his spoon tightly as he pokes the monstrosity.

"*No*, Tommy," Tubbo chides, "It's fine. Thank you Ranboo."

Ranboob nods, smiling happily as he sits at the table. The fucking bitch.

"I thought Wilbur was going to make me breakfast," Tommy groans.

Wilbur stares down at his own bowl, eyes unseeing. "I wish I did," He whispers.



“Guys, stop,” Philza scolds them, “Thank you Ranboo, for making us this meal-“

“Meals have to be edible.”

Philza whacks Wilbur on the head while smiling. “As I was saying, thank you Ranboo, this is great, but, where did you get the spaghetti?”

Ranboob smiles, “I found a bag.”

Philza pauses, “You... found a bag?”

“Uh huh,” The boy nods.

“We don’t have any bags of spaghetti,” Wilbur whispers.

“Ah,” Philza nods slowly, “You found a bag. That’s nice mate.”

“Are you going to eat?” Ranboob stares at them.

Philza smiles nervously.

Tubbo grimaces.

Wilbur shudders.

Tommy gags.

Technoblade takes another spoonful.

---

“So, are we ever going to talk about how you kidnapped us?” Tubbo asks as they finish their ‘meal’.

“I didn’t want the add ons,” Wilbur huffs.

“Are we the add ons?” Ranboob frowns.

“We didn’t kidnap you. You’re all packages,” Technoblade explains.

“I’ll only stay if I get your sword Technoblade,” Tommy pipes up.

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No-“

“I’ll do it again,” Tommy threatens.

Technoblade pauses.

“He’ll do what again?” Wilbur whispers to Philza who shrugs.

“I will,” Tommy insists.

Technoblade closes his eyes with a sigh, “You can have it for one hour.”

“Two.”

“One.”

“Four.”

“ *One.* ”

“Three.”

“Fine.”

Tommy grins. He’s so smart and powerful. A genius among men.

“Wait how does that work?” Ranboob frowns.

“Shush Ranboob, you’re not educated in the ways of swindling and you never will be,” Tommy informs him.

Ranboob’s frown deepens.

Tubbo stares between Technoblade and Tommy with narrowed eyes before he nods to himself.

“Okay,” The boy starts, “I’ll stay, *if* I get access to all your stuff.”

“No,” All three heroes say simultaneously.

“All of it,” Tubbo crosses his arms, “Especially nukes. I want nukes.”

Wilbur scoffs, “There is no way we’re letting you anywhere *near* our shit-“

“Alright,” Technoblade agrees.

“You know what? Just fuck right off Techno, because you’re just being a dick,” Wilbur glares. “He’s not touching our shit.”

“He wants nukes. He gets nukes,” Technoblade shrugs.

Ranboob raises his hand worriedly, “I don’t think you should enable him.”

“I think we should all agree with the weird kid,” Wilbur nods.

Ranboob frowns.

“I mean,” Philza considers with a hum, wings fluttering lightly, “I guess I could give you access to some of our stuff. Okay,” He decides, “How about you get access to *most* of our tech?”

Tubbo stares for a moment, deep in thought before he grins widely, “Okay, deal.”

“You- you just! Did you-?! Did you actually just agree to give a psychopathic sixteen year old access to *weapons*?” Wilbur rages, an expression of pure bewilderment.

Philza pauses before nodding, “Yep.”

Wilbur lets out a scream of frustration, head in hands.

“Anyways,” Philza averts his eyes from the man who is having a mental breakdown. “What do you want Ranboo?”

Ranboob shifts nervously, “Oh uh, um, I don’t - I don’t actually know, I funnily enough, never thought I’d be kidnapped by three heroes.”

“So he’s sarcastic,” Technoblade snorts, eyes amused.

“You can have anything you want Ranboo,” Philza smiles.

Ranboob hums, brows furrowing, “Uh. Vinyls? I like music. Y’know songs and stuff. So uh, yeah, that.”

“Let me get this straight,” Wilbur sits up suddenly, eyes deranged. “The gremlin asked to play with *the Blade’s* sword. The fucking demon asked for access to weapons and shit. And you, *you* ask for some fucking discs?”

“Vinyls, actually,” Ranboob corrects.

Wilbur stares at him, “Somehow, you are the most insane.”

—

“So, who are all of you exactly?” The hero 404 grimaces as he stares at the three teenagers.

He doesn’t seem very pleased. To be honest, Ranboo is surprised to even see him awake. He’s a nocturnal patroller.

“Just some kids,” Tubbo smiles. “Where are the weapons?”

Oh man. This is not going well.

404 stares at Tubbo before looking over at Philza, “Why have you brought them here?”

“They’re my... children,” Philza nods.

Uh what?

“...Your children?” 404 looks at them in thinly veiled disgust as Tommy whispers to Clementine.

“Yes,” Philza nods.

404 stares at him, “Philza, kids aren’t allowed in here.”

“You got games on your phone?” Tommy stares at the man, tilting his head.

Ranboo coughs to cover his laugh.

“No, I don’t,” 404 steps away from Tommy.

“You sure big man? I feel like you have games on your phone? You play Minecraft? You seem like a Minecraft guy,” Tommy hums, “ *Clementine* says you’re a Minecraft guy.”

“Who the hell is Clementine?”

“My daughter.”

“Yeah, I’mma need you guys to get the hell out of here, sorry Philza, nothing personal,” 404 clears his throat.

“No, no,” Philza shakes his head, “It’s fine, George. I can turn him off,” The man explains.

Tommy frowns, “I don’t need to be-“

Ranboo watches as Philza places a hand in Tommy’s hair, the boy going still and docile.

“Sorry about him,” Philza smiles, gently scratching the teenager’s head. “I couldn’t leave them at home cuz’ Tech and Wil are out patrolling.”

404 stares at Tommy, who is nuzzling into Philza’s hand, silent. “Right, well,” 404 nods, “Just- just make sure they don’t touch anything.”

“You got it mate,” Philza smiles.

God, what a great man.

---

This is pretty pogchamp. Tommy can’t lie.

This place is even larger than Technoblade’s lair.

There are *so* many swords and guns and support tech.

Tubbo is grinning maniacally. “Boo, which colour looks better? Yellow? Or green?” He asks as he holds up two different bombs.

“Um, maybe neither,” Ranboob suggests. What a loser.

Tommy looks down at Clementine in his hold. “ *Clementine*, my beloved. Lead me to the most epic things,” He tells her.

Clementine stares up at him before doing a twirl and nudging the bottle.



“Yes *Clementine* , you are so epic. Good daughter,” He praises as he follows her direction.

She leads him to something so beautiful Tommy has to take a moment to breathe.

His pogness meter fucking blows up.

It’s too epic.

Winged trainers.

They’re beauty. They’re grace. He will fly to space.

He sets Clementine down to pick up the shoes, cradling one foot as he inspects the beautifully crafted masterpiece.

There are little white wings on either side of the trainer. The design is white and green and - oh my god.

Is that Philza’s fucking autograph?

Tommy almost faints.

He has to have these shoes. There is no other option. No other timeline. He must wear these and he must wear them now.

Hastily glancing behind him, he sees Ranboob trying to convince Tubbo not to blow the room up while Philza watches them in amusement.

This is perfect.

He shuffles his old trainers off, excitedly putting on the best things that have ever graced this earth.

They are so comfortable. This is a great- no, an *amazing* day for the TommyInnit community.

“ *Clementine*, am I pogging right now? *Clementine* I think I’m fucking pogging right now,”  
He grins as the wings on the trainers start to flutter.

He giggles in exhilaration as he’s lifted off of the ground, hovering shakily.

This is so epic.

---

“Where the hell did you get those, mate?” Philza questions as they walk back to the penthouse.

“You can’t take them from me, they have bonded with me,” Tommy immediately defends himself.

“No- it’s just- they don’t- they’re not meant to- how’re you-“ Philza stares at him, eyes oddly confused.

Does he need therapy again?

Philza sighs, “Y’know what? I don’t know why I’m surprised at this point,” He huffs before smiling warmly at the boy. He pats Tommy’s head lightly, “Take care of them for me, okay?”

Tommy stares up at him, momentarily speechless before he nods. “Yes Philza, anything for you, Philza.”

Philza snorts.

---

“Why does he have bombs?!” Wilbur shouts as soon as he enters the penthouse, Technoblade by his side.

Ranboob puts his hands up in surrender, “I did try to stop him, but, well, Philza allowed it so...”

“Call me Phil, mate,” Philza says absentmindedly as he scrolls through the tv.

“I’m not going to do anything with them,” Tubbo smiles.

“That’s a lie,” Ranboob sighs.

“I’m not going to *kill* anyone with them,” Tubbo’s smile widens.

“I-“ Ranboob frowns, “I really don’t want to say that’s a lie.”

Wilbur lets out a groan, “What the fuck is happening.”

“Epicness,” Tommy supplies.

Wilbur raises his head, “Oh thank god, you’re here,” The man sighs making his way towards the boy.

Tommy lets out a confused noise as Wilbur envelopes him, burying his face in the boy’s hair.

“You’re the only good one,” The man whispers.

What the fuck.

Is he on drugs?

“Are you on drugs?” Tommy asks, muffled into the man’s shirt.

“Shhh, gremlin. This penthouse is turning to shit. I need Tommy time.”

“So, you’re on drugs,” Tommy concludes.

“Shhh.”

“Wil, I thought you hated the kid,” Tommy hears Technoblade drawl. He can hear the smirk in his voice.

Tommy prays for him, from one fellow Defenestration Bro™ to another.

He feels Wilbur stiffen.

“Techno, shut the fuck up.”

“I’m only tellin’ the truth, y’kno-“

“ *Jump out the bathroom window.* ”

“Wil, c’mon mate,” Philza sighs.

He hears Tubbo laugh loudly.

“Why the bathroom window?” Ranboob questions.

## Chapter End Notes

typos? in the middle of a kidnapping? no way (pls tell)

hello beloveds, ur cult leader is back. how are you all?

we are in the big leagues now guys jeez,,, we’re at like 130000 hits now i think. 9000 kudos and 2000 bookmarks and comments. this is crazy. thank you so much. i love all of you very much. thanks for all the well wishes last chapter as well :)))

cult pog <3

(also as the cult grows i think it’s important to remember that this is my comfort fic and i’ll do what i want with it. so pls don’t request that i change the story to fit ur preferences. i’m writing this for myself and i’m glad you guys are enjoying it too, i love making you all happy but just a little reminder that is it /my/ story and my time that i spend writing this for free)

anyways, here is some amazing fanart. honestly u guys r crazy i get so many amazing fanarts from so many amazing artists. artists i love you all <33

to send fanart or just talk, you can find me on twitter @bigbrainsimp :D i have actually created a mini benchtrio cult on there, pls join our revolution hehe

also i need new moots because i'm getting bullied for being 8'9

[really cute clementine and tommy moana pog](#)

# Crazy Night Out With Technoblade

## Chapter Summary



## Chapter Notes

ayup simps

did u know i predicted baldur?

uh TW: dart shooting at “Tommy sighs. He raises his gun...” and ends at the end of scene. Uhhh and just general minor violence

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“ *Clementine*, this is a once in a lifetime opportunity and you cannot stop me,” Tommy tells his daughter.

Clementine does a slow twirl.

“I don’t care about safety,” Tommy rolls his eyes, “I live life on the edge- no, no, life lives *me* on the edge. I am the edge.”

Clementine stares at him.

“I don’t like the judgement in your eyes, *Clementine*, ” He scowls.

Tommy opens the window, cold, breezy air blowing out. He shivers. This is going to be epic.

“*Clementine*, are you ready for epicness?” He grins as he grabs the Sprite bottle, wings on his trainers fluttering incessantly.

Clementine blows a bubble.

“I actually do not care what you think,” He sniffs before jumping out into the open air.

---

“Tommy, why’re you here?” Technoblade sighs as stares at the teenager, stabbing his opponent absentmindedly. He’s such a badass.

Tommy grins, “It’s Defenestration Bros™ time.”

“I do not want to be a part of that. At all. I’m literally patrollin’, go home,” The hero grunts.

Tommy smirks, twirling his baton, “This is going to be the best night of your life, Technoblade. We are going to do so many things.”

“I feel like you ain’t listenin’ to me,” Technoblade sheaths his sword back into the holster, criminal lying prone on the pavement. “You need’ ta go home before Wil pulls a fit or somethin’.”

“No way, I’m patrolling with you today Technoblade. I want to see your epicness in action,” Tommy crosses his arms, “I even brought my glock.”



“That’s-“ The hero stares before sighing, “Alright man, just, don’t get in my way or anythin’, I won’t protect you just cause’ you’re a child.”

That is the most offensive thing TommyInnit has ever heard in his life.

“I am *not* a child,” He scowls, “Do not underestimate me Blade, I am pogchamp.”

“Stop using that word.”

---

“Please! Please! I’m- I’m not even- I was just trying to take out money!” The criminal cries.

Pathetic. Truly.

Tommy raises his glock higher, hovering just above the ground as his shoes flutter.

“You will pay for your crimes.”

The man sobs, “I was just trying to take out twenty pounds, man! I’m not a criminal!”

Tommy scoffs, “Who do you think I am? An amateur? You’re naive, for I, am TommyInnit and I, have a Sus Metre. You are so sus right now.”

The dirty criminal lets out a noise of bewildered confusion, playing the innocent role like a dirty liar. “I-? I don’t even know how to respond to that?!”

Tommy shrugs, “Don’t worry, you’ll have all the time to think of a response in *prison*. ”

“What?! Dude, who the fuck even are you?” The guy frowns before his eyes widen, “Wait, wait, I know you!”

Tommy smirks, “Yes, I’m quite famous around the parts for my awesome vigilantism and-“

“You were on that billboard!”

Tommy’s entire world freezes. The colour drains from his eyes. His arm falls limp by his side.

“What... did you just say?” He murmurs.

“I recognize your voice, you- you- *hah*- “ The man laughs, “You sang that Bruno Mars song, oh my *god*, that was so-“

Tommy sighs.

He raises his gun again and shoots the guy right in the stomach.

No one. *No one* is allowed to mention that.

“Tommy, what the hell are you doin’?” Technoblade rounds the corner, pausing as he stares between the guy writhing in pain on the ground and Tommy who stares, unseeing, into the distance.

“I did what I had to do.”

---

“The guy was tryin’ to get money out of his *own* account. You technically just committed unprovoked physical assault,” Technoblade explains as he checks the man’s wallet.

“I was provoked,” Tommy says simply.

Technoblade glances over at him, raising an eyebrow.

“He mentioned unspeakable things,” He tells him before adding, “Can we steal his wallet?”

Technoblade contemplates it, looking between the man and the wallet in his hand before sighing. “Nah, gotta be a hero or somethin’.”

Tommy rolls his eyes.

---

“Technoblade, I want to see Real Crime,” Tommy announces as they sit on the edge of a building.

“Eh, I’d rather not. That’s effort.”

“ *Real Crime* . This is boring. We need *adventure*. ”

“No, I like this actually. I’d prefer not to do any work.”

“C’mon Blade, we can’t just sit here all night.”

“Actually, we can.”

“That’s boring. Not poggers. You’re so not poggers right now. I’m going to speak some crime into existence.”

“Please don’t.”

“*Crime.*”

---

Tommy may or may not have cursed them with the epicness of *Real Crime* .

He huffs, dodging the swing of an axe towards his head.

This woman has whole weapon for a hand. That’s *so* cool.

She swings again and he yelps, bending backwards to keep his neck intact.

If only she wasn’t trying to kill him.

“I-“ He pants, “I feel like if you just stopped for a fucking minute, you’d see I’m actually quite handsome and charismatic and you’d reconsider killing me.”

The woman scowls, “Stop talking kid.”

Rude.

“Tommy, can you try stayin’ alive, thanks,” Technoblade grunts from a distance as he battles like, several criminals at once.

“Oh sorry Technoblade, sorry for the inconvenience of my possible death,” He rolls his eyes as he ducks another hit. Honestly...

“Kid, shut the fuck up. Can’t you just cry or some shit?” The woman glares.

“I haven’t cried in *years*. I am incapable of tears. I forgot what crying even feel- *Clementine*, shut up,” Tommy scowls at his daughter before clearing his throat, “Anyways, yeah, can’t cry. I’m a big man. Also, I can’t take you seriously when you have a fucking axe for a hand.”

The criminal lunges for him and his trainers spasm as they try to lift him off of the ground. Tommy falls to the pavement with a wince.

The woman hovers above him, hand raised.

“No but, like, seriously, real talk, how do you eat? Or do anything? Is that why you’re a dirty crime lady? Are you looking for a hand transplant? But, like, who would give their hand to you?” He questions, genuinely interested.

The woman pauses, “Do you- do you like, want to die?”

Tommy frowns, “No, what the fuck.”

She stares at him.

He stares back.

She stares some more. “There’s something wrong with you.”

Okay, now that was *really* rude. The bitch doesn’t even know him.

“I find that extremely offensive,” He informs her.

“I’m going to kill you now.”

Okayyyy. This conversation took a complete turn.

That was just unexpected. He thought they were bonding. They were probably bonding.

“You need therapy,” He advices.

Well, he’s lived a pretty cool life. Clementine still has nothing in his will.

On the bright side, he’ll never taste Ranboob’s cooking again.

He’s undoubtedly going to hell.

He watches as she brings her arm down, closing his eyes as he braces for the impact.

“Yeah, maybe don’t do that.”

The voice is cold and clipped.

Tommy gasps, eyes opening as looks up at Technoblade who stands above them, sword poised above the woman.

The woman is frozen still, sideways on the ground, limp.

Tommy breathes out a sigh of relief, “Oh Technoblade, I thought I was a goner, I ran out of darts a while ago and the trainers stopped workin-“

He lets out a noise of surprise as he is abruptly pulled off of the ground and smushed into the hero’s chest.

“Uhhhh?”

“God, Tommy, just be quiet,” The man sighs.

Tommy is so confused right now. Clementine help him.

“You okay there, big guy?”

“Quiet.”

“But-“

“Quiet.”

“You’re being kind of clingy right now Technoblade and I think that’s cringe,” Tommy tries.

“I just watched a woman nearly chop your head off,” The man deadpans, “Phil and Wil would have killed me if anything happened to you.”

“I’m fine, I’m actually pogging right now because I am alive. Don’t worry.”

“I’m not worried.”

“Then can you let me go?”

“...No.”

---

“What?!” Tommy screeches, outraged. “We are not going home, what the fuck big man?! We are having Defenestration Bros™ time.”

Technoblade stares at him, “I can’t babysit you. I don’t have the emotional capacity.”

“You don’t have to babysit me! I am powerful and strong,” He declares.

“Yeah, we’re going home.”



“No. We are not.”

“Yeah, we are.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

---

“Who’re you exactly?”

Tommy clears his throat, “I, am Theo, the seventeenth and this, is my brother uh-“

“Billiam,” Technoblade supplies.

The receptionist looks between them. “Right... So, Theo and... Billiam?”

“Theo is short for Theseus,” Technoblade adds.

“Uh huh,” The receptionist nods, “And how do you know the hosts?”

“We are their estranged cousins, from, Dicksonville,” Tommy answers before adding, “It’s a secluded island. You wouldn’t have heard about it.”

The receptionist stares at them. “Yeah, I’m just going to need to call security because-“

Technoblade raises a finger, silent, as he slips a hand in his pocket and pulls out a gold ingot. He slides it across the desk.

“I? What?” The receptionist balks.

“Gold,” Technoblade explains, “Take it.”

“I? We? Are you trying to bribe me?”

“Is it working?” The hero questions.

“No?”

“You don’t sound so sure,” Tommy butts in. “I think we are bribing you, and I think it is working. Take the gold. We are estranged cousins from Dicksonville.”

Technoblade nods, “That’s true.”

---

“I can’t believe we actually got in, Technoblade.”

“Yeah, but the bribery didn’t even work,” The hero rolls his eyes.

Tommy dusts himself as he climbs through the bathroom window. “I knew the gold wasn’t enough. They’re millionaires or somethin’.”

“Gold is always enough,” Technoblade scowls.

“Not for this one,” Tommy sighs before grinning, “But it doesn’t matter because we are fucking pog and we are in. Isn’t that right *Clementine*?”

Clementine gapes.

“You never agree with me anymore,” Tommy huffs.

---

“So, who’s the leader?” Tommy whispers to Technoblade.

“I think it’s that one over there,” The man shrugs.

Tommy follows his eyes to a drunkard. Oh god. “He’s just a wrongun, there’s no way he’s the leader.”

“Nah, I’m pretty sure that’s him.”

Tommy adjusts his masquerade mask, “How do we kill him?” He whispers.

“We’re not killin’ anyone, Tommy,” Technoblade sighs, “Just gotta arrest ‘im.”

“I bet you want to kill him,” Tommy encourages.

“Murder is wrong and I am a hero,” Technoblade deadpans. It sounds rehearsed.

“You totally want to kill him,” Tommy narrows his eyes.

The hero shrugs, “I want to kill everyone.”

---

“Are you looking for someone?” A small lady questions, smiling at them.

Tommy clears his throat, “We are looking for the hosts?”

“Oh?” The lady tilts her head, “What business do you have with them?”

“Important,” Technoblade says.

“...Important?” She questions.

“Yes,” Tommy and Technoblade say simultaneously.

The lady smiles, albeit a bit oddly, “Right, well then. I am one of the hosts, Niki. Thank you for coming to our event, although,” She pauses, eyes flickering dangerously, “I don’t remember inviting you.”

Shit.

It’s time for a *Pro Gamer Move*™.

“I don’t remember you inviting us either,” Tommy grins. Reverse psychology pog.

“He didn’t mean to say that,” Technoblade intercepts. “We are your estranged cousins.”

“Oh?” Niki smiles, “My parents were only children.”

“Or *were* they?” Tommy counters like an absolute genius.

Niki frowns, “Yes, they were.”

“Listen, Niki, I think they lied to you,” Tommy breaks the news to her softly, sympathetically.

“Uh, anyways, where are the other hosts?” Technoblade pushes Tommy aside.

Niki stares at them, lips pursed, “There’s only one other host, Schlatt.”

“Could we meet him?”

Niki glances behind her, surveying the crowd of people before turning back to them. She smiles sweetly, “Sure, why don’t we find a private room?”

Tommy nods, “Yes, yes, I think that would be appropriate-“

“Theseus,” Technoblade starts, placing a hand on the teenager’s chest, “You stay behind.”

Oh *hell* no.

He scowls, “Billiam, why ever would I do that?”

Technoblade narrows his eyes, “You can entertain the guests while the hosts are momentarily occupied.”

He’s using him as a distraction. How *dare* he? This is utterly unacceptable. Tommy wants *crime*.

“But-“

“No,” Technoblade’s tone is stern and final.

Fuck. Ughhhhhhhhhh.

“Fine,” Tommy smiles, discreetly giving the hero the middle finger. “I’ll ‘entertain’ the guests, *Billiam*.”

“So, shit huh?” Tommy starts, standing on the raised platform. The guests all stare at him.

“Isn’t it crazy that we all take shits? Like, it’s such a universal topic. There are so many ways to take a shit,” He explains, “In fact, years ago, my best friend and I, created a shit tier list. There are tiers to how good a shit can be y’know?”

Someone coughs.

“Like, uhhhh, you!” He points to a random man in a dark suit, “You look like the type to have runny shits, like, I bet you have diarrhea or something.”

He vaguely hears someone gag.

“Not that there’s anything wrong with diarrhea,” He amends, “Diarrhea pogchamp. It’s just lower on the tier scale, I’d say about a D. But y’know what my favourite shit is?” He grins, “It’s them ones where you only need to wipe once. Those are S tier. Like especially when-“

Someone throws up.

---

Ranboo hums under his breath as he enters an alleyway.

“Well, well, we were wondering when you were going to pay us a visit,” A voice echoes.

Ranboo walks deeper into the alleyway, meeting the glowing eyes of feral beings. “You know what I’m here for.”

A small teenager steps out, holding a plastic bag. “Freshly made.”

He smiles, “Thanks, Eight, what do I owe you guys?”

Eight pauses, eyes turning ominous, “I need info.”

Oh man.

“Info? On what?” He raises an eyebrow.

“There’s a traitor among us,” They whisper, “Spilling our secrets. Telling others the recipe to our spaghetti.”

Oh heck. That is *not* good.

Ranboo frowns.

“Has anyone been acting.... strange? Anyone you think that’s a suspect?” They stare at him intensely.

Ranboo hums in concentration, “It could be... “ He gasps, “Tommy?”

They all gasp.

Eight nods, “Thank you for your help.”



“Spaghetti, spaghetti, spaghetti, spaghetti,” They chant.

Ranboo nods solemnly, “Spaghetti,” He says.

---

“So... yeah, that’s why I no longer shit sitting down,” Tommy concludes as he hears a loud crash from a distance.

Technoblade better not be pogging without him.

“Uh,” He coughs, “Anyways, thanks everyone for coming to my ted talk. Was great seeing you all. Uh, I’m going to go now.”

He grabs Clementine and dashes for the exit.

Time to find his Defenestration Bro™.

“ *Clementine*, help, what room are they in?” He whispers to his daughter.

She nods towards the left. What a godsend. Truly.

“Thank you my daughter.”

Tommy shuffles his feet a bit to activate the wings. They flutter steadily and he leans forward to zoom down the corridor. It’s kinda pog.

He can hear a violent argument commencing behind one of the doors.

Can't believe they're having fun without him.

Settling Clementine down by the floor, he puffs out his chest and kicks the door open.

"Hello, fuckers. The biggest man is here," He announces only to pause.

The Schlatt guy is knocked out in a corner, drooling while Niki has a blade pressed to Technoblade's throat.

What the *fuck*.

"Are you *dying* without me?" Tommy gasps, offended.

Technoblade glares at him, "Get outta here, Tommy."

No way.

Niki smiles over at him, "You should listen to him, Tommy, or was it Theo?"

He needs to do a *Pro Gamer Move*<sup>™</sup> and he needs to do it now.

Tommy glances around the room, frantically looking for a weapon. His baton is no match for her.

He looks over to Technoblade. Technoblade narrows his eyes before looking over at his feet.

Tommy follows his gaze to his sword, lying on the floor.

*Oh.* Lets fucking go.

Tommy smothers his grin, as he steps towards them casually.

“It’s TommyInnit, Sword Slicer Professionalist,” He grins, foot stepping out to press on the tip of the handle, sending the sword into the air and into his waiting palm.

He watches the way Niki’s jaw falls slack and the way Technoblade smirks.

He does a really epic, really cool, spin of the handle before he extends the blade towards the woman, swinging it at her.

It grazes her bare arm and sends her sprawling along the marbled tiles, paralyzed.

“God,” Tommy sighs, “I am so fucking cool. Did you know that Technoblade? Did you know that I am the fucking coolest person alive? Did you know that I just *saved* your life-“

His brain malfunctions as hand settles upon his head. He slumps into the hero.

He hears Technoblade snort as he looks down at him, eyes oddly fond.

“You did good, Theseus, you did good.”

---

“The food here is pretty good,” Tommy comments as they feast on the buffet. Technoblade had scared off the rest of the guests with various, vague threats that he wouldn’t be held accountable for.

Technoblade nods as he bites into a baked potato.

“I did a really interesting talk about shit while you were busy losing,” Tommy tells him, biting into a chicken wing. “You wanna hear?”

Technoblade shakes his head, “No thanks.”

Tommy shrugs, “Your loss I guess,” He pauses, “Wait, who was the mafia leader?”

“The woman.”

“I knew it!” Tommy nods, “Niki was badass even though she was trying to kill you. That Schlatt guy could never be the leader.”

Technoblade nods.

“This was a good night I think, let’s do it again sometime,” Tommy decides.

“Absolutely not.”

---

“Let me get this straight,” Wilbur glares at his twin, arms wrapped protectively around Tommy. He has no idea why they are all so clingy.

“You, let *him* , go on an undercover mission to take down a mafia leader,” Wilbur concludes.

Technoblade nods from his position on the couch, cushion placed over his face. “Yup,” He answers, voice muffled.

“Wilbur, Wilbur,” Tommy grins, “I used his *sword*. ”

“You what?” Wilbur tenses.

“It was so pog.”

“ *Techno-*“

“I just finished patrol dude, I’m tryna sleep,” The man groans.

“ *Dive out the balcony.* ”

Tommy salutes the hero as he falls. What a legend.

## Chapter End Notes

typos? on techno’s crazy night out??? no way 🤔🤔🤔 (pls tell)

hello cult. how are u cult? i am tired but i’m also pretty good :D  
cult we are at 160k hits,,,,, that’s insane. we also reached 10k kudos which,,,,, wow just  
wow. as always thank you guys so much for all of your support. you guys are amazing  
and i love you all very much

also,,, u do not know how long it took me to write this chap lmaoo i kept getting distracted and tbh half way through i was like i hate this but then tommy used the sword and i was like this chap ain't so bad.

also also there are so many inspired fics now wow,,,, maybe i am a trendsetter

cult pog <3

don't forget to follow my twt @bigbrainsimp for more shitposts and stuff. or to just send fanart :D we have amazing artists in this community.

also if u were a bit confused on the ranboo bit. you should be. hehe. only spaghetti cult know.

anyways,,, here's some amazing fanart

[really really cute benchtrio designs that i love a lot omg](#)

# **We Interrupt This Programme-**

## Chapter Summary

We bring you a short break-

## Chapter Notes

tw: derealisation. maybe. i'm not sure. just in case.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Tommy, wake up. Wake up Tommy.”

“No.”

“Tommy you need to wake up.”

“No. I don't want to. Leave me here.”

“You know I can't do that. You know why I'm here.”

“Leave me here.”

“Tommy-“

“No, no just leave me. I want to stay here. I don’t have to fucking leave. I’m fine. This is fine.”

“...You’re not ready yet, I understand. I’ll give you more time.”

“I’ll never be ready.”

Chapter End Notes

:)



# Philza Minecraft Crafts A Fucking Belt

## Chapter Summary

i kicked that child in self defence

## Chapter Notes

ayup simps!

here is an update just for u because i'm so awesome and kind yes i am

this chap is a mess lmao,,, it is 3am

tw: general minor violence.

tw: dart gun shooting throughout, starting at ‘ “But today,” He pauses, pulling out his gun. - and ending at the end of the scene. also at “Oh shit. This is bad. Tommy pulls out his gun..”. and ends at the end of the scene.

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy sighs, flopping back onto his bed. He's never been this bored in his life.

“ *Clementine*, ” He starts, turning towards his daughter. “I am feeling not poggers. We need to do something.”

Clementine stares at him.

“ *Clementine*, I think we should do *more* crime.”

She blows a bubble.

He frowns, “What do you mean I’m grounded?”

Clementine stares.

“Yeah, no, I don’t know where you heard that. I’m not grounded.”

He sits up abruptly, grabbing the bottle and slipping on his trainers. “If I was grounded, would I be able to do this?” He questions.

He opens the bedroom window, cold wind welcoming him. He taps his feet together, activating the wings and leaps out into the open air with a grin.

---

“Tommy, mate, you wanna watch a movie?” Phil knocks on the teenager’s bedroom door.

Silence.

He could be sleeping...

Phil shakes his head. This kid doesn’t sleep unless he’s coerced.

“Tommy? Mate?”

He knocks once more before opening the door.

Phil sighs.

Time to craft a fucking belt.

---

Tommy sniffs the air with a sigh of relief. The beautiful smell of nature. And pollution.

“*Clementine*, this is where I belong. In the world, exploring, surviving, stabbing,” He explains to his daughter. “I cannot be contained, *Clementine*, I am like a raccoon.”

Clementine does a flip.

Tommy gasps, eyebrows furrowing. “I do not need a rabies shot.”

Teenagers these days have so much attitude.

“Anyways,” He gives the fish the stink eye, “I am out here to do what I do best. Be pog,” He grins before adding, “And stop crime.”

Clementine blinks.

“Do *not* roll your eyes at me young lady, back in my day, if I even thought of talking back to Tubbo, he would get the stick. Do you want the stick? I can give you the st-“

---

“ *Clementine*, here, we have found a criminal in their natural habitat,” Tommy narrates, settling the sprite bottle down as he pulls his hood up. “Watch, as I swiftly capture them. With epicness.”

He leaps down from the building towards the dirty, disgusting person.

“Hey, you there! Bitch!”

The person straightens up from where they are stealing from the vending machine. “Wha-? Dude what?” They raise an eyebrow in confusion.

Playing the naive it seems.

“What are your pronouns?” Tommy demands, arms crossed.

“Uh what?” The person frowns. Tommy glares. They inch away slightly, “Uh, she. I’m yeah, she slash her.”

“Okay bitch girl. Confess your crimes,” He declares.

“What? What crimes? Dude I’m buying a chocolate bar,” She gestures to the vending machine.

“Oh yeah?” Tommy questions, raising an eyebrow. “Where’s your money?”

She looks at him in confusion, eyes squinting. “It’s-? It’s in the vending machine?”

She must think this is his first rodeo.

Tommy snorts, “Yeah okay, *sure*. What chocolate bar you getting?”

She pauses, “...Snickers.”

Tommy almost vomits right then and there.

*Heathen.*

He gags, “Oh god, you’re a *criminal* criminal.”

“What? I?–“

He raises a finger, “Shh, shhhh. Please. Have some decency. I need a moment.”

“Dude–“

“Shhh!”

God. People these days.

“Who even are you? And why are you calling me a criminal?” She throws her hands up.

Tommy sighs, pinching his nose in ire. He glares at her, hand releasing his nose to reach behind and into his back pocket.

“On any other day, I’m just a charismatic and handsome young man,” He shrugs. “But today,” He pauses, pulling out his gun.

“Today, I am Glock Wielder Extraordinaire.”

He shoots her right in the side, watching in satisfaction as she crumples to the floor.

“Another day, another evil defeated,” He sighs.

A plopping sound sends his eyes to the vending machine. He frowns.

He walks closer, kneeling down to the little shoot flap bit. Inside, sits an untouched Snickers bar.

Huh.

She did have money.

Tommy stands back up. He looks down at the figure writhing on the floor and shrugs.

It was deserved.

Probably.

“Sorry for shooting you,” He mumbles, “Kinda. I’m kinda sorry for shooting you. No hard feelings right?”

She glares up at him.

Yeah, no hard feelings.

---

There are many feelings. And all of them are hard. So many hard feelings.

Tommy is being chased by the cops.

Fuck. Shit. Fuck. More shit. Loads of shit. So much shit.

No, literally. There is so much shit.

He’s hiding in the dumpsters.

“ *Clementine*, you need to help your father,” He hisses.

She blows a bubble.

“No, it doesn’t matter that you told me this was a bad idea. Forgive and forget. Forgive and *help* me,” He glares.

She stares.

Tommy huffs, “ *Clementine*, If I die, just know I haven’t put anything in your will and-“

“Tommy? Is that you Thomas?”

Oh fuck.

Tommy represses a deep sigh, momentarily closing his eyes.

“Thomas, that you?”

Tommy opens his eyes. “Yes, It’s me Big Q.”

Quackity pops out from behind a dumpster, grinning. “Thomas, my man, my guy. How you been?”

“Good. Great. Yeah, I’m great, big man. Better than ever in fact,” He grunts, standing up from his crouched position. “Actually, y’know what? This place is a bit crowded. I’ll leave you to it-“

“What no way man! You can’t leave just yet,” Quackity laughs, eyes turning sinister. “Especially after you got me arrested.”

Tommy throws his hands up in surrender. “Woah, woah. I did *not* get you fucking arrested man. You lied to me about therapy. Not cool.”

Quackity pauses, “Yeah, well. I don’t care. You got me arrested.”



“The *Blade* arrested you. Go find him,” Tommy retorts, inching out of the alleyway.

“Maybe I’ll hold you hostage, for The Blade,” Quackity grins.

Oh shit. This is bad.

Tommy pulls out his gun and shoots the drug dealer right in the leg.

“What the fuck! Not again, you *dick!*” Quackity wheezes.

Tommy shoots him again in the stomach, “Dude, shut the fuck up! You’re going to alert the police. Suffer quietly.”

Quackity glares up at him, “Hey! Hey! Help! This bastard just shot me!”

The dick!

The absolute *snitch*.

Tommy sends him the middle finger. “You are the worst. The furthest from pog. The worst man alive,” He declares before legging it out of the alleyway.

---

“Son, what are you doing back here?” The officer questions.

Tommy sighs against the cell bars. “Harold, listen-“

“That’s not my name,” The officer interrupts rudely.

“ *Harold*, listen. I have done nothing wrong. Ever,” Tommy explains slowly, “I am incapable of wrongdoings. It’s always the other person’s fault.”

The officer stares at him. “You shot three police officers, a random teenage girl and well- a drug dealer, that one is sort of warranted,” The man considers, “But still doesn’t negate the fact that you shot five people within an hour.”

“You’re using all these big words and going *meh meh meh* ,” Tommy rolls his eyes, “They all deserved it one way or another.”

“I find that hard to believe.”

“Listen, *listen*. We bonded last time yeah? Remember when you let me go? For free?” Tommy tries to help the man relive the memories. “Remember that?”

“I do. And I’m suddenly regretting the decision.”

Tommy scoffs, “C’mon big guy. I’m sorry. Truly I am. For my... actions.”

“Your crimes,” The officer corrects.

“...Actions,” Tommy repeats. “Please let me go. I have a family. A daughter and a wife who love me. They’re waiting at home. If I never come back, what then? Do you want to tear us apart? Are you a home wrecker? Do you wreck families?”

“Son, you’re - you’re like sixteen years old.”

“Twenty-five. I am twenty-five,” Tommy deepens his voice.

“Yeah, you can’t do that. You can’t just randomly deepen your voice when I call you out. You’re a teenager.”

“Do what?” Tommy hums, “I’m not doing anything. My voice was always like this. I have always been this way. A man from birth. Did you know I came out of my mother’s womb a grown man? Did you know I popped out just like this? All six foot three? Can you imagine having a six foot three baby? Neither can I, because I was never a baby. Full man. All the time-“

“Stop talking for the love of god,” The man sighs.

“I do not love god. The only god is Philza. I love Philza. Actually, can you say for the love of Philza, from now on? It sounds better,” Tommy suggests.

It’s true. He’s right. He’s right all the time. Philza, he’s so cool. See, it works. Philza is the new term for god. Wait no, he *is* god.

“Do you have anyone to pick you up?”

Tommy hesitates, “...No.”

“So you do.”

“No. I don’t.”

“But you’re thinking about it.”

Tommy sighs, “Just leave me here.”

The officer nods, “Alright.”

Tommy stares at him, “What, you’re not even going to try and find a way to get me out? Not going to pester me?”

The officer stares back, “Kid, I’ve aged fifty years talking to you for ten minutes. At this rate, I’ll be dead before I reach the door. Goodbye.”

And then the fucker just leaves.

Huh.

Well then.

Tommy leans back against the bars. “Well, *Clementine*, you wouldn’t have a knife by any chance?”

Clementine stares at him.

Tommy huffs, “Whatever.”

---

Ranboo flicks on the television, humming to himself as the screen blinks to life. He slurps a forkful of spaghetti as he scrolls through the channels.

He settles on Cartoon Network, Steven Universe. He hasn't watched this show in ages.

Ranboo settles back on the couch, burrowing into his dinosaur hoodie.

Living in a penthouse is pretty cool.

“We interrupt this programme with breaking news!”

The screen turns black before blinking back to life. Ranboo frowns. It shows a news reporter outside some vending machine.

The reporter's face is grim. “A teenage girl was shot by a dart gun in this very spot by an ‘insane blond boy with anger issues’, it was also reported that this criminal has shot four other people, including the police.”

Ranboo pauses. Wait.

Surely not.

“He was described as rabid and feral. Apparently wearing a ‘white and red hoodie that needs cleaning’ and holding a fish hostage in a bottle. Authorities have alerted everyone in the area to be on high alert, and to run immediately if the suspect is found. He has a dart gun-“

Nope.

Ranboo clicks the television off.

Nope. Not today.

---

“So, I like your cow,” Tommy hums as he stares at the old woman in the opposite cell to him.

She smiles slowly, “Thank you, young man.”

Tommy nods, “What’s its name?”

“My baby is called Henry,” She pets the cow gently. The little cow leans into her touch. It’s kind of cute.

Tommy wants the cow.

“How long have you been here?” He questions.

“Twenty years,” She smiles.

Ah.

“Interesting,” Tommy nods, “What’d you do?”

Her smile widens, her wrinkles growing, “I killed my wife.”

Oh.

“That’s uh- hmm, well,” Tommy scratches his neck, “That’s not pog, to be honest.”

“What does pog mean?” She questions.

“Oh, it means like epic, or awesome, or just y’know pog. You make a face like this,” He opens his mouth and makes a surprised face. “Like that.”

“Young people these days are so weird,” She comments.

Tommy rolls his eyes. Okay Linda, at least he didn’t kill his lover.

“I want your cow,” He announces.

“You can’t take my Henry,” She holds the cow closer.

Tommy can do what he fucking wants.

It’s time for a *Pro Gamer Move*<sup>™</sup>.

He nods, once, then twice, “Okay, okay,” He hums, “Understandable.”

She nods, “Henry is my beloved.”

Tommy snorts, “Well we know what happens to your beloveds, don’t we?”

“What did you just say?” She pauses stroking the cow.

Tommy shrugs, “I’m just saying’ maybe Henry would be safer, away from you. No offence.”  
Full offence.

“Are you insulting me?” She narrows her eyes.

“I don’t know, am I? Maybe you’re insulting yourself.”

“...What?”

“You’re confused? I wonder why,” Tommy hums, “I think this is all a dream and you want to give me your cow.”

She stares at him, “I’m not giving you my cow.”

“You mean *my* cow.”

“I will kill you.”

Woah okay. Philza.

She’s insane.



Tommy raises his hands in surrender. “You need to calm down. Have some camomile tea.”

“You’ve antagonized me,” She declares.

Jeez. She needs therapy. “Stop blaming me. You’re not the main character of your story. I am,” Tommy rolls his eyes. “You can’t be antagonized. You’re a side character at best.”

“Do you want to die?”

Why does everyone keep asking him this? “How would you even get to me? We’re in different cells?” Tommy raises an eyebrow. He’s so intellectual.

“I have my ways.”

*Oh?*

Tommy suppresses a grin. “Show me then. C’mon, kill me. I dare you.”

She stands up and fucking bends the metal bars of her cell.

Hooooooly shit.

Tommy grabs his pen out of his pocket because oh my Philza, she may actually kill him.

She stalks towards his cell, bending the bars as well.

“I bet you regret running your mouth now, boy,” She smiles.

Tommy jabs his finger into his pen, baton extending.

“I’m taking your cow,” He announces and whacks the baton into her head.

She crumples to the floor.

Well then.

Tommy gingerly steps over her body and makes his way towards her cell.

He crouched down to the baby cow. He thinks they’re called like, calves or something. Whatever.

“Hello Henry, I am your father now,” He declares, picking the cow up in his arms. The baby nuzzles into his neck.

This is a blessed day. Truly.

He walks out of the cell.

Well that was easy.

He glances back at the other prisoners who are all staring at him weirdly.

“Nice seeing you all, might be back next week or something, bye,” He waves.

---

“Tubbo please, put the nuke down,” Ranboo sighs as he watches his best friend hold a large nuclear device.

Tubbo grins, “This is everything I’ve ever needed.”

“No, actually, somehow I don’t think it is,” Ranboo counters.

“Boo, you don’t understand, this is amazing. Imagine how much land this could destroy,” Tubbo’s eyes have a maniacal glint to them.

“I’d rather not,” Ranboo shakes his head.

“ *So much land,* ” The shorter boy whispers, eyes sparkling.

Oh god.

Ranboo sighs, making his way towards the boy. He picks the teenager up abruptly, nuke falling to the floor as Tubbo goes limp.

“Yeah, we’re not doing any of that. Nope. We are going back to the penthouse. Yup. Mhm mhm,” He nods to himself as he carries the devil incarnate.

This is fine.

He walks out of the storage room, head ducked low as he tries to go unnoticed by the various heroes loitering the headquarters.

He manages to make it all the way to outside of the headquarters before he bumps into something.

“Uh-“ Ranboo lets out a noise of confusion as he almost trips over something squishy.

He hesitantly kicks it away only to recoil when the thing lets out a whimper.

Oh man.

He sets Tubbo down on his feet. The boy springing back.

“Wha- Boo! Did you fucking pick me up- where are my nukes?”

Ranboo shushes him with a raised finger. He points to the ground. Tubbo looks down in confusion.

Ranboo stares down at the blob he kicked, only to gasp.

Oh god. Oh man. Oh jeez.

He kicked a *child* .

This is terrible.

The little toddler stares up at them, pink hair flopping over their face.

Ranboo crouches down, “Hello small child, I am sorry for kicking you. It was self defence.”

---

Tommy is absolutely vibing.

He’s got Henry and Clementine and he’s whistling a tune as he strolls down the street.

Surprisingly, nearly everyone he’s seen so far, has been running away? He’s not quite sure.

Whatever.

“Mmmm Henry, *Clementine*, this is a good night,” He sighs contentedly, “Lets get ice-cream.”

“You won’t be getting any ice-cream, mate.”

Oh *fuck*.

Tommy barely has time to react before he is thrown over Philza’s shoulder.

“Ah, Philza, the best man in the universe. How are you today? I hope you’re doing great big man, in fact, I think you should-“

“You’re in big trouble mate,” The hero says.

Fear.

Tommy feels fear.

“What? But- but *Philza*- “

“Not a word, Toms.”

Yikes.

---

“So, you shot an innocent teenage girl, a drug dealer, three police officers. Then you knocked out an old woman and stole her cow? Am I getting all of that?” Philza stares at him, arms crossed.

Tommy hugs Henry to his chest, “The old woman was insane.”

“You knocked her out and stole her cow,” Philza reiterates.

“He’s my cow now. My calf. My small moo moo. My cowlette. My calve-“

“Tommy,” Philza sighs.

He shuts his mouth, “Sorry.”

“You can’t do this escaping and causing crime thing anymore, do you understand?”

Tommy frowns, “...yes.”

“So you don’t understand,” Philza concludes. “Tommy, you worried us. Again. Wilbur was about to go on a manhunt. Techno is- I don’t know what Techno is doing but he’s probably pissed.”

“...Where’s Wilbur now?”

“I sent him to his room. He was having a fit.”

Tommy snorts.

Philza sighs, moving to sit closer to the teenager. “Listen mate, I know you like, doing crime and preventing crime and just being yourself, okay?”

Tommy nods.

“But you can’t just up and leave anymore, you have a lot more people who care about you now. Alright?”

Tommy frowns. He hugs Henry tighter.

“We care about you Tommy, so it worries us when you escape. Anything can happen to you.”

Philza wraps an arm around his shoulder, pulling him close. “I’m not trying to dictate your life. You wanna be fucking feral, that’s fine. Just *tell* us.”

Tommy hesitated before nodding. “I’m... sorry.”

“It’s okay mate,” Philza smiles down at him.

Tommy averts his eyes, leaning into the man. “So, we’re good?”

Philza hums in amusement, “Yeah, we’re good. Also I’m banning your gun until further notice.”

Tommy gasps, outraged. “What?!”

“Mate, you shot five people.”

---

They meet The Blade on the way back to the penthouse.

“This is Micheal,” Ranboo tells the Blade, holding the child up for the hero to see.

The man stares at the child. Micheal stares back blankly.

“Where’d you find ‘im?” He questions.

“On the street,” Tubbo chirps happily.



“And you’re what? Keepin’ him? I don’t like orphans,” The man states.

“Oh no, don’t worry. He is not an orphan. He is our child,” Ranboo declares.

The Blade stares.

“Me and Tubbo. Together. We have adopted him. He is ours now.”

“Okay,” The hero shrugs.

Ranboo smiles while Tubbo grins.

“You told anyone else yet?”

“Nope,” Ranboo shakes his head, smiling as he bounces Micheal in his arms.

“Alright, let’s go home,” The hero nods, “You makin’ dinner tonight?”

Ranboo shrugs, “If you want?”

The Blade nods, “Yeah. Been craving spaghetti.”

Tubbo shudders beside him.

---

“I’m not talking to you, gremlin,” Wilbur sulks.

Tommy rolls his eyes as he settles down on the man’s bed.

“Wilbur stop being a little bitch boy, I was only gone for like, three hours or something. I got a cow. Henry. Philza’s giving him a bath.”

Wilbur glares at him, “I hate you, you fucking gremlin. Your hoodie is so ugly and it smells like shit. You’re scum.”

Woah this guy needs to chill.

“I am *not* scum,” He gasps.

“Scum. Scum boy. ScummyInnit,” Wilbur taunt.

Tommy is going to commit crimes against this man. He grabs a pillow and chucks it at him. “This is bullying. You are bullying me.”

“Scummy gremlin. Get off my bed, I hate you,” Wilbur scowls, catching the pillow and chucking it back at him.

Tommy lets out an ‘oof’ as the pillow knocks him off the bed. He lets out a groan, “I will call childline on you. I will do it. I will. This is bullying.”

“Scum.”

“Wilbur you’re being a child.”

“You *are* a child.”

Tommy frowns, crawling back into the bed. “Wilbur, stop being a pissy bitch boy. I didn’t even do anything wrong.”

Wilbur stares at him.

Tommy huffs in exasperation. “Okayyy,” He drawls, “Sorry for escaping and not telling anyone and making you ‘worry’,” He says, rolling his eyes as he uses his fingers to make quotations.

Wilbur huffs, “Whatever, I hate you. Come here.”

Tommy raises an eyebrow, making his way towards the man.

He lets out a noise of bewilderment as the guy wraps his arms around him, hugging him tightly.

“You’re fucking stupid, I hate you,” The hero declares.

The mixed signals with this guy.

“Okay, bald man.”

“I’m not fucking *bald!*” He hisses.

Tommy snorts, “You’re still in denial? You’ve been in the first stage for a long time Wilby,” He teases.

Wilbur lets out a chuckle, chest rumbling. “You just called me Wilby.”

Tommy tenses. He did *not*. “No I didn’t.”

Wilbur snickers, “Yes you did,” He sings, “You said *Wilby*, like a baby. You’re such a baby. Baby Tommy.”

This is terrible. Truly.

Tommy bites him in the arm.

“You *fucker*- “

---

Techno peeks into Wilbur’s bedroom. It’s oddly silent.

Ah.

He looks over at the bed, where Tommy and his twin lie. Tommy’s head is resting on the man’s chest, the rest of his body sprawled out across the sheets. While Wilbur is curled up around the teenager. Both are snoring sleepily.

Techno's mouth quirks upwards.

Huh.

"Wilbur, you've gone soft," He whispers in amusement, eyeing the scene a little longer.

He can't leave Ranboo and Tubbo to their devices for too long, especially with the newest addition.

He turns to leave.

"*Jump out the window,*" Wilbur whispers, voice muffled as he peeks an eye open to glare at him.

Damn it.

## Chapter End Notes

typos? in my jail cell? nah (pls tell)

hello cult. how are you cult? here is an update just for you :D thank you thank you thank you! i can't believe we're at 190k hits, 11k kudos and 3k comments. i never thought i'd ever reach that in a fic and sometimes it doesn't really hit me that my fic has become this famous. the vigilante tommy agenda is spreading lmao. no but i love you guys a lot, you are so pog and awesome.

cult pog <3

lmao last chapter's comments made me laugh. you guys were just threatening me. dw guys, there will be much more crack. i love crack and i have so many ideas left.

(but seriously, i'm sorry if i upset anyone. just a friendly reminder that is my fic and i'm not obligated to do anything that i don't want to do. remember i'm doing this for free and i could turn this story in any direction i want. i'm not getting paid. this is my free time i spend doing this and you guys are just here for the ride :) i'm not mad or anything, but i feel like it's important to reiterate this every now and again. but i also realize that i should probably update the main tags for derealisation and possibilities of angst, because i don't want to unnecessarily trigger anyone. but remember, you are not obligated to read this and you can stop reading at any point. i promise that i'll tag chapters that may be angsty or derealising. but as a heads up, most of this story is gonna be crack. the angst is mostly towards the end so u won't have to worry for a while lmao)

as always, you can find me on twitter @bigbrainsimp where i shitpost a lot, sometimes post sneak peaks and mostly get bullied by my moots /lh. you can also send me your wonderful fanart there :)))

talking about fanart. here is some amazing art!

[a really cool comic about a tommy and techno scene :\)](#)

# I Am Legally Allowed To Park Here, I Have A Child

## Chapter Summary

don't u ever want to steal a car?

## Chapter Notes

ayup

it is 4:40am and i have gone past the limit of exhaustion. i am immortal

this chapter is a fever dream pls im sorry

enjoy maybe

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy stares, eyes narrowed.

The child stares back, eyes blank and *soulless*.

This child is the devil reborn. Tommy is sure of it.

“I don't like ‘im,” He decides, turning to the ‘parents’.

Tubbo raises an eyebrow, unimpressed, “We never asked you to like him, we were just explaining who he is.”

Tommy sniffs, “He's a demon child.”

“Micheal is *not* a demon child, he’s an angel,” Ranboob frowns, holding the toddler in one arm.

“ *Demon*, ” Tommy insists. He’s right of course. The child stares back at him. The thing hasn’t blinked in over twenty minutes. “I can’t live in the same area as him,” The teenager announces, “He’ll kill me in my sleep.”

“No he wouldn’t,” Tubbo frowns, turning to the child. “Isn’t that right, Micheal?”

Micheal stares, expression blank.

“...Right, Micheal?” Ranboo prompts.

Micheal stares.

“He probably won’t kill you in your sleep,” Tubbo amends solemnly.

Oh god. Tommy’s going to die.

There’s only one solution to this.

---

Tommy huffs, pulling the duffel bag up and over the railings.

“ *Clementine*, please. I know what I’m doing,” He scowls as he manhandles the bag.



He sets the bag down on the concrete, unzipping it.

Micheal's head pops out.

“Alright, *demon* . This is where I leave you, go back to the wilderness, go eat a bear or something. I don't care,” Tommy instructs.

Micheal stares up at him, unblinking.

Tommy frowns, “ *Go.* ”

Micheal stares.

Tommy's frown deepens. He glances down at Clementine in his hand, “You think we can just leave him here?”

She does a twirl.

Tommy rolls his eyes, “Stop being so morally good, *Clementine.* ”

---

“Alright, demon spawn, this is your family,” He points to a pack of feral pigs.

He chucks Micheal towards them. “They will take care of you from now on.”

Micheal lands in the mud. He's silent as he looks up at the pigs. The pigs stare back at him expectantly.

Micheal stands up and toddles back over to Tommy.

"What?! No!" Tommy screeches.

---

"*Clementine*, shut up, this is the perfect idea," Tommy huffs as he seals the tape around the box.

He stares at the box in contemplation for a moment before poking two holes into it.

He stands up, box in arms. "Let's do this."

---

"Uh huh, and what exactly is being shipped?"

"Fragile," Tommy replies.

The postman pauses from where he's typing on a monitor to stare at him, "Fragile? What's in it?"

"None of your business, big man. I need this shipped to the other side of the world, thanks."

Tommy dumps the box on the counter.

The man wearily lifts the box, only to gasp. “What the *fuck* is in there?”

“You don’t want to know.”

A small squeal echoes through the post office.

The man drops the box.

“Are you smuggling an animal?” The postman pales.

“A child actually,” Tommy corrects.

---

“So, for some reason, that didn’t work,” Tommy sighs as he sits down on a park bench, Micheal by his side.

“Are you cursing us?” He accuses the toddler, “You’re cursing us, aren’t you?”

Micheal stares up at him, eyes wide.

Tommy recoils.

Ugh children.

“ *Clementine*, what should we do?”

Clementine blows a bubble.

Tommy groans, “No way, we are not bringing him back to his parents. Tubbo’s gone mad in the head, fucking crazy. And Ranboob. Well, he’s just fucking Ranboob,” He rolls his eyes, “I mean, who fucking looks at *that*, ” He points to the child, “And says, yeah, I’mma keep it.”

Clementine stares.

“That is *not* what happened to me, you bitch!” He scowls down at his daughter, “I’m nothing like this thing,” He side eyes Micheal.

Micheal lifts his small, chubby hand and places it over Tommy’s gently.

Tommy stares down at him.

Micheal stares back.

Tommy hastily swipes his hand away, glaring at the child. “You- you can’t win me over with affection, you heathen. I won’t fall for your tricks.”

Micheal tilts his head, hair falling into his face.

It’s not cute.

Tommy averts his eyes, arms crossing. “I am getting rid of you.”

---

“Uh, Tub?” Ranboo wrings his hands together, peeking into their room as his eyes frantically scan the area.

“Yeah, Boo?” Tubbo hums, bopping his head along to some Barbie movie.

“Have you, uh, have you seen Micheal by any chance?”

Tubbo tenses, turning to the teenager. “No. Ranboo did you lose our son?”

Oh mannnn.

“No!” He hastily raises his hands to soothe the boy, “No, no. He’s- he’s not lost. He’s just uh, I was playing hide and seek with him and I thought - I thought he hid in here. It’s fine. It’s fine.”

Tubbo narrows his eyes, “Are you sure?”

Ranboo sweats, “Mhm, mhm. I’m sure. I just - I just need to find him. He’s sure hid well, haha.”

Holy cow, he needs to find Micheal.

---

“ *Clementine*, no one wants him,” Tommy groans after his seventh failed attempt at Removal Of Child™.

Clementine gapes.

“Yeah, well. No, he’s not coming back home. No children in the man cave. *Yes*, it’s called the man cave. I named it that, it sounded appropriate. All us big men and Ranboob, living our best life,” Tommy explains before pausing, “ *Kind of* living our best lives,” He amends, “Philza still has my glock confiscated,” He scowls.

“Man cave,” Micheal repeats.

Tommy screams. His whole body vibrates with the intensity of which he feels *fear*.

Since when could the thing talk?

“Don’t speak ever again,” He orders immediately, composing himself like the big man he is.

“Man cave,” The child says again.

“You don’t belong in the man cave,” Tommy glares.

---

“Hey, uh, Philza,” Ranboo clenches his fists to stop his fingers from twitching with nerves.

“Phil, mate,” The man corrects as he runs a comb through some cow’s fur.

Ranboo frowns in confusion momentarily. “Who’s the cow?”

“Henry,” The hero supplies, “Tommy found him.”

“Ah, that makes sense,” The teenager nods before tensing, “Anyways, have you seen Micheal?”

“Your son?”

“Yes. Yes, my son. Tubbo and I’s son. Have - have you seen him?”

Phil frowns in thought, “Hmm, pretty sure I saw him in Tommy’s room a while ago. Think they were bonding. Said they were going to the park.”

Oh god.

Ranboo stumbles back in horror, a hand clutching his heart.

*Tommy* has his son.

This is a terrible, *terrible* day.

Tubbo’s going to kill him.

---

“Y’know what? I’m going to use you to my advantage, child,” He tells Micheal, picking him up and chucking him over his shoulder.

The toddler lets out an ‘oof’ as he is manhandled.

“ *Clementine*, shhh, I’ve always wanted to do this. I just need...” Tommy trails off as he scans the streets.

His eyes light up as he spots an old man walking towards his car.

Hmm. He doesn’t have his glock.

Tommy sighs. Guess he’ll have to using his charming personality and handsome features.

He stalks over to the old man, who is shakily unlocking his car with trembling fingers.

“Hey you,” Tommy calls out loudly.

The old man startles violently, dropping his keys.

“O-oh, hello young man. You scared me just then,” The man chuckles, voice worn.

“Sorry,” Tommy says unapologetically. “Anyways, I need your car.”

“Wha-what?” The pensioner squints at him, “Sorry, my hearing isn’t so good nowadays,” He laughs, “I thought you said you wanted my car-“



“I do,” Tommy interrupts, straight-faced. “I need your car.”

“Uh, sorry, young man, but I’ve got to get home and-“

“No, you don’t understand, I *need* it,” He stresses.

The man lets out a noise of confusion, “Heh?”

Tommy sighs, exasperated. He pulls Micheal from over his shoulder to hold him out in front. “Look at this child. He’s my adoptive baby brother. He’s sick. I need to take him to the hospital immediately or he will die.”

“Well, uh, he looks fine to me,” The old man scratches his head.

“No. He’s not, he’s got a serious illness,” Tommy sniffs.

“Which is?”

Uh fuck. Hmmmmm.

“Unpogivitis,” He supplies.

“Sorry, I’ve never heard of that-“

“It affects one in two people, millions die every day from this disease. He is physically incapable of being pog.”

“I- Young man, please, I really should be going, I don’t even know what ‘pog’ is,” The man inches closer to his car.

“It’s life essence,” Tommy explains gravely, “Every second that he is not pog, he is dying. Fortunately, I’ve been blessed with unlimited pogness, but there are so many individuals who aren’t. And that’s simply not okay.”

“I’m sorry, really I am-“

“Do you not care about this child?” He shoves Micheal towards him, who stares blankly into space. “Look at him. He’s so pure and innocent and you want him to *die?* ”

“I-I never said-“

“Hey!” Tommy shouts, “This guy wants children to die!” He alerts the street, people pausing to stare at them.

“Wait- wait, I - I didn’t say that-“

“He wants every child *dead!* ”

“Young man, pleas-“

“He probably wants all your children dead!”

“Take my car! Take my car *please!*”

Tommy grins.

---

“You let *Tommy* , take Micheal out on a walk?” Wilbur stares at Phil in disbelief. Techno is passed out on the couch, fast asleep.

Phil glances up from where he’s stroking Henry, “Uh yeah? The kid needs some fresh air. So does Micheal.”

Wilbur reaches up to pull his hair in frustration, “What have you *done*? I thought he was on house arrest!”

Phil snorts, “House arrest would not stop Tommy. Nah, I just took away his gun.”

“He doesn’t need a gun to be the physical form of the antichrist,” Wilbur says gravely.

---

“Alright, buckle up fucker,” Tommy grins as he slowly reverses out of the parking space.

Micheal puts his seatbelt on.

“We are going to do the one thing I’ve wanted to do all of my life,” Tommy says reverently, eyes sparkling.

Micheal stares up at him.

“Don’t look at me like that, you will see soon -oops,” Tommy whistles as he rams the car into a streetlight.

He hastily backs up, “I’m a good driver, shut the fuck up,” He whispers to Clementine. He doesn’t have time for her fucking critique.

Clementine stares.

“Licenses are for pussies. I can drive,” He insists.

---

The moment Tommy has waited for all his life.

Finally.

He carefully turns the steering wheel, trying not to shed tears of joy as he reverses into the parking space.

His parallel parking is a beautiful thing to behold. Magnificent even.

He turns off the engine.

This is the best day of his life.

“ *Clementine*, I did it,” He declares proudly, raising a hand to his forehead in a salute.

“I parked in the mother and child area in a Tesco’s carpark.”

---

Tommy steps out of the car, Micheal in his arms.

A woman stares at him from across the carpark, eyes scrutinizing.

Tommy huffs, “No need to stare, I’m *allowed* to park here. Do you see this?” He raises an eyebrow, holding Micheal out. “You see this child? It’s mine, and that means I can legally park here. I’m legally abiding by the law.”

The woman frowns, “That’s not why I was staring. You parked your car horizontally, it takes up three spaces.”

---

“Micheal, you sit here,” He places the child in the seat part of the trolley.

Micheal stares up at him.

“Don’t look at me like that, you demon,” He glares.

Micheal stares.

Tommy averts his eyes as he enters the supermarket, “Anyways, we need some food because I’m creating an emergency stockage for when Ranboob makes dinner.”

“Da,” Micheal says.

Tommy rolls his eyes, “Yeah, that’s your fuckin’ ‘father’,” He says, making quotations with his fingers. “He can’t fuckin’ cook anything but spaghetti and one day I will murder him.”

“Da,” Micheal repeats.

---

“Micheal put that back,” Tommy scowls as the child picks up a packet of cookies.

“Cookie,” The toddler says.

“Put it back,” Tommy glares.

Micheal stares up at him wide eyed.

“ *Don’t* do that look.”

Micheal stares.

Tommy groans, taking the cookies from the child’s grasp and placing it in the trolley.

Clementine blows a bubble.

“Shut the fuck up,” Tommy scowls.

---

“Aww he’s so cute, is he your brother?” The cashier smiles at him.

“He is my son,” Tommy declares.

“Oh, well, aren’t you a bit young?”

“I’m old enough to own a glock,” Tommy shrugs, “I have a daughter too.”

The cashier frowns nervously, “Oh, haha, that’s nice,” They frantically scan the items.

“I am the ultimate father, actually. Did you know I parked in the mother and baby area? That shows my parentage,” Tommy explains.

“That’s, uh, that’s lovely.”

---

Tommy sighs as he sits in the car.

“Cookie,” Micheal says.

Tommy squints at him, “Who said I bought them for you?”

“Cookie,” The child repeats.

Tommy frowns before retrieving the shopping bag, pulling out the packet. He chucks them at the child with a roll of his eyes.

And then. Something magical happens. Something Tommy can’t believe he witnesses. It’s incredible.

Micheal looks down at the packet of cookies in his hand and he *smiles*.

Tommy clutches his heart. What the *fuck*.

Micheal grins up at the teenager, “Tommy,” He says.

Oh Philza.

“ *Clementine*, we must keep him.”

---

Ranboo hastily makes his way back to the penthouse, hair a mess from one too many frantic scratches. He hasn’t found Micheal.

Oh god. This is terrible.

They only just got him.



God knows what Tommy has done with him.

This is just terrible.

What is he going to tell Tubbo?

He pauses at the door, contemplating whether or not he should even come home.

“Ey, Ranboob you look fucked up,” A voice chuckles from behind him.

Ranboo gasps, turning around to see Tommy and *Micheal*. Hand in hand.

What the heck.

“Oh god, oh man, oh jeez, Micheal,” He gasps, rushing over to his son. “Are you hurt?”

Micheal stares up at him, smiling happily. He shakes his head. “Tommy. Cookie.”

Ranboo looks between Micheal and Tommy in confusion, speechless.

“But-? Wha- what?” He frowns.

Tommy snorts, “What’s wrong with you big guy? We only went to the park.”

Ranboo is so lost. “Huh?”

“Jesus fucking christ, you’re out of it. We went to the park. Nothing happened, what’re you doing outside? You got your hair all dirty, look like a wrongun,” Tommy insults him.

Ranboo slumps against the ground. He’s so relieved and *so* confused.

---

“So, you took my child, without my permission?” Tubbo questions, eyes piercing.

Tommy inches away from the boy. “Ah well, you see, I actually asked Phil and-“

Tubbo raises a hand to silence him. “Come over here,” The shorter leads him over to a window, opening it calmly.

Tommy sighs, dejected. He salutes.

---

“Hey Wil, I think Tubbo’s actually a better defenestrator than you,” Techno hums, “He didn’t even need to drag ‘im over. You have to *make* me.”

Wilbur pauses his ministrations of petting a disgruntled Tommy’s head, to glare at him.

Phil raises a hand, “No more defenestration please. Tommy is still upset.”

Wilbur's glare intensifies.

Techno shrugs, smirking, "I'm just sayin' the kid doesn't even need to mind control, he just--"

*"Dive headfirst out the window."*

Phil sighs, "You're just proving him right, Wil."

## Chapter End Notes

typos? in a tesco car park? no, never (pls tell, there's probably so many)

hello cult how r u cult

cult i can proudly say that i have done no schoolwork yet :D and i go back on monday. but this is fine. i did some art today and it was poggers. also i'm getting an ipad pro so that's even more poggers and i'm thinking of getting a guitar. pog champion

if ur wondering wtf this chapter was, so am i. why did tommy steal an old man's car just to park in the mother and baby area? idk i've just always wanted to do that. this chap was also dedicate to my dislike of younger children.

uh anyways, i love you guys, make sure you take care of yourselves and drink many water and go touch so many grasses because grasses are green. seriously take time off social media if u need it. remember you are all pog.

cult pog <3

also i've loved seeing all of the theories on chap 15 hehe they're funny and some are really thought out and interesting. also thanks to those who encouraged me to write what i want and not feel bad about the lore/angst and stuff, you're pog :)

ok anyways uh fanart

sorry my brian is mush brain i meant brain

as always pls follow me on @bigbrainsimp where i look at fanart and stuff idk uhh yes i am going to pass out after i post this,,,,, why do i write at 4am? pls. i'm jk i'm fine i'm

acc going to do schoolwork tmow i pinky promise

[super pog art of tommy omg i love it](#)

# I Pass The Phone Over To A Wrongun

## Chapter Summary

did you know that some people shop at waitrose unironically? disgusting /j

## Chapter Notes

ayup simps.

here is a new chap for u that i wrote at 2am :D

enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Henry, fetch!” Tommy throws the stick across the living room.

Henry stares up at him.

Tommy raises an eyebrow expectantly, “Well, go on.”

Henry sits down.

Tommy frowns. He turns to his best friend.

“Tubbo, how do you train cows?”

Tubbo pauses from where he is deconstructing the oven, drill in hand.

“You don’t train cows, Tommy,” The boy rolls his eyes, turning back to the kitchen machinery.

“That’s fucking bullshit,” Tommy scoffs. Seriously, does Tubbo think he’s an idiot or something?

“It’s really not, big man,” Tubbo hums, “Henry’s not a dog.”

“Can I train Micheal?”

Tubbo stares at him. “No.”

---

Tommy watches as Technoblade stumbles sluggishly into the kitchen, sweater sagging around his form.

Tommy snorts, “You look like shit.”

Technoblade glances up at him.

Tommy snaps his mouth shut.

Yikes.

“I mean, you- you look like *the* shit,” He chuckles nervously, “The shit of all shits if you get me.”

“Be quiet,” Technoblade mutters as he slumps over the kitchen table.

Ranboob walks into the kitchen, hair bedridden. He slumps over on the seat next to Technoblade.

What the fuck is wrong with them?

“What got shoved up your-“

“Don’t,” Ranboob mumbles into his arms, expression concealed.

This is unacceptable. *Ranboob* interrupting him?

Tommy glances over at Tubbo, who has successfully taken off the door of the oven and is doing some random shit to it.

“Tub, what the fuck happened to these guys?

Tubbo just hums, smiling, “They just did what they had to do.”

Ominous.

“And what the fuck was that?”

“Take care of Micheal.”

Tommy frowns. That’s not hard at all. “The kid barely speaks.”

Ranboob raises his head, eyes deranged. “In the *day* , maybe. He was up all night, he - he was up *all* night.”

“Okay, and?”

“What do you mean, *and*? He - he wouldn’t sleep, no matter what I did and Tubbo refused to look after him because I lost him yesterday so-“

“ *Hah*- “ Tommy wheezes. Honestly, Ranboob is such a loser.

“You’re forgetting the worst part,” Technoblade mutters darkly.

“What?” Tommy composes himself, sombering as he waits for the hero to speak.

“He kept speaking in enchantment table.”

---

“What’d you want for breakfast, Tubbo?” Ranboo asks as he stretches, slowly awakening.

Tubbo pauses from where he is sawing down the inside of the oven, lifting his goggles to stare at the teenager. “It’s fine, I can make it myself.”



“But you look busy, with your um, yeah, your - you look busy,” Ranboo nods.

“I mean...” Tubbo bites his lip in thought, looking troubled.

Ranboo wonders if he’s okay.

“What were you thinking of making?”

“Anything you want, I gotta make something for Micheal anyways,” He shrugs. Technoblade had fallen asleep at the table and Tommy had fled with Henry at the mention of breakfast... which was odd, but well, it’s Tommy.

Tubbo brightens, “I could do with a smoothie actually, big man.”

“Smoothie? You sure? I could make some cerea-“

“No!” Tubbo yelps before laughing, “No, no. No need for that Boo.”

Ranboo shrugs, “Okay.”

---

Tommy swings the door open, striding into the bedroom.

He sets Henry down on the floor and puts Clementine on the windowsill before flopping down onto the bed.

“Hrgh?”

Tommy shifts into a more comfortable position, elbowing the lump under the covers.

“...Tommy?”

“Ayup.”

“...Why the fuck are you in m’room?” Wilbur slurs sleepily.

“Because,” Tommy shrugs.

He watches as Henry nibbles on a piece of the carpet, chewing slowly.

A hand snakes out from the covers to wrap around his waist.

Tommy yelps, “Get off me!”

“Shut *up*, ” Wilbur groans, pulling the teenager closer.

“Clingy dickhead, let me go,” Tommy scowls.

“ *You* came into *my* room,” Wilbur says.

Okay and? Where is the logic. Does this guy have zero fucking brain cells or something?

“Okayyy?” Tommy drawls.

Wilbur’s head peeks out from beneath the covers to stare at him in incredulity. Rude.

He stares back.

He watches in mild terror as a smirk dawns on the hero’s face.

“Tommy,” He starts, voice lilting. And oh my fucking *Philza* , Tommy hates that tone.  
“Tommy, did you miss me?”

Wilbur looks fucking gleeful.

Tommy has never wanted to commit crimes so bad.

“No fucking way, you’re a dickhead, and - and you’re clingy,” He reiterates with a scowl, trying to squirm away.

Wilbur just pulls him closer with a snicker, burying his face in Tommy’s curls. “It’s okay if you missed Wilby, Tommy.”

He can hear the grin in his voice. The sick bastard.

Tommy’s face heats up. “I did *not* miss you,” He protests. “Ranboob just decided he was going to make breakfast and there’s *no* way I would put myself through torture.”

“Sounds like excuses to me,” Wilbur sings.

“ *No*. I came here because I want you to buy me food,” Tommy grumbles.

“Why not Techno?”

“He’s fucking passed out.”

Wilbur snorts.

“Okay, okay, we can go, to like, Sainsburys.”

“Tesco’s.”

“Sainsburys.”

“ *Tesco’s*. ”

“*Sainsburys*. ”

“*Tesco-* “

“Oh my god, *fine*, be quiet you fucking gremlin,” Wilbur grumbles. “Give me ten more minutes,” He mumbles, eyes slipping closed.

“Five,” Tommy says, just to be annoying. Wilbur snores.

The guy is still holding him.

He supposes he could fight Wilbur. He's epic and strong enough. He has a pointy elbow. He could weaponise his elbow and *strike* . Like a badass.

But. Well.

He's still a bit tired.

---

“Here you go,” Ranboo smiles warmly, holding out the glass to his friend.

Tubbo eyes it critically. Can you blame him? He's paranoid.

It's a nice reddish colour. Tubbo smiles. He loves strawberries.

“Thank you, Boo,” He grins, taking the lawnmower out of the oven.

He takes the glass and eagerly takes a sip.

His stomach drops.

Oh god.

Ranboo looks down at him expectantly, head tilting, eyes wide. “Is it nice?” He asks, hands wringing together.

*Damn him* . Damn it all to hell.

Tubbo hums around his mouthful, showing a thumbs up. “Mmmm,” He nods.

“That’s great, I knew the spaghetti sauce would be a good addition.”

---

“How the fuck did we end up here?” Tommy complains.

He looks up at the Waitrose logo.

“Wil, c’mon, big man. This shop is like, ripoff fucking central. Do you like being scammed? Tesco wouldn’t treat you like this.”

Wilbur rolls his eyes as he pulls out a trolley. “Techno likes Waitrose.”

“He’s *insane*, ” Tommy tells him sincerely. Must be hard for Wilbur, to live with someone who shops in Waitrose. “I send my condolences.”

“Oh my god, stop bullshitting, it’s still too early for this,” Wilbur groans before sighing, “And *why*, did you bring Henry?”

Tommy looks down at the baby cow who is sniffing some powder on the concrete, “Training,” He says simply, tugging the leash gently.

Henry tottles over to sniff Tommy's shoes.

Wilbur stares.

“ *See*, he's learning.”

Tommy pats Henry on the head, adjusting Clementine his pocket.

“Let's just do this as quickly as possible,” The hero mutters as he steps into the store.

---

Phil walks into the kitchen, humming softly.

He pauses in the doorway.

Tubbo is blowtorching the inside of his oven, the door off hinged and discarded. Ranboo is spoon feeding Micheal some sauce while the toddler pulls on Techno's hair.

Techno is... he's passed out.

Hmm. Not today.

Phil turns around, closing the kitchen door behind him. He walks back the way he came.

Not today.

---

“Would you like to try this free sample?” A worker asks, offering a tray of donuts.

Tommy pauses.

“Actually yes, I would,” He announces. “Come here, Henry,” He tugs the leash.

Henry toddles over.

He picks up a donut, crouches down and places it in the cow’s mouth.

“This is the sugar rush you need, Henry,” Tommy declares. “To reach your full potential.”

Henry stares up at him with his beautiful eyes. Philza. What an epic cow.

He stands back up, satisfied.

The worker stares at him, eyes judgemental.

Tommy frowns, “What? Are you judging my parenting skills? Are you? Because if you are-“

“Tommy, come over here and stop harassing people,” Wilbur scowls, pulling on his hood.



Tommy gives the worker his middle finger as he's carried off.

Honestly, etiquette with people these days.

---

Okay, so it turns out the sugar rush was *exactly* what he needed.

He's gone fucking feral.

"It's time to release you into the wild, my child," He whispers to the cow as he crouches down and unclips the leash.

Tommy glances warily over at Wilbur who is trying to decide on which cheese he should buy.

This is the time.

"Run," He tells his son, "Be free and do *crime*."

Henry stares at him.

Tommy stares back.

Then Henry blinks before trotting off at lightning speed down the aisle.

Tommy salutes him as he goes. "Godspeed my child. Amen."

“Tommy, which is better Adam? or Cheddar?”

Tommy stands up, shrugging, “Cheese.”

Wilbur rolls his eyes.

---

“Attention all customers. There is a rabid cow in aisle 16. I repeat, there is a rabid cow in aisle 16. Stay clear of aisle 16.”

Wilbur comes to an abrupt halt, pausing as he glares over at Tommy, “Where is Henry?”

Tommy whistles.

Distantly, he hears a scream.

“ *Tommy*, where is your fucking cow?”

Tommy shrugs, “I don’t know. Probably doing what he was meant to do. Completing the prophecy. Reaching his destiny. Living with *intention*. ”

Wilbur’s glare intensifies, “How could he possibly be living with intention?”

“It *bit* me!” A customer sobs.

Tommy smirks. “Like that.”

Wilbur briefly closes his eyes, inhaling deeply. He must be going through a lot.

Wilbur opens his eyes. “Go find your cow, right now.”

---

“You *banned* us from Waitrose!” Wilbur shouts in frustration as they exit the store.

“It was for a good cause,” Tommy justifies, tugging Henry along.

He’s still a bit feral, chewing on a piece of metal.

Tommy is a great father.

“You are a fucking gremlin and I hate you,” Wilbur seethes as he aggressively puts the trolley back.

Jeez. This guy has anger issues.

“You have anger issues,” Tommy tells him, “You need therapy, big man?”

Wilbur turns to him and oh *shit*.

Tommy sprints.

---

“Philza! *Philza!*” Tommy screeches as he jumps in through the kitchen window.

The kitchen is barren. Oh god.

“Philza! *Dadza!*”

“Come back here you fucking gremlin!” Wilbur shouts from outside.

Oh god. He looks down at Henry in his arms, Clementine in her bottle.

This is how he dies.

Wilbur is going to fucking murder him .

“*Pssst.*”

What.

What the fuck.

Tommy glances around the kitchen warily. “What- what was that?” He asks Clementine.

She blinks.

He glances over at the oven. “*Clementine*, there’s no one in the oven.”

“*Psst. Tommy, come here.*”

*What* the fuck.

“Tubbo?” He whispers in disbelief.

“Come to the oven, Tommy.”

He can hear Wilbur opening the front door. Oh god.

Tommy legs it to the oven, crouching down and holy shit.

Did Tubbo create a fucking tunnel?

“Henry, follow me my child,” He tells his son as he sets him down.

He crawls in.

---

Tubbo watches as Tommy falls into his lair.

“Welcome to my dungeon,” Tubbo grins.

Tommy groans, sitting up. He glares up at his best friend. “Do not say that.”

“My *weapon* dungeon.”

“Big T, when the fuck did you have time to make this?” Tommy looks around the cave.

“When *didn't* I?”

Tommy stares.

Tubbo stares back.

“This is poggers, big man,” Tommy admits.

“I know.”

“Absolutely pogger-“ Tommy pauses, “Wait. If you’ve gotten rid of the oven,” Horror creeps into his expression. “That means we only have the stove. What have you fucking *done?*”

Tubbo pales.

Tommy glares. “You have forsaken us.”

---

Wilbur stomps into Phil's office, enraged.

Phil glances up warily. "Hey mate," he says cautiously.

"Where's Tommy? I know you are hiding him," He accuses.

Phil hasn't seen Tommy all day. "Sorry Wil, I dunno where he is."

"You're *hiding* him. Hand him over, he got us banned from Waitrose with his stupid fucking cow!"

"I'm not hiding him mate, I swear-" Phil frowns, "You're banned from Waitrose?"

"*Yes,* " Wilbur seethes, "And it's all that gremlin's fault. When I find him, I'm going to *strangle* him."

Phil snorts, "Okay Wil, sure."

"I *will,* " He insists. "You better not be hiding him, or *else.* "

"Or else what? Mate?" Phil raises an eyebrow.

Wilbur falters and Phil resists smirking in amusement.

"I'll defenestrate Techno."

Phil laughs, “Techno isn’t even here, he’s sleeping.”

“I’ll still do it.”

---

Phil watches as Wilbur stalks off in anger and shrugs. Not his problem.

Distantly, he hears a screech. “ *What the fuck?!*”

Phil glances over at his door before shaking his head. Not his problem.

“ *Why are you in the oven?!*”

He sighs. It’s probably his problem.

---

“So let’s get this straight, *you* destroyed my oven and created a fucking nuclear weapon lair or some shit,” Philza addresses Tubbo, who smiles. “And *you*, ” He turns to Tommy, “You gave Henry a powdered donut that sent him insane, to the point that he bit several innocent civilians.”

Tommy shakes his head, “Not insane, he reached his true potential.”

Philza stares at him before sighing. “What about you, Ranboo? What have you done?”

Ranboob startles from where he is writing in a journal. Like a loser. “What? I haven’t done anything-“



“He fed me a spaghetti smoothie,” Tubbo interrupts.

Tommy gags. “That’s - that’s definitely the worst thing that’s happened today.”

Philza looks like he is experiencing regret.

---

Tommy eyes Wilbur critically from across the table.

They had been forced into family bonding time by Philza.

Which is quite terrible, really. But Tommy will do it for Philza, lord and saviour.

“So how about a game of Uno?” Philza tries, glancing around the table.

Technoblade looks bored out of his mind. Ranboob is humming under his breath as he brushes Micheal’s hair. Tubbo is doing something on his phone. Micheal is eating the table.

“I have a better idea,” Tommy declares like a genius.

“No he doesn’t,” Wilbur tries to shut him down immediately. Not today fucker.

“I *do*. ”

“Like what? Getting us banned from another supermarket?”

Oh my god, this guy does not let things go. Tommy rolls his eyes, “The past is past, forgive, forget.”

“It happened *two* hours ago!” Wilbur slams his hands on the table in frustration.

“You have anger issues, get some help,” Tommy tells him again.

“You fuckin-“

“What idea did you have Tommy?” Philza smiles.

“Oh right yeah, okay it’s fucking pog and I made it myself,” Tommy grins, “So we get a phone, and we pass it around the table and we say something like ‘I pass this to a fucking wrongun’ and then I’d pass it to Ranboob.”

They all stare at him.

Ranboob frowns. “Uh first of all, you didn’t make that up, you found it on TikTok. And second of all, why am I the example?”

Tommy grins, “Lets just ignore what he said and play.”

---

“I pass the phone to a shitty vigilante,” Tubbo mumbles distractedly as he passes the phone over to Tommy. Which, okay, kinda rude.

Tommy frowns. "I pass the phone to slenderman," He hands it over to Ranboob.

Ranboob frowns. "I pass the phone to someone who's always sleeping," He passes it to Technoblade.

"I pass the phone to Phil," Technoblade hands it over to Philza.

"Mate, that's - thats - okay, I pass the phone to someone who keeps destroying my appliances," Philza hands it over to Tubbo.

Tubbo smiles, "I pass it over to someone who got banned from Waitrose," He passes it over to Wilbur.

Wilbur glares, sullenly as he takes the phone. "I pass it over to a fucking gremlin."

Tommy takes the phone, "I pass it over to someone with anger issues."

Wilbur snatches the phone, " *I* pass it over to someone who is a child."

Tommy gasps when it is handed back to him, "I pass it to someone who has a shitty fucking hat."

Wilbur frowns, hand reaching up to touch his beanie. He glares. "I pass it someone who's hoodie is fucking ugly."

Oh. He wants to go there?

Tommy stands up. “I pass it to someone who is *bald* .”

“ *You fucker-* “

---

“Tommy, how many times do I have to tell you to stop biting Wil?”

Tommy frowns at the ceiling.

“Wil, you can’t throw him out the window. You *know* this.”

Wilbur scowls.

Tommy kicks him under the table.

Wilbur kicks back.

“Bald man,” He whispers.

“Ugly child,” Wilbur whispers back.

“Can I leave now?” Ranboob raises his hand.

“No,” Everyone replies.

Ranboob sighs.

“Let’s just watch a movie.”

---

“I would have preferred more sharks,” Tubbo comments as the credits roll.

Phil frowns. “Mate, why would there be sharks in Toy Story?”

Tubbo shrugs, “There should be.”

Okay then. Phil glances around the living room.

Ranboo has fallen asleep, head resting in Tubbo’s lap. Micheal is still awake somehow, chewing on a piece of Techno’s hair. Techno is seemingly unbothered, eating a granola bar.

He glances over at the other couch where he forced Wilbur and Tommy to sit. Their get-along-couch, if you will.

Tommy has fallen asleep, curled around Wilbur while the other man holds him close, playing with his hair.

Phil smiles and rolls his eyes. They are so fucking dramatic just to end up cuddling at the end of the day.

Techno must notice them as well because he snorts, “What happened to your hatred Wil?”

Phil sighs.

Wilbur glares at his twin lazily. “ *Out the window.* ”

## Chapter End Notes

typos? in my oven? couldn't be. (pls tell)

hello cult. how are you cult? i hope you are well cult.

first of all, thank you so much for all the support as usual. you guys are amazing. 12k kudos is insane and i can't believe we are at 260k hits. wowowoowow. also the inspired list is so long holy shit / pos. thank you so much ily <3

//okay. now a lil bit more serious. this addresses a few things that have been going around twt, so feel free to skip if you feel uncomfortable. TW: death threats.

let me just state that i in no way agree with what insensitive tweets / things that techno has said in the past. at all.

however, this whole techno situation has been sitting with me wrong. twt feels like a place where we are losing our humanity atm. i encourage everyone to not send death threats, try to doxx or harm technoblade in anyway. i will never condone these actions, no matter who it is towards or what they have done and i stand by that.

i feel like nowadays we are not using our hearts. it's gotten to the point where we have dehumanized this man to the point where we can call him his /real/ name and cross several boundaries to justify our own means and that makes me sick. i'm sorry if you disagree. i agree that holding people accountable for their actions is okay and even positive. but the way twt has done it? it's become terrible. i understand that techno has said horrible things in the past, but i cannot ignore the fact that i can /see/ that he has grown as a person since tweets he made almost seven years ago. i've said it before and i'll say it again. people are not black and white. we are grey. i find it hard to ignore that he is my comfort streamer and to just endlessly hate on him when i genuinely enjoy his content. maybe i'm just tired of hating on people in general. again, this is my opinion. i am in no way trying to invalidate anyone who has been affected by what he has said or done, you are valid.

but idk. i feel like we also don't take into account mental health? if i had thousands upon thousands of people telling me to apologize for things i have done years ago, i'll be honest, i'd be terrified and scared and probably hesitant to speak up due to the fact that i

have anxiety. i don't think people realize how hard it is sometimes to speak up and apologize when people are attacking you from all angles. i'm not saying techno has anxiety or anything like that, he may even just not want to apologize. what i'm saying is, is that we don't take these things into account when we send ccs death threats. there is someone behind a screen that has to read them and we never know what's going on in their personal life.

all i'm saying is to be mindful. i think twt has gone about this the wrong way. for this situation i'm going to have to use my heart.//

tldr: i am going to continue to use techno in my works. so if you feel uncomfortable, please, feel free to stop reading. put yourself first. you are valid and i understand why it may be difficult.

anyways. i'm not going to be as active on twt probably. but you can still find me @bigbrainsimp :D tag me in fanart you have made so i can see it.

talking about fanart.

here is some amazing art

[micheal and tommy my beloved ueueueueue](#)

# Call An Ambulance, But Not For Me

## Chapter Summary

yeah yeah singing challenge if i win-

## Chapter Notes

ayup simps

here's a new, shortish chap for u nerds

no tw but minor violence?

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“*Clementine*, I’ve been down on my crime,” Tommy sighs as he puts on his trainers. “The crime stonks are going down, *Clementine*, and that is unacceptable.”

Clementine blows a bubble.

Tommy groans, “Oh my fucking- Philza still has my glock. This is terrible. Do you think I can bribe him?”

Clementine does a twirl.

“Yee have little faith, daughter,” He scoffs.

---



“Philza, I am going to do crime things. May I have my gun?” Tommy asks as he enters the man’s office. “Please?” He adds because he is actually a gentleman, very charismatic.

Philza looks up from his laptop where he was probably doing epic things. “No, sorry mate.”

Tommy frowns. “If I don’t have my glock, I can’t do crime things efficiently.”

“You shouldn’t be doing crime things at all,” Philza shrugs, “Be back before midnight.”

Oh my *Philza* .

This is a terrible day for the TommyInnit community.

“Can I bribe you?” He questions.

“Mmm no,” Philza snorts.

“I can bring you riches beyond your wildest dreams,” Tommy promises. He can probably do that.

“You’re not having that gun, you shot *five* people last time,” Philza sighs.

“And I’ll shoot five *less* without my glock,” Tommy frowns.

“Yeah,” Philza stares, “That’s the point.”

Fuck.

Tommy lets out a sigh of deep agony, running a hand through his hair. “Philza, lord and saviour. You are a wonderful man, truly a gift to this universe. But today, *today* you are a wrongun. I’m sorry,” He tells him sincerely, placing a palm above his heart.

“Okay mate.”

---

Tommy slams the front door angrily as he walks out into the cold, evening air.

It’s bullshit, really. That’s he’s not allowed his gun.

“How am I meant to crime?” He grumbles to his daughter.

Clementine blinks.

“Oh my *Philza* , you’re - you’re so high and mighty *Clementine*,” He shouts. “ *Meh meh meh meh meh crime is bad Tommy*. You know what is bad? Your attitude today, I am going to teach you amazing things and you’re taking my tutelage for granted. It’s disrespectful. You’re disrespecting me.”

She does a flip.

“No. No. I don’t want to hear it,” He huffs, “Learn some manners young lady, Henry is better behaved than you.”

Honestly, children these days.

The burden of fatherhood is getting to him.

He adjusts his mask.

Right then.

He doesn't need a gun to crime.

He's fucking TommyInnit, the *courageous* and *athletic* and *handsome* and *charismatic* vigilante.

---

"Who the *fuck* are you?" Tommy gasps, horrified.

The guy shrugs, "Oh y'know, I'm just a vigilante."

No. No. Absolutely not.

"No you're not," Tommy glares.

"Uh? Yes I am," The guy says, like a fucking loser.

Tommy narrows his eyes, judgemental. He looks the guy up and down before gasping, taking a step back in utter terror and disbelief.

“What is that?” He points to the guy’s pocket.

“Huh? Oh that? That’s my tadpole, *Lemontime*. ”

Tommy is going to be sick.

“You- you *heathen*, ” He chokes out. “Why is it in a bottle.”

“It’s my son actually, and that’s his home.”

Someone call an ambulance.

Someone call a fucking ambulance right now.

“You’re *copying* me!” He screeches.

The guy steps back, “Uh, no, no I’m not. I don’t even know who you are dude.”

“Liar, you fucking *dirty* liar boy,” Tommy seethes. “What kinda fucking name is *Lemontime* anyways? You’re so fucking stupid. *Clementine* is superior. *I* am superior. You are a btec version of me, you’re - you’re the walmart version of *Gucci*. ”

“That- that doesn’t even make sense?”

“No, no. *You* don’t make sense,” He scowls. “There can only be one vigilante in this world. And it is fucking TommyInnit.”

“Woah dude, calm down-“

“No, because you’re stealing *my* brand. I’m - I’m going to sue you. I have *many* lawyers,” He doesn’t. Perhaps he could bribe Technoblade?

“Dude I don’t even know you!”

Tommy sighs. Enough of this.

He shoves his hand into his pocket, clutching a pen. He stumbles back, folding in on himself.

“C-call an ambulance,” He gasps.

“Are- are you okay? What’s wrong man?”

“Call an ambulance,” He repeats, pulling out the pen. He jabs his finger into it. “But not for me.”

---

Anyways.

Tommy whistles as he strolls through the street.

“*Clementine*, this is actually not pogchamp. Where is the big crime? Remember the good old days, daughter? When I was constantly being hunted down and on the verge of death?” Tommy sighs sentimentally. He almost swoons. “Crime my beloved.”

Clementine stares up at him.

Tommy has decided to stop listening to her.

“Hey!”

Tommy pauses, glancing around the desolate street.

What.

“In the alleyway! C’mere!” A voice calls.

Tommy thinks. Hmm. Should he go? It could potentially be a kidnapping. *Or* it could be an epic mission.

That sounds exciting.

He heads off into the dark alleyway.

“Come closer,” A voice whispers.

Tommy grins. It is adventure time.

---

This is not fucking adventure time.

Turns out it was in fact a kidnapping.

Not a very good one.

Tommy glares through his mask, wrists hastily roped together.

“I know you are in cahoots with the heroes,” A woman accuses. “Tell me their weaknesses or *else*. ”

This is so fucking boring.

“They have no weaknesses, they are immortal and powerful and omnipresent and will fucking *decimate* you with a single blow,” He states.

The woman glares. “Don’t get funny with me, kid. This isn’t a game.”

Tommy rolls his eyes, “Obviously. You’re fucking putting me to sleep. Did you know your voice is annoying?”

The woman falters before her glare deepens. “Shut up, that’s not true.”

Tommy snorts. “Yeah okay. Annoying voice lady. You sound like shit.”

“I do not sound like shit, you fucking *brat*, ” She seethes.

“Prove it. Sing to me,” Tommy juts out his chin.

She fumbles. “I- what?”

“ *Sing*. Sing me a song. If your voice isn’t shit. Sing *Fly me to the moon*. ”

“No,” She frowns.

“Oh? So you’re a coward? It’s a singing challenge, if you win, I’ll tell you their weaknesses. If I win, well,” Tommy smirks, “We’ll see what happens.”

“I’m not a coward and I’m not playing your silly little games, you don’t have a choice,” She states. “I have the ability of controlling the blood of my victims, I could kill you at any moment.”

“Bet.”

She stares. “Are- do you just have zero preservation skills?”

“Dunno what that is, but probably,” He shrugs. “Anyways, I think you’re avoiding the *singing challenge*. ”

“I already told you I’m not fucking doing that!” She shouts.



Tommy raises his tied hands in surrender. “Calm down ma’am, no need to project your anger onto me. Sort that out with your therapist,” He advises.

“You are the *worst* hostage I’ve ever taken,” She whispers.

“Okay?” How is that Tommy’s problem? “Singing challenge?” He asks again.

“Oh my god, *fine*, ” She lets out a growl.

Tommy grins. “Alright, pog. The song is *Fly me to the moon*. Go.”

The woman stares before sighing. Hesitantly she starts, “ *Fly me to the mo-* “

“You lose. That was fucking awful,” Tommy snorts.

He watches as her face turns scarlet with anger. “I am going to kill you now,” She raises her hands and points them towards him.

Tommy stares.

She stares back, eyes narrowing.

“Are you waiting for something?” Tommy questions because he is considerate like that.

“What the fuck?” She whispers, looking down at her hands.

“Should we reschedule? Find another time for this particular kidnapping? I understand if you need to practice-“

“Shut the fuck *up*. I’m going to strangle you with my bare hands,” She says darkly, reaching for him.

Tommy kicks her in the stomach and she falls forward with a wheeze.

Well then.

Tommy brings the rope to his mouth and pulls, bindings unravelling.

“That was so not poggers, *Clementine*, ” Tommy scowls as he stands up, taking out his pen.

He jabs it and twirls the extended baton.

He whacks the woman in the head for good luck.

“Let’s get outta here.”

---

Tommy shuts the door behind him with a scowl.

He stalks into the living room and slumps over the couch, landing on someone.

“Ugh, get *off* me,” Wilbur groans.

“Wilbur, today was the *worst* day,” He complains, digging his elbow into the man’s stomach as he gets comfortable.

“Why are you so fucking bony? Get off me, I don’t care.”

“I am not bony, I am made of pure muscle,” He frowns.

“Yeah okay sure,” The man drawls sarcastically. Rude.

“Wilbur I was *kidnapped*,” He complains.

The man sits up so fast, Tommy almost falls off the couch.

“What the fuck? Who?” Wilbur grabs his face with both hands, inspecting the teenager with narrowed eyes.

Tommy squirms. “Some fuckin’ woman, I don’t know. She had a *horrible* singing voice.”

“Are you hurt?” Wilbur questions, voice tense.

“Calm down, oh my *Philza*. I’m good big man. She couldn’t even tie ropes properly, and she thought she could use me to find out about you guys,” He snorts in amusement.

Wilbur does not look amused. If anything, his expression darkens.

Yikes.

“Did she hurt you?” He repeats.

“No, no. I’m too much of a big man-“

“ *Tommy.* ”

Jeez. Why is he so serious?

“Wil, I’m cool. I’m vibing. She *tried* to kill me, but I am awesome. I whacked her in the head with my baton like a badass,” He grins.

Wilbur stares at him some more, silent.

This is awkward. This is awkward right?

Tommy fidgets.

“Are you gonna let me go or? Cause’ this is kinda clingy and-“

Wilbur releases him, “I’m going out,” He says, expression stony. “Stay here.”

Tommy watches him stalk off, the man grabbing his trench coat and slamming the door behind him.

Yikes.

“He really does have anger issues huh?” He tells Clementine who stares at him.

---

“Technoblade,” Tommy shakes the man’s sleeping form.

The man grunts.

“Technoblade. Blade. The Blade,” He tries again.

“Go ‘way,” The hero snuggles deeper into his covers.

“Technoblade. Wilbur has anger issues and Philza is doing hero things and I don’t know what the fuck Ranboob is doing but I don’t care and Micheal is sleeping and Tubbo is doing nuclear things.”

There’s no response so Tommy continues. “Technoblade, I am bored and bored me is not poggers, can I use your sword for a bit?”

Technoblade opens a single tiny red eye, “No.”

Tommy frowns, “Why? I *need* it. Or else I will probably die.”

“Great,” The hero nods, falling back asleep.

Tommy’s frown deepens. This is terrible. “Technoblade *please*, I need sword time. I bet your sword misses me, incredibly.”

“Don’t ‘ink so,” The man mumbles.

“ *Technoblade*,” The teenager whines.

This is so rude and unpogchamp.

He slumps his form over the sleeping man, smothering him.

“Mm get off, child,” The man grunts, wriggling under the covers.

“Sword.”

“Tommy, If I have to get up,” The hero warns.

“Sword.”

“Tommy.”

“Sword.”

---

Phil sighs, rolling his shoulder to work out a crick. He checks his phone for the time as he steps into the penthouse. Three in the morning. Not bad for patrol.

He *really* hopes Tommy actually came back by midnight.

He walks over to the boy's bedroom, peeking inside.

He suppresses a groan as he stares at the empty bed.

Where is that fucker?

He closes the bedroom door back and walks into Techno's room.

“Tech, I just got back but I've got to go find Tommy because the kid-“ He pauses as he takes in the scene.

Techno is fast asleep. That is not unusual, especially on days where he's not patrolling. It's practically his default mode.

It's the boy sleeping on his chest.

Tommy is curled up on the man, drooling onto Techno's sweater, one hand is clutching at the man's sleeve and the other... Phil squints as he looks at the sword in the boy's hand. What the hell?

It's best if he doesn't try to think about it.

Phil leans against the doorframe and finds himself smiling. He lifts his phone and takes a quick picture, sending it to Wilbur before he closes the door behind him gently.

---

Wilbur closes the front door behind him, whistling contently.

That's that then.

Time to find Tommy. He's overdue Tommy Time.

He checks his phone, squinting in the darkness as he looks at the time. Four-thirty in the morning.

He's about to turn his phone off when he sees a notification from Phil.

He frowns, clicking on it.

The image offends him deeply.

He stalks off, slamming Techno's door open.

How *dare* he?

He looks at his sleeping brothers and scowls, specifically at his twin.

"Techno," He mutters. The man stirs, blinking his eyes open lucidly.

"Wha?-"

"*Jump out the window.*"



## Chapter End Notes

typos? in my singing challenge? damn. (pls tell)

hello cult. how are you cult? listen cult. we must stage an intervention. there seems to be an imposter among us.

there have been quite a few coincidences and i have reason to believe that tommyinnit is stealing my vigilante/superhero brand and this is unacceptable /j. cult we are meant to be on the downlow. how did it come to this? why is philza a hero on origin smp? why is tubbo using the word defenestration? i have my suspicions.

gatekeeper girlboss guys. gatekeep girlboss.

also what would my subtwit be called? i have asked twt and a few have said defenestrationtwt? what are we thinking?

ALSO thank you for 13k kudos, this is insane and very hype and poggers champion i love u all very much and you are alll amazing

cult pog <3

(ccs i'm watching u)

now onto some amazing fanart . as always you can find me on twt @bigbrainsimp where u can tag me in fanart or just talk me lmao. i don't usually look on insta because i don't have an official acc lmao, but twt is down so :D

[really cool doodles of tommy and clementine my beloved](#)

# Our Get Along Sweater Except It's Fucking Shackles

## Chapter Summary

brownies brownies brownies brownies brownies

## Chapter Notes

ayup simps, how are u losers?

jk, ur all pog.

tw: arrow shooting. starts here-

“Ah shit!” Tommy bumps into Wilbur’s shoulder as he avoids an arrow to the head...”  
and ends at the end of the scene.

enjoy lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Pass the salt.”

“Hmm, I don’t think I will.”

“Just pass the fucking salt.”

“ *You* pass the salt.”

“I- I’m going to strangle you.”

“I’ll strangle you harder.”

“That’s- you won’t be able to strangle me if I’m strangling you.”

“How do you know?”

“Because that doesn’t make any fucking sense.”

“You don’t make any fucking sense!”

“Can we not just fuckin’ eat!” Philza slams his hands on the table.

The room falls silent.

Tommy slumps into his chair, glowering over at Wilbur who glares back.

“Why do you shits have to argue over everything?” The man sighs, head in hands.

“I didn’t even start this one-“

“ *All* you had to do was give me the fucking salt!” Wilbur screeches.

“Well I didn’t want to,” Tommy crosses his arms.

“Tommy, just give him the salt,” Philza mumbles.

Tommy frowns, contemplative. On one hand, he should listen to the only man ever. On the other hand, he hates Wilbur.

“No,” He decides, hatred winning out as always.

“You know what? Here,” Ranboob smiles passive aggressively as he hands the salt over to Wilbur. “There we go, all done, everything is fine.”

Tommy rolls his eyes and kicks Wilbur in the shin under the table.

“You little shit,” Wilbur hisses, kicking him back.

Tommy kicks harder.

“Oh for the love of-“

---

“So, let’s have a nice family dinner discussion,” Philza smiles tensely. “Anyone got a topic they want to talk about?”

Tubbo raises his hand.

“Yes, Tubbo,” He nods encouragingly.

Tubbo clears his throat, “Do you think it’s possible to shit in the sink?”

Philza lets out a sigh, head dropping to the table.

Technoblade eats on nonchalantly.

Wilbur grimaces.

Tommy laughs.

Ranboob sighs, rolling his eyes, “You really need to stop.”

“Never,” Tubbo grins. “But like, seriously, it should be possible right? Would it clog the drain? Could you just spray water on it until-“

---

“Any *other* topics that you would like to share?” Philza tries again, eye twitching.

Tubbo raises his hand.

“Not you.”

Tubbo lowers his hand.

Ranboob raises his hand.

“Yes Ranboo?”

“I bought a gaming chair, does anyone want to help me set it up?”

Tubbo grins, “I will!”

Ranboob looks around the table expectantly, “Anyone?”

“ *I* will,” Tubbo repeats.

“None of you want to help?” Ranboob sighs.

Tommy whistles awkwardly.

Wilbur averts his eyes, “I’ve uh, got patrolling, and things.”

Technoblade nods. “Mmm me too.”

“Sorry mate,” Philza smiles apologetically, “I’m pretty sure Tubbo wants to help though.”

“Please anyone but him,” Ranboob lets out a muffled sob into his hands.

“What? Big man, I’m great. I’m actually really good at instructions,” Tubbo pats the teenager’s back.

“ *Anyone* but him,” Ranboob begs, “He’s - he’s made this stupid autotune voice changer and it’s going to drive me *insane*. ”

Tubbo frowns, “But it sounds awesome.”

“No,” Ranboob shakes his head gravely. “No, it doesn’t.”

---

“Tommy,” Wilbur starts.

Tommy looks up from where he’s poking a carrot with his fork. “What?”

“Pass me the pepper,” Wilbur orders.

Tommy stares.

Wilbur rolls his eyes, “Please,” he grits out.

Tommy smiles, “Sure, *Wilbur* .”

He picks up the pepper shaker calmly and throws the thing right at the man’s head.

“You *fuck*- “

---

“Okay, let’s just move on to dessert,” Philza announces sagely.

Ranboob perks up. “Oh yeah, it’s chilling in the fridge. Lemme go get it.”

Tommy pales as he watches Ranboob head off to the kitchen.

“You let him fucking *bake*? ” He hisses.

“He can’t mess up baking mate,” Philza says. Oh what a poor, *naive* soul this man has.

“Ranboo can and will mess up anything he’s given the opportunity to,” Tubbo remarks with a defeated gaze. “You gave him an opportunity.”

Philza rolls his eyes, “You guys are so dramatic. Ranboo has never done anything wrong.”

“Stop being a Ranboo apologist,” Wilbur scowls.

Ranboob walks back in with a tray.

Oh Philza. Tommy salutes internally.

He sets the tray down and they all eye it with suspicion.

Brownies.

Tommy frowns, narrowing his eyes, “Is this edible?”



Ranboo raises an eyebrow, “I hope so?”

“Take the first slice Techno,” Wilbur prompts, handing his brother a brownie.

Technoblade shrugs, taking a bite.

What a brave soldier.

They all wait in anticipation as Technoblade chews.

“...Verdict?” Tubbo asks nervously.

Technoblade nods, “S’ nice.”

They all take a collective breath of relief.

Tommy grins, “Finally, Ranboob, you have just earned a quarter of my respect,” He announces taking a brownie.

Tubbo grins as he takes one himself, “Good job, Boo.”

Ranboob smiles happily.

Tommy takes a bite and nearly presses the self destruct button on the entire fucking universe.

He gags violently around a mouthful of spaghetti.

*Why?*

Tears spring to his eyes.

This is just pure unadulterated evil.

---

“Why did you lace it with fucking spaghetti?!” Tommy screams in agony as he tries to lunge for the two-toned bitch. Philza holds him back by the elbows.

“Mate, you can’t attack him-“

“He *deserves* it!” He sobs. “He’s ruined my fucking life. I’m never trusting you again.”

Ranboob backs away in fear, “I- I thought you knew?”

“How? *How?* ” He cries, “How would we know?! Look what you’ve done to Tubbo!”

Tubbo stares down at his brownie in despair, eyes empty as he gazes upon the spaghetti in between the chocolate.

“Well - well, Techno liked it so - so,” Ranboob stammers.

They all turn to Technoblade.

“Yeah, what is wrong with you?” Wilbur frowns at his twin.

Technoblade shrugs, “I don’t see what the problem is.”

---

“I’m going out to stop crime, because I am feeling traumatized,” Tommy tells Philza.

“Ah ah ah, mate,” Philza stops him, “I want you to stay with Wilbur tonight.”

Tommy frowns, “Wilbur’s on patrol?”

“Yup, you're going with him,” Philza smiles.

Tommy gasps.

This is fucking poggers. He can do *so* much crime stopping *and* crime alike.

He grins, “This is pogchamp. Thank you.”

“There’s a catch, mate,” The hero smirks.

Tommy’s face falls.

---

This is not pogchamp.

“Stop moving!” Wilbur grits.

“*You* stop moving, you dick!” Tommy scowls, yanking his arm away.

Wilbur stumbles and pulls Tommy along down onto the concrete with a resounding thud.

They hiss in pain.

This is so shit.

“Look what you’ve done, you bitch,” Tommy elbows him.

“What *I*’ve done? Look what you’ve done!”

Tommy looks down at their handcuffed wrists and glares.

This is going to be a nightmare.

---

*“These are your get along shackles, boys,” Philza smiles as he locks the handcuffs in place.*

*“What the fuck,” Wilbur and Tommy mutter in unison before devolving into outrage.*

*“You cannot keep me attached to this fucking gremlin all night! How am I meant to patrol?!”*

*“How am I meant to be fucking poggers with this bald guy following me everywhere?!”*

*Philza’s smile widens, “You’ll figure it out. Have fun.”*

---

“So, here is the instruction manual,” Ranboo opens up the booklet, sitting cross legged on the floor. “It should be simple enough.”

*“Sounds like a plan,”* Tubbo sings through his voice changer.

Oh *man*.

Ranboo’s fingers tighten around the paper, “Mhm,” He smiles thinly.

*“This is gonna be so much fun,”* Tubbo sings. *“Ranboo and Tubbo, Tubbo and Ranboo. Building a chair. With Michael.”*

Ranboo may cry today.

He looks over at Michael who is chewing on a random screw and sighs. This is going to be wonderful.

*“ It is chair time. Chair time, chair time. Yeahhh. We’re gonna build this pink chair,”*

---

“Can you just fuckin’ listen to me?” Tommy glares up at his brother- wait, no, no way. Ew. Tommy glares up at the stupid bitch man.

Wilbur yanks his wrist, “This is *my* patrol, so we’re going this way.”

“But - but there will be more crime over *there*, ” He points to the other side of the street.

“No, there *won’t*, ” Wilbur glares, pulling him along aggressively.

Tommy huffs, “Stop being so pissy Wilbur, it makes you ugly.”

“I’ll make *you* ugly in a minute,” The man threatens.

“Not possible,” Tommy snorts, “Have you seen my impeccable features? My muscular bone structure? The ladies love me. Women *love* me. I bet you’re jealous. Are you jealous of my handsomeness? I send my condolences to your bald head.”

Wilbur is silent.

Yikes. Must have hit a nerve.

“...If you don’t stay quiet for the rest of this patrol,” The hero starts quietly, eyes flashing red, “I will murder you.”

*Yikes.*

Tommy opens his mouth to comment on how he feels their relationship has regressed but he quickly clamps his jaw shut at the menacing look sent his way.

Maybe he will stay quiet for a little bit.

Not because Wilbur told him to.

---

“So, so if you - if you look here, it -“ Ranboo closes his eyes momentarily as he tries to speak over the auto tuned voice ringing in his ear. “If you look here it says we need-“

*“Michael is eating the hammer, and I think that is very cool. Michael you are so cool, the best son I’ve ever had.”*

“I’m going to go insane,” Ranboo laughs.

*“Ranboo is going insane,” Tubbo sings, “That is also very cool. Insanity yeahhh. Let’s do this chairrr.”*

Ranboo looks down at the instruction manual, eyebrow twitching.

This is fine, he thinks as he stares at the disassembled parts of the chair.

Everything is a-okay.

---

Phil flips the page of his book as he lies against the headrest, Techno flopped down next to him in the bed.

He pauses midway through turning the page, “You think they’re alright?”

“Hmrh?” Techno opens his eyes tiredly to stare up at him.

“The kids,” Phil supplies before adding, “And well, Wilbur. But he fits in the same category.”

“Maybe,” Techno mumbles.

Phil briefly considers checking up on them, maybe Ranboo and Tubbo need his help?

Distantly he hears autotuned screaming.

He continues to read.

---

“Go *this* way.”

“No!”

“You little shit!”



“You’re a shit!”

“You’re a child!”

“Bald man!”

“Wah, wah, wah. I’m Tommy and I’m a baby!”

“I am *not* a baby!”

“Are you guys done or?” The vandal questions, standing to the side awkwardly. “Because I can just go-“

“Shut the fuck up!” Tommy and Wilbur shout.

“*Go turn yourself in,* ” Wilbur whispers.

The vandal drops the spray can, walking away to the police station.

Anyways.

“I am not a baby you dickhead, just because I’m not a walking corpse like you!”

“I’m *not* a walking corpse, you fetus!”

Tommy glares his most deadliest glare. It is so deadly it could possibly kill a small child. Maybe even a teenager. Definitely a pensioner.

Wilbur glares back.

Tommy stamps on the man's boot.

“You fucking b-“

---

“Tubbo, Tubbo stop,” Ranboo orders, taking the drill away from the teenager. “We are not using a drill for this.”

*“But it’ll be more funnn.”*

“Hmm, nope, it won’t actually.”

*“Don’t be so boringggg. Live your life to the fullest. Live your live with a drillll.”*

“Maybe I want to live my life without your voice changer ,” Ranboo mumbles..

Tubbo falters, eyes going wide. *“Ranboo do you hate me? Ranboo hates me. Michael are you hearing this?”* Michael pauses from where he is nibbling on a part of the chair, tilting his head in confusion. *“We are getting a divorccccce.”*

Hold up.

Ranboo pauses, “We were never married?”

*“Ranboo is divorcing meeeee.”*

“I- I can’t divorce you if we were never married.”

*“You can have Michael on the weekends. You must pay child supportrrrt and all the taxesss.”*

“I- I don’t pay taxes, I am a minor.”

*“Ranboo is a minerrrrr.”*

“That’s not what I said.”

*“ Miner Booooo. Miner Boo is divorcing meeee.”*

Ranboo sighs. “Can you just pass me that bolt?”

*“ Okayyyy.”*

---

“Can we get Starbucks?”

“No.”

Tommy rolls his eyes, as they walk along a rooftop. “Don’t you ever get tired?”

“Tired of what?”

“Being a little bitch.”

Wilbur kicks him in the leg.

Rude.

Tommy kicks him back.

“Can you stop fighting me for like, five minutes?” Wilbur scowls.

Tommy frowns, “Don’t gaslight me you dick, *you* kicked me first.”

“You instigated it.”

“I didn’t instigate shit.”

“You did.”

“I *will*,” Tommy threatens the man, elbowing him in the side.

Wilbur stumbles, losing his footing.

“Woah Wilby!” Tommy grasps the hero before he falls off the edge. “*Philza*. Don’t die, why’re you standing so close to the edge?”

The man straightens back up with a roll of his eyes, “I’m *fine*. And anyways, it was your fault because you *pushed* me and-“ Wilbur pauses, “Wait.”

Tommy frowns, “What?”

“Did you just call me Wilby?” Wilbur asks, a smirk creeping into his voice.

Oh for fucks sake.

“No,” Tommy grits, “Why would I call you that?”

“Aww Tommy, it’s ok, don’t be embarrassed,” Wilbur laughs.

“I’ll push you. I’ll do it. I’ll finish the job,” He threatens, cheeks reddening.

“Aww Tommy, do you want a nickname too?” Wilbur grins.

“No! You’re so fucking gross, I hate you!”

“Toms, you can call me Wilby, I know you want to,” Wilbur hums in amusement.

Something fucking weird happens with Tommy’s heart.

He may be dying.

His chest burns but it doesn't hurt.

"Don't call me that," He mutters half-heartedly, eyes averted, ears hot.

"Okay, Toms."

Tommy can't be bothered to fight him.

---

"Can you keep Michael from eating that? I need to use it," Ranboo mumbles as he turns the screwdriver.

*"Maybe, I could, if I wasn't busy trying to stop Henry from eating the carpet, which you would know, if you helped me,"* Tubbo sings back sassily.

"Well maybe, you shouldn't have brought Henry in here," Ranboo retorts back. "Just a suggestion."

Tubbo frowns, *"Don't get sassy with me,"*

"What?" Ranboo shrugs innocently, "I'm just giving the same energy back."

*"Ha,"* Tubbo laughs, eyes darkening, *"I will skin you, and sell your organs."*

Ranboo stills.

Okay then.

“Ah, mhm, mhm,” Ranboo nods, “Let’s maybe not do that then.”

---

“Stop, criminal!” Tommy shouts, “We are Crime Boys™ and we will punish you!”

Wilbur frowns, “We are not ‘Crime Boys’.”

“Yes,” Tommy decides, “We are. Crime Boys™, we stop criminals and then we eat Mcdonald’s.”

“We are not eating Mcdonald’s.”

“Yes,” Tommy decides, “We are.”

“You don’t get to just decide this without my consent.”

“I just did,” Tommy sighs. “You really can’t keep up huh? Must be the old age.”

“Okay, *baby*. ”

“I am not a baby,” Tommy seethes. “I am a man.”

Wilbur snorts. “Yeah, a baby man, maybe.”

“I will end you.”

“Sure.”

“Wait, where did the robber go?”

“Oh fuck.”

---

“Oh my god,” Ranboo whispers as he gazed upon the beautiful chair. “This is magnificent.”

*“That is trueeee. This is a magnificent chair with magnificent hairrrr.”*

Ranboo has decided to ignore him.

“Michael do you want to sit in the chair?” He asks the toddler.

Michael raises his arms.

Ranboo picks him up, placing him in the pink chair.

It almost brings a tear to his eye. Michael looks so cute.



“Tubbo, Tubbo, take a picture,” He nudges his friend.

“*Okay, whatever you say. Michael say cheeeese.*”

“Divorce!” Michael shouts with a grin.

Ranboo pales while Tubbo wheezes.

“*I have taught him so much knowledgeeeeeee,*” Tubbo cackles, “*Yes Michael, divorccce.*”

They are terrible parents.

---

“Ah shit!” Tommy bumps into Wilbur’s shoulder as he avoids an arrow to the head. “Wilbur, *move*. That guy is going to kill us,” He hisses.

“He’s too far out of reach, I can’t-“ The hero cuts himself off with a sound of frustration as he draws the teenager closer to him.

“This is why guns are superior,” Tommy comments helpfully. “If I had my gun, this situation would be very different and that man would be very dead.”

“You’re gun is full of darts, the best it would do is knock him out,” Wilbur retorts as he pulls them down to the concrete, gripping Tommy’s arm tightly.

“Better than him *shooting* us,” Tommy rolls his eyes. “I bet *Clementine* would know what to do.”

“Clementine is a fucking fish.”

“She is my *saviour* , my *guardian*, my *daughter*.”

Wilbur stares at him.

Tommy blinks, “What?”

“You’re not okay in the head.”

“Why do you always have to fucking bully me? Y’know what? *You’re* not okay *on* the head. You know why? ‘Cause you’re fucking bal-“

Tommy yells as another arrow whizzes past them, imbedding itself in the wall behind.

This is not poggers. At all.

“If I die, tell *Clementine* that there is still nothing in my will for her and tell Henry that he was like a son to me,” Tommy whispers solemnly.

Wilbur is staring straight ahead with eyes narrowed, “Shut up, you’re not going to fucking die.”

Rude.

The hero pulls him along by the wrist, handcuffs rattling as they move slowly.

“You can’t just ignore my dying wishes-“

Tommy barely has time to react before an arrow shoots past them, nicking him along the cheek.

He gasps, hand reaching up to touch the skin and pulling away with blood smeared along his fingertips.

That dude fucking cut him.

“Ow, that fucking bitch-“ Tommy’s complaints are brought to a halt as long fingers cup his jaw, just a tad too soft to hurt.

Wilbur’s eyes are red. They’re - they’re almost scary. Except. Except well Tommy isn’t scared because it’s not directed at him. At least he doesn’t think so.

“Wilbur?” Tommy mumbles.

The man runs his finger along the cut on his cheek before scowling.

“Be quiet for a bit,” The man mutters and Tommy goes to protest but a hand is placed on his hair before the words can leave his mouth.

---

Tommy snaps back to reality with a jolt. He gasps, legs trembling.

“Let’s go home,” Wilbur hums, his hand momentarily stabilizing Tommy before he lets go.

What the fuck.

Tommy glances around the empty street, eyes furrowed. “Where’s the shooter? The one with the fuckin’ arrows?”

Wilbur smiles and it is terrifying. “Don’t worry about it.”

Oh Philza.

“Did you *murder* him?” Tommy whispers. “Oh my fucking *Philza* , did you just commit a crime? A *murderous* crime?”

Wilbur rolls his eyes as he starts walking, dragging Tommy along, “I said don’t worry about it.”

“And - and did you knock me out? Did you fuckin’ drug me? Like, like last time at breakfast because that is *not* okay and I will sue you,” Tommy rambles on.

“I did what I had to do,” The man shrugs.

This is terrible. Tommy lives with a *murderer*.

“I can’t believe you are actually insane, like, I was joking before but you’re actually insane. You need therapy,” Tommy tells the man gravely as they walk.

Wilbur looks over at him and shrugs once more, “He should’ve known not to do that.”

“Do *what?* ” Tommy throws his non-cuffed hand in the air, frustration and bewilderment creeping into his tone.

Wilbur just smiles, “Let's go home,” He repeats, “We need to clean your cut.”

Tommy raises his hand to his cheek. Huh. He’s almost forgotten about that.

---

“I really don’t think it needs disinfecting, like at all,” Tommy tries to bargain, edging away from the hero despite the shackles connecting them.

“You need to clean it otherwise it’ll get infected,” Wilbur huffs, holding a liquid of pure *evil* .

Tommy sniffs, turning his head away, “No, I will simply refuse.”

Wilbur raises an eyebrow, “Refuse an infection?”

“Yes,” Tommy scoffs, “Do you think a weak infection could take me? I am one of the most powerful men on this planet and my immune system is in impeccable condition. I’ll give the infection an infection,” He declares, arms crossed.

Wilbur snorts, “Did you suddenly forget about the time you caught a cold?”

No.

Absolutely fucking not.

Tommy glares, “We do not speak of it.”

“Hmmm,” Wilbur hums with a smirk, “I seem to remember you being so out of it that you called Techno, *Techie*-“

“La, la, la, Wilbur is a dickhead who needs to shut the hell up,” Tommy shouts, clamping his hands over his ears.

Wilbur rolls his eyes, “You are an actual child,” He says before pausing, eyes widening marginally as a smirk slowly creeps onto his face, “Okay, Toms, listen.”

Tommy lowers his hands cautiously, eyes narrowed. “What?”

“I have Philza plasters.”

---

Phil sighs as he closes his book.

Well, he supposes reluctantly, time to check up on the kids.

He gets up slowly, draping the covers firmly over Techno who sleeps on obliviously.

The first room he checks is Ranboo’s. He presses an ear to the wall and listens in for any auto tuned singing.

Silence.

He nudges the door open quietly, peeking a head inside and smiles.

The assembled pink chair is reclined all the way back and Ranboo lies on it, long legs dangling. Michael is propped on his chest, sleeping soundly with a screwdriver in his mouth. Slightly concerning but okay.

Phil glances down at the floor and notices Tubbo, curled up in a ball with the voice changer mic still attached to his face as he drools onto the carpet, hugging Henry to his chest.

The hero closes the door back softly, turning off the light.

He sighs, now time to release the boys from their forced get-along-shackles.

He checks Wilbur's room first and finds it empty.

Phil heads to Tommy's room and warily listens for any sounds of bickering.

He *very* slowly, and *very* carefully, opens the door.

The sight almost makes him coo aloud.

Wilbur and Tommy sit at the headrest of the bed, slumped against each other. Their shackled wrists lay in front of them as they sleep. Phil notes the hero designed plasters along Tommy's cheek and snorts when he realizes that it is *Philza* branded.

Phil looks down at the key in his palm and tilts his head. He could release them now.

He looks back up at them and smiles.

Nah.

---

Phil closes the door behind gently.

Then he stubs his toe against the wall.

“ *Fuck,* ” He hisses.

There’s a distant sound of movement and Phil freezes.

“...Who is that?” Wilbur mutters.

Phil sweats.

“Techno?” Phil tries.

“ *Jump out the window.* ”

Distantly, Phil hears the sound of a window breaking. He winces.

Sorry Techno.



## Chapter End Notes

typos? in my get along shackles? probably. (pls tell)

hello cult. how are you cult? i hope you are well cult. thank you for 14k kudos and 300k hits, u guys r crazy. sometimes i think this fic isn't really that great lmao but some of u will be like this is the best piece of literature and ngl i'm lowkey concerned. but anyways, thank u as always for the support. i love u all very much.

also also, i posted a new magical boy fic that u can check out. plus a new sbi one shot called somewhere only we know :D

now onto news and importantish things-

someone gave me a really helpful criticism that i'd like to address. they pointed out a correlation between c!quackity being a drug dealer and the stereotypes associated with mexicans. it didn't really occur to me at the time that this would be harmful because i actually got the drug dealer idea from a funny animatic i had watched. i would never want to encourage stereotypes like this or portray quackity as a one dimensional character, the fic is just crack and nothing is meant to be taken seriously. so i'm really sorry if it made anyone who is mexican feel uncomfortable or hurt. i'll definitely be more careful in the future with what i could possibly insinuate accidentally.

now onto other news, this is addressing the questions on how the angst/lore in this story will go. here is what i'm going to do.

i acknowledge that this is a comfort fic for a lot of people so there will be two endings, a happy ending and a true ending. the happy ending will take place a chapter before the true ending so you will have the option to skip it completely. think of it like undertale lmao, you get to choose genocide or pacifist route :D there may be more chapters like 15 as well, and i will tw and label it appropriately at the start so that you have the option to skip that too. i hope that helps!

now onto fanart. i have gotten so much fanart and i'm still not caught up on everything yet, so i'm sorry if i haven't seen yours yet but i promise i will try. you can find me on twt @bigbrainsimp. tag me in any fanart you or if you just want to talk (i am terrible at dms tho lmao).

[poggers art of ranboo being a menace to society.](#)

# Orthodontist Hate Club UwU

## Chapter Summary

teeth teeth teeth teeth teeth teeth i want ur teeth

## Chapter Notes

ayup losers

the uwu in the title physically pains me

minor violence/ minor character death? it's just like a irrelevant villain going poof lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Absolutely fucking not.”

“Tommy, you don’t have a choice.”

Tommy presses himself against the window, fingers reaching for the handle. “I’ll do it,” He threatens, eyes wide. “I’ll fucking do it.”

“Step away from window.”

“What? So you can sacrifice me to *them*?” He laughs incredulously. “I am an intellectual and I can see through your false promises.”

“Oh my god, this is like, actually not under negotiation. I will get Philza if I have to.”

Tommy places a hand on his heart, wounded, “You would use him? Against me?” He whispers in disbelief, “Despicable.”

“Tommy, stop being a dramatic dick and just come on.”

“I’ll defenestrate myself,” He says simply, “I’ll do it, right now,” He turns the lock and cold air blows into the room, seeping into his hoodie.

“This is so unnecessary, you’re just- you’re just being a bitch at this point.”

Tommy closes his eyes and leans back against the open air, “I want freedom or nothing. If I get no freedom, I will make it myself,” He declares and falls back.

“Oh my god, you’re so fucking stupid, you dick!” Tubbo screams after him.

---

“Tommy,” Philza sighs, rubbing at his forehead tiredly, elbows resting on the table. “Why did you jump out the window, mate?”

Tommy sniffs as he inspects his fingernails idly, “My freedom was threatened.”

“You could have hurt yourself mate- your what was threatened?” The hero raises an eyebrow at him in exasperation.

“My freedom. And I had the shoes, I knew I’d survive,” Tommy huffs, crossing his arms, “I am TommyInnit, I wouldn’t die that easily. In fact. I wouldn’t die at all. I’m fucking immortal, omnipresent, omnipotent. All that shit. It’s me. I’m god.”

“Uh huh,” Philza nods sagely. He looks so tired. Poor guy. What a man, an absolute legend really. Tommy should book him a therapy session some time. “Let’s just- okay,” He sighs, “Why was your freedom being threatened?”

“I’m not going to the dentist.”

“Orthodox,” Tubbo corrects from the corner of the table where he is scowling.

“Orthodontist,” Ranboo corrects gently as he passes into the kitchen, grabbing a bag of... something, and then leaving.

“Yeah, that,” Tommy grunts.

“You’re scared of the orthodontist, mate?” Philza questions with a badly concealed smile of amusement.

Tommy scowls, “No. I’m not fucking scared. Why would I be scared of them? I just don’t need to go. There’s nothing wrong with my teeth.”

“You’ve had your braces on for fifteen years,” Tubbo comments.

“He’s had his *what*?”

“What’s the problem with that?” Tommy rolls his eyes. Honestly...

Philza holds up his hand, “Wait just a fucking minute. You’ve had your braces on for how fucking long? *Fifteen* years? When did you get them done, mate? In the fucking womb?”

Tommy huffs. “They got me when they could,” He admits gravely, expression darkening. “I wasn’t as powerful as a mere baby. They planned it. The bastards. They knew they wouldn’t get another chance once I evolved into the fucking beast that I am now. They got me when I was *vulnerable*.”

Tubbo snorts, “His teeth were so fucking spaced out that the wind used to make a whistling sound when he opened his mouth-“

“That’s a fucking lie!” Tommy screeches, “My teeth were fine, perfect, even.”

“Sure, big man.”

“Surely you should have had your braces off by now then?” Philza hurriedly interrupts before Tommy can protest.

“Maybe,” Tubbo side eyes Tommy, “If he hadn’t missed the last twelve appointments.”

“*Twelve?!*”

“I’m never entering that demonic cage again,” Tommy declares. “I am TommyInnit, vigilante and glock wielder extraordinaire, an orthodontist will not defeat me.”

---

“I will fucking *haunt* you! I’ll fucking *haunt* you all!” Tommy sobs, kicking his legs out as Philza - his fucking hero, the only man ever, the man who should have been on his side - slings him over his shoulder, carrying him out of the penthouse.

“You will all regret this!” Tommy screams in rage as Tubbo and Ranboo wave him off from the door, Micheal held in Tubbo’s arms, waving excitedly with a smile. *Evil*. All of them.

“You *bitches*! Fucking *traitors*! I’ll get my glock, I’ll get it!” He promises.

“Have fun, big man,” Tubbo smiles.

They will all regret this.

Where is Clementine when Tommy needs her?

---

“Stay away from me,” Tommy stands straight, feet glued to the floor with pure determination.  
“I will go no further.”

Philza rolls his eyes beside him, smiling amicably at the receptionist, “Hello, I’m here to sign in for an appointment at fourteen, o’clock?”

The receptionist warily glances at Tommy before looking back at Philza, “Of course,” She smiles, “Can I just say, that I really love all you’ve done for this city, my daughter loves you-“

“Yeah, that’s uh nice,” Philza chuckles, “Can we just get him signed in please? Thanks.”

“O-oh, of course,” The woman ducks her head in embarrassment. “What’s his name?”

“Tommy...” Philza trails off uncertainly.

“The fucking best,” Tommy supplies.

“Just Tommy,” Philza smiles.

“Ah, okay. Well, let me just, um, sign him in and you can wait in the waiting area,” She nods hesitantly.

“I will not be waiting,” Tommy declares. “This is against my freewill and I will sue everyone in this building if they touch me.”

“Just ignore him,” Philza smiles.

Tommy does not like Philza at the moment.

---

“Uh, Just Tommy?” The speaker overhead blares, “Just Tommy in room two.”

Tommy crosses his arms. “I refuse.”

“Mate, come on, I’ll even hold your hand.”

“I don’t want to hold your hand,” Tommy scowls, ears turning red.

“Sure mate. You don’t really have a choice in this though, I’m surprised the braces haven’t broken in your mouth.”

Tommy averts his eyes, running his tongue along his teeth sheepishly. He laughs awkwardly when his tongue meets a random wire sticking out. “They haven’t,” He lies.

“Okay, we are going now,” Philza decides as he drags him towards the room of hell.

Tommy screams, arms reaching out towards the other patients in the waiting room - a young girl who stares at him in fear and her mother who glares at him.

“*Save me*,” He whispers to the girl who lets out a whimper in terror.

This is a terrible day for the TommyInnit community.

---

“You put your hands anywhere near my mouth and I’ll fucking bite you,” Tommy promises.

The demon above him smiles, laughing with her pearly fucking whites. Mocking him.

“If you’re scared, you can ask your dad to hold your hand?” She suggests warmly. Like the fucking devil.

“He’s not my dad. He is Philza, the only man ever and I don’t need my hand held. I don’t fear you, you fear *me*,” Tommy informs her.

He hears Philza sigh.

“This should only take twenty minutes at most if you cooperate,” The demon tries to manipulate him.



“You’re gaslighting me,” Tommy frowns.

“I-? No? No, I’m not?” She glances unsurely over to Philza who waves a hand in exhaustion.

“Just do what you have to do.”

“Right,” The demon nods, “If you could open your mouth for me-“

“Nope,” Tommy says, swerving when she tries to reach for his face.

“Tommy, mate, just-“

“No,” Tommy says, “I will not be oppressed by you, you fucking orthodox.”

“Orthodontist,” She corrects lightly, “If you cooperate nicely, you’ll get a lollipop?”

Who does she think Tommy is? A *child*? Tommy doesn’t need a fucking lollipop. She can’t bribe him.

...

“What flavour?” He questions reluctantly.

“Orange.”

He gags, “There’s no way I’m selling my soul for an orange lollipop. Do you just hate anything that tastes good?”

“I- I like the orange flavoured ones,” She frowns.

Tommy snorts, “Should’ve known.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means that you’re a fucking-“

“Tommy,” Philza hums and it is slightly terrifying when the man smiles at him passive aggressively, “Listen to the orthodontist, mate.”

Tommy is not intimidated.

He frowns, scowling, “I’m not doing this, Philza, you can’t make me. She’s not touching my teeth. I’ll bite her.”

“I think... He’s a bit of a special case, so,” The demon speaks up hesitantly, “We could, y’know?”

Tommy doesn’t know what that fucking means.

But Philza does apparently, because the man is suddenly nodding in agreement.

“Yeah, I wanted it as a last resort, but I think we reached desperation a while ago. Go ahead.”

“Go - go ahead and what?” Tommy freezes.

The demon, the absolute bitch, brings up a mask, “This will make you feel a little bit drowsy, but don’t worry, it’s completely safe and you’ll be fine. You’re just going to have a short nap.”

Tommy screams in terror, “Stay away from me, you- you *heathen!*”

The mask is placed above his mouth before he can protest and the world starts to blur.

“You’re...” He mumbles, mind stuttering, “You’re... all... dicks.”

---

Tommy has no idea where he is.

There’s this fucking weird lady that’s speaking to Philza Minecraft. Holy shit. That’s *Philza Minecraft*.

“Philza Minecraft,” He whispers reverently, blinking his eyes out slowly.

“His braces- they were- how long has he had them in?” The weird lady hisses, “They had like, rusted, and there was bit of metal just permanently sticking out. How was he not in pain?”

Philza Minecraft sighs before shrugging, “Knowing him, he’s probably survived on pure spite alone. I’ll just take him home.”

“Yes, yes that’s fine. I think he’s still a bit out of it. The anesthesia seems to have affected him more than I anticipated. Keep a good eye on him. He’s not allowed any food for the first four hours and will probably experience pain or sensitive teeth for the next two days, so keep him on soft foods,” She tells the only man ever.

Philza Minecraft nods, “Thank you,” Before turning to Tommy, “Alright mate, let’s go home.”

What the fuck.

Tommy’s eyes widen, “I live with *you*? I live with Philza Minecraft?”

The man raises an eyebrow before snorting, “Yes, Toms.”

Oh my fucking Philza.

This is the best day ever.

Tears spring to Tommy’s eyes, “Rea- really?”

Philza Minecraft looks a bit constipated or something. Tommy’s not sure. “Yes, mate, why are you crying?”

“This is the best day ever,” Tommy whispers.

The hero huffs, reaching over to ruffle his head lightly before grabbing Tommy’s by the arms gently, pulling upwards. Tommy stands on unstable legs, knees trembling.

“Can you walk?” Philza Minecraft asks and he’s so considerate, he really is the only man ever.

“Yes,” Tommy decides, determined.

He takes a step forward and his leg decides to betray him, folding beneath him.

He’s gripped by waist and lifted into a pair of arms. Philza Minecraft looks down at him, arms tightening around him.

“Yeah, you can’t,” The hero tells him, amusement evident in his voice as jostles the boy slightly into a more comfortable position.

Philza Minecraft is *carrying* him.

Tommy is exceeding the usual levels of pog.

He reaches behind and grabs a handful of the man’s feathers, eyes wide as marvels at the softness.

“Wings,” He murmurs.

Philza Minecraft laughs, “Yes, wings, Toms.”

“Can I have them?”

“I don’t think so,” The hero snorts.

Tommy frowns, “But I want them.”

“They’re kinda connected to me, mate.”

“Can you connect them to me?”

“Don’t think so.”

Tommy sniffles, vision blurring, “But- but I want Philza wings.”

The man hushes him lightly, “Okay, okay, you can have Philza wings,” He promises with a snicker, “Who knew you were such a crybaby hmm?”

“I’m not a crybaby,” Tommy glares. “I’m Tommy- Tommy vigilante. Big man. Glock master and things.”

“Uh huh, sure mate.”

---

“Okay, Tommy, I’m going to go and buy you some soup,” Philza Minecraft speaks slowly, “You, are going to stay here, with Tubbo and Ranboo and listen to everything they say, okay?”

Tommy stares at the only man ever, blinking languidly, “Where are you going?” He questions, resting his head on Henry. Henry is the best cow, so soft and small, so squishy. Henry. Henry. Henry. Henry. Henry. Henry. Henry-

“-to the shop,” Philza Minecraft tells him as Tommy blinks back into the conversation.

“What kind of shop?”

“A shop where I can get soup.”

“A soup shop?”

The man sighs, nodding with a small smile, “Yes, a soup shop, a shop made entirely for soup.”

“That’s pog,” Tommy tells him, “Why are you going soup shop?”

“To get soup for you, Tommy.”

“Why do I need soup?”

“Because your teeth are sensitive.”

Tommy frowns. Are they? He leans down, hesitantly, and bites Henry.

He lets out a whimper of pain. His teeth. What the fuck.

Henry stares up at him, betrayal in his beautiful round eyes. Sorry, Henry.

“-on’t bite Henry, mate. Listen, don’t bite anything. Your teeth are sensitive,” Philza Minecraft tells him.

“Who hurt my teeth?” Tommy questions, betrayed and wounded and bamboozled.

“It doesn’t matter, mate. I need to go to the soup shop. Just stay here with Tubbo and Ranboo and behave, please, I’ll be ten minutes at most.”

Tommy frowns, “I wanna come. Henry can come too and taste the soups.”

“No, no, you will both stay here,” Philza Minecraft shakes his head. This is terrible. “I’m leaving now, be good, Tommy.”

---

“Your name sounds like a boob,” Tommy snorts, “Ranboobie.”

Ranboobie frowns at him, “Tommy, get off of the table.”

Tommy grins, “No, this is where I live now.”

“...On the table?”

“Yes.”

Ranboobie stares at him before sighing and rubbing at his eyes, “Oh man, I am not made for this. Where is Tubbo? Oh my god.”

“I’m hungry,” Tommy tells him.



“You - you can’t eat. Philza’s gone to get soup.”

“I will eat,” Tommy tells him, “I’ll eat the table if you don’t feed me.”

“What? Why would you do that? You’re just going to- that doesn’t even make sense.”

Tommy leans down towards the wood, jaw opening.

“Okay, okay, wait! I’ll make you something, Jesus. Don’t eat the table.”

---

Tommy stares at the glass in front of him, poking it warily. “What is that?”

“A smoothie,” Ranboobie smiles.

Tommy narrows his eyes as he takes in the murky reddish colour, “Henry, is he lying?”  
Tommy asks his son.

Henry chews on the carpet. Huh. Valid.

“Okay, thank you, Ranboobie,” Tommy tells him as he lifts the glass, taking a sip.

---

Tubbo peeks into the living room, Micheal in hand, and sees pure chaos.

Tommy has managed to pull Ranboo onto the table and is currently trying to choke him.

Ranboo raises a hand towards them, eyes widening as he gasps, “Tubbo, Micheal my *beloved*,” He wheezes, “Save me.”

Tubbo considers it for a moment, however, he notices the glass that has been knocked onto the floor, a suspicious liquid smeared into the carpet.

Tubbo sighs, shaking his head, “You brought this on yourself, big man,” He smiles, “Suffer.”

“Suffer,” Micheal echoes.

---

Tommy scowls, upset and betrayed and wounded and hurt and betrayed and more betrayal and deceit and rage.

That smoothie was fucking disgusting. He hates Ranboobie.

Tommy folds over Henry in his lap, burying into his fur as he idly watches the television. His teeth hurt. His mouth *throbs*.

This is a terrible day. Philza Minecraft is still not back. Absolutely terrible.

“-There is a lot of commotion in the Central, as an unusual villain is struggling to be detained by twin heroes Willow and Blade.”

Tommy tilts his head as he takes in the scene.

Hey. That's Wilby and Techie.

"Henry," Tommy whispers, "I should go help them," He decides.

Where did he put his glock again?

---

Ranboo turns his neck with a wince. Jeez, Tommy really is too... Tommy for him to be left alone with.

Where is Philza when you need him?

He walks back into the living room, inhaling to prepare himself, "Tommy you can't just strangle me--"

Ranboo glances around the empty room. He takes a moment of silence, closing his eyes.

He sighs, sinking to the ground in defeat. He lays down slowly on the floor and decides to just, stay there, just for a bit.

---

"*Clementine*, I found you," Tommy grins as he jumps out his bedroom window, glock and sprite bottle in hand. "You best be on good behaviour because I am going to stop many

crimes today.”

Clementine blows a bubble.

“I’m not drugged. I think I would know that,” He tuts. “See, you’re already being not poggers.”

Clementine does a twirl.

“It is time to be fucking cool and do cool things.”

---

Phil hums as he unlocks the door, plastic bag of soups swinging in his arms.

“Ranboo? Tubbo? Sorry I took so long, there was a long ass queue and-“ Phil pauses as he glances around the living room. It’s empty.

He’s about to leave when he hears a groans. Glancing down in alarm, he finds Ranboo... laying on the floor.

Phil inhales deeply before sighing, “You lost him,” He says, it’s not question.

Ranboo groans.

---

“I am TommyInnit vigilante boy and I am here to fucking, uh, save you guys or something,” Tommy tells the heroes, his legs trembling minutely.

“*Tommy*,” Wilby hisses, “What are you doing here you fucking gremlin?”

“Crime things,” Tommy says simply, doing an epic spin of the handle of his gun.

“No, we’re doing crime things, you’re leaving,” Wilby glares at him as he grabs him by the arm.

“What?” Tommy gapes, offended, “I wanna crime. Techie, let me crime,” He widens his eyes towards the other hero.

Techie averts his eyes, shuffling away slightly and raising his sword a bit as he surveys the area, “Uh, we’re kinda busy, Tommy, doin’ violent things.”

That sounds pog.

“That sounds pog,” Tommy grins. “Wilby, we can be the- the violent trio. The violent bros.”

“Why’re you calling me that so casually, and no, that’s a terrible fucking name,” Wilby scowls, “Wasn’t Phil meant to be looking after you?”

“My teeth hurt,” Tommy says instead. “Are they falling out?” He asks as he opens his mouth wide.

The hero frowns, distractedly looking into Tommy’s mouth before snapping back into awareness, “I’m not looking in your fucking mouth. You need to go home. It’s not safe here and-“

“My teeth, Wilby,” Tommy whines, “Am I dying?”

“What? No, Tommy listen-“

“You’re right. I can’t die. I am invincible like Philza Minecraft.”

“Tommy-“

“Looks like you’ve got yourselves a bit occupied,” A voice whispers, “Don’t let me interrupt,” It giggles.

Wilby tenses, drawing Tommy towards his chest.

Tommy glances around, wide eyed as a figure appears from mist.

“Is that a weakness?” The figure laughs.

“It’s a fucking death wish if you touch him,” Wilby mutters darkly. Jeez. He’s definitely got anger issues.

The figure moves closer towards them, laughing, “Chill *out*,” It whispers.

“Come any closer and I’ll kill you,” Techie states bluntly, sword raises and pointed. He’s so fucking cool.

“What? Like you’ve tried for the past hour? I thought we established you can’t kill me,” It snickers.

“*Turn yourself in-*” Wilby hisses before cursing as the figure disappears back into mist.

“That spooky fucker can stop your magic words?” Tommy guesses because he’s a fucking intellectual.

“Something like that,” Wilby grits out.

“Stab it then, Techie,” Tommy suggests like an absolute genius. Philza he’s so smart. He grins but his teeth accidentally knock together and he winces at the agonising pain. “Teeth,” He mumbles sullenly.

“I can’t ‘stab’ it, because my sword keeps phasing through,” Techie huffs.

Sounds fake but okay.

“My teeth *hurt*. Can we get ice-cream?” He wonders.

“Tom- Tommy,” Wilby sighs, “We’re literally in the middle of patrol.”

“It might be your *last*,” That voice whispers again as the figure appears before them.

“You’re ugly,” Tommy tells it.

The figure jolts, turning its head creepily towards him. “What did you say, child?”

“You’re ugly,” Tommy repeats. He raises his glock, aiming at the thing’s face and pulls the trigger.

It lets out a screech, stumbling backwards as it clutches at itself.

Tommy shoots it again in the abdomen for good luck.

It lurches, falling to the concrete and starts to turn to ash.

“...What the fuck are in those bullets?” Wilby whispers.

Tommy shrugs. Why would he know?

“Can we get ice-cream now?”

---

Tommy dangles his legs off the edge of the building as he glances down at the busy streets. He hums happily around a spoonful of vanilla ice-cream.

“Can we still be the Violent Bros? What about Violent Boys? I know, *Violent Guys*<sup>TM</sup>.”

“No,” Techie and Wilby answer simultaneously.

Tommy frowns, “But, Violent Guys<sup>TM</sup> sounds poggers.”

“It really doesn’t, and stop using that word.”

Tommy places his spoon on Wilby’s cheek and giggles as the man shrieks.



“You gremlin,” The hero hisses, shoving him lightly by the shoulder.

“Bald Wilby,” Tommy hums before turning to the other hero, “Techie, I want your ice-cream.”

“...You haven’t even finished yours yet.”

“Yeah, but I want yours now.”

“Are we tradin’?”

“No,” Tommy says simply, “I get your ice-cream and my ice-cream.”

“...What do I get?”

“Nothing,” Tommy chirps.

Techie sighs, looking down at his caramel ice-cream before handing it over to the boy.

Tommy grins.

“Weak,” Wilby snorts.

“You’re just as bad,” Techie retorts.

“As if. Face it, you’re soft,” Wilby smirks.

“Sure Wil. At least I haven’t created somethin’ called *Tommy Time*,” Techie snorts.

“...*Dive off the building.*”

## Chapter End Notes

typos? in my orthodox? y’know what? probably (pls tell).

hi cult. how are u cult. it has been a while hahahhahahaha. uh thanks for 16k kudos jfc. sometimes the fame of this fic makes absolutely no sense to me and i think ur all insane.

this chap was not that pog but eh

uh i wrote a new au of demon baby tommy if u wanna check that out and i wrote like a flower clingyduo oneshot thingy.

anyways. i am Tired. and i hate orthodontists if u didn’t realise. tommy complaining about teeth is pretty accurate to how i feel when i get braces tightened. pain pain pain and i hate soup.

anyways here is some poggers fanart. i think imma start linking fics i like as well at the end of chaps. but not today because i’ve run out of brian juice.

[very poggers clementine and tommy fanart](#)

# Connection Has Been Disconnected, Please Wait-

## Chapter Summary

standby while we fix this interruption

## Chapter Notes

TW: derealisation

yup

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Tommy.”

“Please, *please* - Just- just a little while longer.”

“Your ‘little’ while longer would last forever.”

“I- I need more, need more time. I’m not finished. Please- *please* , let me stay, let me *stay*. ”

“Tommy- “

“I’m - I’m begging you. I’m not finished, I’m not done. I want to stay.”

“You know you can’t stay.”

“...I- Isn't there- isn't there any other way? What would it matter if I stayed forever when they're all- “

“It can't be negotiated, I'm sorry, sun-“

“Don't call me that.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“...A little while longer, and then it's time to go.”

“ ... ”

Chapter End Notes

:D

# The Festive Christmas Special

## Chapter Summary

beans beans beans beans beans beans

## Chapter Notes

ayup cult it has been a little while lmao. here is a 6k chap and officially the happy ending of the fic. that's right, after this chap w move onto the true end. :D

TW: canon-typical violence. Stabbing and dart shooting at the start of this scene - "This is a robbery, everyone stand down," A voice shouts" and this finishes at the end of the scene.

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ah. The festive season, when the weather turns colder and streetlights are on more often than not, when supermarkets start to advertise their 'best gifts' for Christmas and try to scam you out of your money, when you have to double up on the amount of layers you would usually wear and find last year's pair of gloves. But, most of all, the festive season is full of joy and-

-

"I'm not wearing that fucking hat, you *dickhead!*"

"Stop being difficult! It's a tradition, put it on, you gremlin!"

"Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you! I'm not playing into your weird fantasies!"

" *What?!* It's - it's a fucking hat! Stop making it weirder than it has to be! Look, Tubbo and Ranboo are wearing theirs!"

“Yeah cause they are *weak!* I have a stronger and superior resolve. Look at Techno, he’s not wearing one because he’s a *man.* ”

“Your misogyny is showing you little prick. Just put it on, oh my *god.* ”

“Don’t use Philza’s name in vain.”

“...What?”

“You heard me.”

“I- Just put on the fucking hat! *Put on the hat.* ”

“Did you forget that I am invincible to your mind games? Ha!”

“I fucking hate you!”

Phil sighs as tunes them out. Ah yes, the festive season, so much joy and cheer, cooperation and unity. Surely.

---

Tommy crosses his arms, glaring angrily at the man, “I’m not playing into your weird obsession.”

“It’s- it’s a fucking *Christmas* hat!” Wilbur protests, pulling at his own hair in frustration.

Yeah right. Does Wilbur think he's stupid?

"Uh huh, *sure*, and what's the point of these ' *Christmas* ' hats?" He raises an eyebrow in disbelief.

Wilbur just squints at him, "It's a tradition. It's festive. It's cute, Phil and I do it every year. In fact, the whole headquarters does it."

"Philza does it?" Tommy frowns, disbelieving.

"Yes, the *amazing* Philza wears a Christmas hat," Wilbur rolls his eyes, "You're acting like you've never had Christmas with family before-- oh--"

"Shut the fuck up, you bald man," Tommy cuts him off before he can get any *wrong* ideas, "I- I wasn't always an orphan y'know, I have done Christmas things before."

Wilbur is looking at him weird, all sympathetic and shit and it pisses Tommy off.

"I'm not a charity case, okay?" He stresses, "I just think your tradition is fuckin' weird," He scowls.

Wilbur places the hat down on the counter, patting it once, "Well," He says, "If you ever want to join in on the 'fuckin' weird' tradition, your hat's right there," He offers, "But if it makes you uncomfortable, that's fine too."

Tommy glares stubbornly at the hat as Wilbur brushes past him, momentarily ruffling the teenager's hair.

He's-- he's not *sad* or anything stupid like that, he's not even sentimental. He just doesn't want to look stupid in that stupid hat. That's all.

---

"Michael looks so cute," Tubbo coos as places reindeer antlers on the toddler's head.

Michael stares up at him blankly.

"Isn't he so cute, Boo?" Tubbo turns to his friend.

"Mhm, mhm," Ranboo nods with a smile as he takes pictures of the child, "Very cute."

"Michael say 'happy holidays!'" Tubbo orders the child.

"I uh, I don't think he's going to say that, Tubbo, he only knows like, three words, and one of them is divorce."

"Divorce!" Michael exclaims with a grin.

Ranboo sighs.

---

Tommy has the best idea in existence. And yes, he does get these kinds of ideas very often, so he can understand if you are astounded by his intellect and prowess.



He's going to steal Technoblade's sword.

And you may be thinking, TommyInnit, the *courageous* and *talented* and *handsome* and *charismatic* vigilante, are you *sure* this is a good idea?

The answer is that he has no clue. He would like to *think* that it is a good idea and therefore it is.

That's his thought process. Genius, he knows.

He's so fucking stealthy as he tucks and rolls into the hero's room, crawling on the floor to victory.

The room is empty, and the coast is clear. Tommy gasps as he beholds the beautiful, wonderful sword. The red handle glistens in the wind, shining and majestic. It *calls* to him.

“ *Tommy, Tommy,* ” It says, “ *Wield me, Tommy,* ” it pleads.

And well, who is Tommy to say no to the best blade in existence?

He inhales deeply, preparing himself as he grasps the handle and thrusts the sword into the air.

Battle music plays in the distance.

“I am *pogchamp*, ” He whispers to himself.

This is probably the best day of Tommy's life.

He does an awesome spin of the handle and walks towards the balcony, sliding the glass doors open with pure *strength*. Philza, he's so powerful.

"Time to be epic," He says solemnly and jumps into the snowy afternoon sky.

TommyInnit truly is a master at stealth and secrecy.

---

Phil and Techno stand side by side in the doorway, as they watch the teenager jump off the balcony

"He just took your sword," Phil observes.

"Yeah," Techno sighs.

"You gonna go after him or?"

Techno runs a hand through his hair in exasperation, "I'll give him a minute."

---

Tommy strolls into the supermarket, whistling under his breath.

The customers stare at him weirdly and he rolls his eyes. Honestly. He sighs, sheathing the sword into his belt to appease the masses.

“What? You never seen a sword before?” He calls out to them, glaring. People can be so judgemental these days.

A mother huddles her son closer to her chest, “Don’t look at him, Timmy,” She whispers to the little boy.

“Don’t listen to her child, admire me, behold my sword wielding skills. You want to be just like me when you grow up, fuck Santa Claus, give the cookies and milk to *me*, ” Tommy stares the kid down.

The boy’s bottom lip wobbles and he begins to cry.

Tommy scratches his head with a sigh of exasperation. “You really can’t please people these days.”

The mother glares at him, “I’ll- I’ll be reporting you to the authorities! Unlicensed weapons are not allowed!”

Tommy scowls, “Listen here, *civilian*, I am far above all of you. You will regret threatening me and your day of reckoning will come at a time you least expect,” Then he turns to the child, “Enjoy your mother while you can, kid.”

And with that, Tommy moves on, further into the store because he still needs to find a substitute meal for Ranboob’s godawful cooking tonight.

---

“Woah! Hey!” A voice shouts and Tommy freezes. Oh for *fucksake*. Anyone but him.

“...Hello, big Q,” Tommy sighs, turning around to face the man in a- in a business suit?

“Tommy! Thomas! My man, my guy, how’re you doing?” Quackity grins at him.

Tommy stares at the guy in disbelief, “Why the fuck are you in a suit?”

Quackity’s expression flattens, raising an eyebrow unimpressed, “I’m here after you fucking shot me in the leg, and the only thing you question is why I’m in a suit?”

Tommy stares, “Yes.”

“God, I hate you kid. But guess what?” Quackity smirks, “I’m reformed, baby, I’m making the big bucks, living the *good* life. After you shot me, this random lady took pity on me and gave me a room in her house. Turns out she was fucking *rich*. Anyways, long story short, I’ve started an empire.”

“I feel like you missed a few steps in that story,” Tommy tilts his head.

“Don’t you care? That your former nemesis is now able to wipe his ass with literal dollar bills?” Quackity waves out his hands in frustration.

Tommy sniffs, “Dollar bills would not feel good on your ass, man, trust me, I’m a shit expert. Also this isn’t America.”

Quackity stares at him, “I *hate* you.”

“Also, you were never my nemesis,” Tommy points out, “That title belongs to Willow.”

“I’m not even gonna ask,” Quackity shakes his head, “All I came here to do was tell you that, you, shooting me in the leg, fucking backfired and now while you shop *here*, I will be shopping in Las Nevadas.”

“What the fuck is Las Nevadas?”

Quackity smirks, “Wouldn’t you like to know?” and then he slowly walks backwards, saluting as he exits the shop.

“What a weirdo,” Tommy sniffs, turning back to the cans of beans in his hands as he tries to decide.

---

“This is a robbery, everyone stand down,” A voice shouts and oh my fucking *Philza*, Tommy is going to start stabbing shit.

He places the cans of beans down aggressively and walks down the aisle to see what the hell is going on.

Tommy squints as he observes the scene, there are like five guys with black masks on.

“Can you not?” Tommy scowls, “I’m trying to buy dinner.”

“It’s you!” One of them shouts and Tommy is so fucking close to losing it.

Since when was it meet every single fucking person you’ve ever injured day?

“Quagmire,” Tommy nods, a little sheepishly.

“You *ruined* my spine and then you shot me!” Quagmire exclaims.

“You're stuck in the past,” Tommy tries to placate like the compassionate and caring person he is, “Quackity wasn't a real therapist but I can refer you to one. You can get the help you so desperately need,” He promises the robber.

“You *shot* me!” Quagmire shouts and wow, isn't he a broken record?

“Listen, you are going through the stages of grief, specifically anger. This is good, you've moved past denial. Next is bargaining, or maybe even depression. Remember, grief isn't always in order,” Tommy stares solemnly.

“I'm going to fucking kill you!”

Well then.

Tommy clears his throat, “That's kinda inconvenient. Can we reschedule? For Christmas spirit and all that?”

“What are you doing for Christmas?” One of the robbers question.

Tommy shrugs, “Honestly not sure, not really into the whole festive thing, can't lie. What about you?”

“Gonna see extended family, y'know how it is, watch a few movies,” The guy replies.

Tommy nods, “Nice, nice. Have fun.”

“Thanks man, you too.”

“Cool, thanks,” Tommy nods.

It’s silent for a bit. Kinda awkward. Tommy can distantly hear the other customers sobbing for help or something, he doesn’t really know.

“So, is it possible I could just pay for my beans real quick?” Tommy proposes hopefully, shifting from foot to foot, “I can get out of your way and that. Just y’know, wanna buy these beans.”

“Yeah sure-“ One of the robbers agree before Quagmire cuts them off.

“What the fuck? No. You don’t get your fucking beans, I’m gonna murder you,” The guy seethes.

Yikes, Tommy whistles. This man has serious issues that he should definitely seek psychological help for.

“Calm down, Quag— can I call you Quag?” Tommy questions considerately and then there is a dagger whizzing past his ear and embedding itself in a can of tomatoes.

Okay then. He does *not* like the nickname.

“Jeez, big man, all you had to do was say no,” Tommy laughs nervously as ducks, narrowly missing another dagger towards the head.

“You’re so fucking annoying!”

“Stop taking your anger issues and childhood trauma out on me!” Tommy retorts with a glare as he unsheathes the *blade*.

Alright, he tried to be the nice guy. Tommy tried to resolve this peacefully and pay for his beans, but enough is enough. He shall unleash his *reckoning*.

“So you have chosen *death*, ” Tommy decides, steadying his stance as his trainers start to flutter, wings flapping impatiently. “You chose the wrong vigilante to challenge, Quagmire, I am simply too powerful-“

Tommy yelps as a dagger stabs him in the leg.

“You *motherfucker!*” He hisses, pulling the dagger out and wincing. “Not cool man, you- you fucking interrupted my speech, won’t let me buy my beans and now you’ve *stabbed* me!”

“Wow, I wonder how that feels. To be *injured*, ” Quagmire taunts.

This *fucker*.

It’s time to do a *Pro Gamer Move*™.

“You will regret this,” Tommy promises as he does a spin of the handle.

“Isn’t that the Blade’s sword?!” That little boy from before pipes up with awe, eyes sparkling.

“It’s mine now,” Tommy grins as he dodges another dagger before beginning to float in the air, trainers buzzing.



“How the fuck are you holding that? That’s *not* the Blade’s sword,” Quagmire protests, eyes widening in fear as Tommy draws close.

“Oh, but it is,” He cackles, “And you’ve seem to forgotten that I am a master of many skills, including,” He pauses, hand reaching to other side of his belt, “the glock,” He pulls out the gun, aiming at the guy’s leg and shooting.

Quagmire lets out a frustrated groan, forced to one knee as he clutches his leg, “You little *shit*,” He hisses.

“No,” Tommy disagrees, “I am the *biggest* shit,” He corrects as he brings up the blade and brings it down to gently scratch at the man’s bare hand, drawing droplets of blood.

The effect is instantaneous as Quagmire pauses, collapsing on the linoleum tiles, paralyzed.

Tommy sheathes the sword back, not before doing another cool spin of the handle and sighing contentedly. Another day, another justice. The rest of the robbers don’t even attempt to fight him as he collects his beans.

The little boy runs up to him, stars in his eyes, “You’re my *hero*,” He gushes, fists clenched tightly as he stares up at Tommy.

“No kid,” Tommy tuts, “I’m a vigilante.”

“And a thief.”

Tommy pauses before chuckling nervously as he pivots on the balls of his feet to face Technoblade.

“Heyyyy, Blade, how’s it going? How are you? Never thought you’d shop here,” Tommy tries to hide the sword attached to his hip.

Technoblade raises an eyebrow.

---

“Techno- Technoblade,” Tommy whines into the man’s shoulder blade, “I can walk, I’m fine, c’mon, big man.”

“You were stabbed in the leg,” The man grunts as he hikes the teenager further up his back.

“A *small* dagger,” Tommy insists, “Barely grazed me. I’m not weak y’know,” He scowls.

“Never said you were,” The hero replies coolly, “But you were stabbed and I know it hurts. Walking will just aggravate it. Also, you stole my blade, this is the most lenient of punishments I could give you.”

Tommy glowers stubbornly but decides to pick his battles, burying his face in the man’s cloak with a huff, “Whatever, I was just trying to get dinner.”

Technoblade makes a noise of confusion, “Ranboo is cooking?”

“Exactly.”

---

“Oh hey Techno... and Timothy? Was it?” The Smiling hero Dream tilts his head.

“Tomathy,” Tommy corrects from his position on Technoblade's back.

“Ah, right, of course,” Dream nods sagely, “I haven’t seen you in a while, to what do I owe the pleasure?”

Technoblade is probably about to reply or something but Tommy notices the most horrific thing he’s ever seen, he lets out a gasp of pure terror.

“Oh my *Philza*, ” He whispers as he stares at the monstrosity on the Smiling hero’s head. “He got you too,” Tommy almost cries.

Dream stares at him in bewilderment, “...what?”

“You’re- you’re-“ Tommy sniffs, he’s too emotional for this, it’s hard for him to continue the sentence. “You’re wearing the hat.”

“Huh?” Dream frowns before he looks up, cross-eyed at his head. “Oh! You’re talking about the Christmas hats that Willow gets everyone?”

Tommy sobs, “It’s terrible.”

“Ignore ‘im,” Technoblade cuts in, “He likes to be overly dramatic about ordinary things. I just came here to find Willow, actually, I heard he was in his office for once.”

“Oh yeah, he is,” Dream laughs, “For once,” He agrees.

“Cool, well, uh,” Technoblade clears his throat, “Have a good holiday, and things. Say hello to 404 and Sapnap for me,” He nods.

Dream looks amused, nodding, “Will do, Blade. Say hello to Willow and Philza and whoever else you’ve picked up recently,” He says with a pointed look towards Tommy before he heads

off further into the headquarters.

Tommy watches the hero leave before snickering, “Are you secretly very awkward, Technoblade?”

“Shut up,” The man huffs.

---

“Oh hey, Tech,” Wilbur smiles warmly up at his twin as he enters the office before his smile turns to confusion, “And Tommy?”

“Hullo,” Technoblade waves a hand as he sets Tommy down on one of the couches, “I come here with the child.”

“I’m not a fucking child!” Tommy protests immediately, standing up and wincing at the pain in his leg. Maybe it hurts a *little* bit.

“Sit down,” Technoblade shoved him back onto the couch.

“What is the gremlin doing here?” Wilbur tilts his head before he smirks, “ *Tommy* , did you miss me? Did you miss Wilby, Tommy? Awww-“

“Shut up, you bald bitch!” Tommy glares.

“I’m not fucking bald, you can see my hair!” Wilbur shouts, reaching up to grasp at his curls as if to convince himself.

“Oh really? Are you sure? Truly?” Tommy raises an eyebrow with a smirk.

“Yes, you fuck-“

“Tommy got stabbed,” Technoblade cuts in quickly.

Tommy has never wanted to strangle the hero before.

“What?” Wilbur’s expression changes instantaneously, concern and anger warring in his eyes as he stalks out of the desk chair, kneeling before the teenager. “Where?”

Tommy lets out a string of protests as the man tries to inspect him for injuries, lifting his bangs to check his forehead.

“Right leg,” Technoblade hums as he settles in the chair Wilbur had left.

Wilbur is rolling up Tommy’s pant leg before he can even protest and the teenager rolls his eyes, “You’re so *anal* about this shit, calm down,” Tommy complains.

Wilbur pauses, raising an eyebrow in disbelief, “Anal?”

“Yeah,” Tommy replies, “You go fucking batshit whenever I get hurt, that’s like part of my job,” He huffs.

“You don’t have a job,” Technoblade points out which is fucking rude.

“Vigilantism is a real job,” Tommy scowls.

“You’re not even an effective vigilante, one minute you’re hunting criminals and the next you *are* the criminal,” Technoblade scrutinizes him.

How *dare* he question Tommy’s work ethic. Tommy gives him the middle finger and the hero only huffs in amusement.

“Whatever,” Wilbur sighs, “I’ll find out who did this to you later, let’s just get this cleaned up.”

Tommy should pray for Quagmire.

But that guy is a bitch.

---

“Ow fuck, fuck, *fuck*, ” He hisses as Wilbur disinfects the wound. “I- I don’t think it needs anymore, I think it’s clean,” He tries to pull his leg away from the pain.

“Hush, it’s okay,” Wilbur mumbles, grip tight on the boy’s leg. “I’ll be done in a second.”

Tears spring into Tommy’s eyes without his fucking permission as he winces, “It *hurts*, ” He whimpers and it’s so embarrassing. He clamps his jaw shut to avoid making anymore babyish pleas.

Fuck Quagmire and his stupid daggers. Seriously, fuck that guy.

“Hey,” There is a hand in his hair, ruffling the curls gently, “We’re finished. It wasn’t that deep, doesn’t even need stitches, so we’ll just bandage it up, okay?”

“Stop being soft, I’m not a baby,” Tommy grumbles despite his shoulders going lax with relief.

“Sure, Tommy,” Wilbur agrees easily and somehow it is more infuriating.

Tommy glares at him but remains silent as the hero carefully bandages his leg before shuffling the pants back over.

“Tech’s gone to get you a lollipop,” Wilbur says and Tommy’s glare darkens.

“I don’t want a fucking lollipop, I’m not a child,” He seethes before pausing, “What flavour?”

“Cherry,” Wilbur grins like a little shit because he *knows*.

Dammit. He knows Tommy loves cherry.

He huffs, “I will have the lollipop, but only because you’re stupid and I hate you,” He explains.

Wilbur barks out a laugh, wheezing, “There’s no correlation,” He snorts.

Tommy kicks him with his good leg.

“You *fuck-*”

---

Tommy decides to annoy Wilbur for the remainder of his office hours, spinning around on his spinny chair and creating various paper aeroplanes to launch at the man's head.

He sucks on the lollipop as he throws an aeroplane at Wilbur, closing one eye as he squints, steadying his hand for accuracy. It hits the hero right in the forehead and Tommy grins.

Wilbur turns to him, expression thunderous, "What? My fucking god, why didn't Techno just take you home?"

"What?" Tommy says back, tilting his head, "You don't want to spend time with me, *Wilby*? You are like a brother to me, we are *bonding*," He grins mischievously.

Wilbur stares at him before letting out a muted scream into his palms. Clearly he has lost his sanity. "Don't *ever* say that again, I will cry," The man mumbles.

Tommy just laughs, spinning on the chair, "Okay, *brother*."

A tormented scream echoes through the office.

---

Dream raises an eyebrow as he glances around the room, "Did you guys hear that?"

George lifts his head from the couch, eyes bleary and nose scrunched in confusion, "Was that a scream?"

"I- I think so," Dream mumbles, scratching his head, "Should we investigate?"

"Nah," Sapnap shakes his head, eyes focused on the screen in front of him, fingers pressing incessantly at the controller.



Dream and George look at each other before shrugging. “Alright,” George agrees easily, already laying back down, eyes closed.

“Cool, we’ll just ignore it then,” Dream nods as he turns back to the pile of paperwork that his *colleagues* are meant to be doing and sighs. “Y’know, maybe you guys could help me with these reports because it’s Christmas and-”

“Woah! Did you see that kill? Did you see that kill, Dream? I’m so cracked, dude, I’m so cracked,” Sapnap grins over at him, eyes lighting up in excitement.

Dream sighs once more before smiling indulgently, “Yeah I saw,” He lies, “Great kill, Sap.”

The man beams at him before turning back to the game.

Dream looks around the office and rolls his eyes in fond exasperation at the sleeping George and concentrated Sapnap. Somehow, it seems that the workload in this team is just *slightly* unequal.

Nevermind, he thinks as he picks up his discarded pen and begins to write, he’s making them do all the chores for a month at *least*.

---

Wilbur eventually cuts his work hours short out of pure frustration. “I can’t do this, I can’t do this, we are going home,” He seethes after the eleventh paper aeroplane to the head. Tommy just laughs.

“Okay,” He agrees, hopping out of the spinny chair and then wincing almost immediately because *fuck*, he forgot about getting stabbed.

The hero is by his side in an instant, grabbing him around the waist with a sigh, “I told you not to get out of the chair.”

“I’m fine,” Tommy insists, “I can walk. Barely even feel it, Wil,” He tries, widening his eyes.

“Don’t use my nickname to try and butter me up, you’re not walking on it,” Wilbur snorts, looking down at him in amusement.

Tommy scowls, “Whatever, you’re just being stupid. As usual,” He mumbles before tacking, “Bald man,” on the end.

“You little shit,” Wilbur hums but he doesn’t even sound that displeased, “C’mon, get on my back,” The man crouches down.

“No,” Tommy decides to be difficult.

“I can carry you bridal, if you want,” Wilbur offers and Tommy can *hear* the fucking grin in his voice.

He reluctantly clambers onto the hero’s back, arms wrapping around the man’s neck as he subtly attempts to strangle him.

“Watch it,” Wilbur warns as he feels the arms tighten.

“What?” Tommy plays innocent, “I’m not doing anything.”

“Sure you aren’t. I can and will throw you out the window if you try to kill me,” Wilbur threatens but it’s mostly empty. Mostly.

Tommy just rolls his eyes, “Yeah, yeah, bald man.”

---

Phil looks up from his book as Wilbur enters the living room, a koala like figure clinging to the man's back. Phil tilts his head as he realises the koala is in fact Tommy.

"Hey, mate?" He phrases it like a question, raising his eyebrow.

"Gremlin got stabbed, Tech made me babysit, he was being a little shit, and now he's asleep," Wilbur explains quickly, "I'm just gonna dump him in here while I change."

"Alright," Phil hums, turning back to his book and moving out of the way so there's space for the teenager on the couch.

"...Phil?" Wilbur mumbles after some shuffling.

"Hmm yeah?"

"He won't let me go."

Phil looks up at the man and lets out a cackle as he watches Wilbur try to shake off the teenager, Tommy's legs and arms tightening around the man.

"Looks- looks like you're stuck, mate," Phil continues to laugh in amusement.

Wilbur glares at him, "Help me!" He hisses.

"Hmmm, nah," Phil decides, "This is funny."

“I despise you, Philza,” The brunette scowls, “I’ve got an actual gremlin on me and you’re laughing.”

“He *loves* you, Wil,” Phil coos just to be a dickhead.

He watches in amusement as Wilbur’s ears turn dark with embarrassment, “Shut up, you old man,” He insults but Phil only snorts.

“Good luck, mate,” He says, turning back to his book.

“I’ll get help elsewhere then, you prick. Where is Ranboo?”

“Uh,” Phil pauses, frowning, “Where *is* Ranboo?”

---

“You ran out already,” Eight questions, raising their eyebrow.

Ranboo scratches his neck, sheepish, “I cook a lot.”

“Hmm,” Eight scrutinizes him.

“It’s Christmas!” One of the cult members shouts, “Let him have more spaghetti!”

“Yeah!” Another one agrees and there are voices overlapping in agreement.

Eight sighs, narrowing their eyes before nodding, “Alright, we’ll give you another supply.”

Ranboo sighs in relief, “Thank you-”

“But,” Eight cuts him off with a glare, “We are on a limited amount. Don’t go using this one so quickly.”

Ranboo nods, once, then twice. “Of course, of course. Thank you, thank you,” He says solemnly as he accepts two bags.

He salutes towards the rest of the cult, “Spaghetti.”

They salute back, “Spaghetti, spaghetti, spaghetti,” They chant.

---

“Yeah, I have no idea where Ranboo is, but he’s making dinner so he should be back soon,” Phil shrugs.

Wilbur just sighs, “Fine, I’ll just have a fucking nap or something until this thing,” He gestures to the teenager on his back, “wakes up.”

“Alright, mate,” Phil hums, sneaking a picture of the man as he exits and sending it to Techno with a chuckle.

---

Tommy wakes up slowly, eyebrows furrowing as he feels his pillow move. “What the fuck?” He mumbles despite snuggling closer to the warmth.

“Are you finally awake?”

His eyes snap open immediately as he launches himself away from Wilbur, scooting to the edge of the bed to glare at the man, “What the *fuck*?” He repeats.

Wilbur only raises an eyebrow dryly, “Finally decided to stop being a literal gremlin?”

“Did you force me into cuddling you? Did you drug me? *Again*?” Tommy gasps, horrified. How could he have let his guard down?

Wilbur just gives him a look, it’s like, it’s like a mixture of disgust, annoyance and exasperation. “First of all, I’ve never fucking drugged you. And second of all, *you* forced *me* to cuddle you.”

Well, that is obviously false.

Tommy crosses his arms, “Don’t try and manipulate me, you gaslighter. Confess your sins.”

Wilbur leans over and flicks him hard on the forehead.

Tommy lets out a noise of indignation. “You *dickhead*, you fucking absolute *toothpick*. You bald toothpick!” He curses.

“You’re giving me a headache with all your squeaking, child,” Wilbur rolls his eyes, flopping back on the bed. “I gave you a piggyback, you fell asleep and then you refused to let me go,” He tuts in annoyance before smirking slowly, “You were so clingy, Tommy,” He taunts, “If you wanted a hug, all you had to do was ask.”

Tommy is going to strangle him.

He lunges for the man.

---

“Phil, dinner is ready, can you call the others?” Ranboo smiles, a little timidly, but he’s getting there and hey, did he just say Phil’s actual name?

Phil smiles up at the teenager, standing up and reaching to pat the boy warmly on the shoulder, “Course, mate. Well done.”

Ranboo beams and damn, Phil’s heart. He’s going to eat the dinner no matter how much fucking spaghetti is in it, because, really, Phil doesn’t think he could handle the puppy dog look from Ranboo. It might kill him.

He makes his way down the hallway and hears screaming.

Ah, seems Tommy is awake.

He cracks the door open and peeks his head inside. There he finds Tommy, sitting on Wilbur’s back as he attempts to strangle the man, said man is fighting for his life and wheezing desperately.

“Dinner’s ready,” Phil tells them, “Oh, and stop strangling Wil, Tommy.”

---

“So, how was everyone’s day?” Philza starts with a smile as they settle. Man, he’s such a caring hero, truly.

“Not very Christmassy,” Tubbo says with a shrug as he eyes his plate distrustfully, “It didn’t even snow.”

“I shot people,” Tommy grins.

“I met up with some old friends,” Ranboob smiles.

“Tommy stole my sword,” Technoblade drawls as he eats.

“Tommy strangled me,” Wilbur scowls.

“Divorce!” Michael shouts.

“Well, that’s lovely,” Philza smiles like the amazing man that he is.

---

“Open this cracker with me,” Tubbo smiles up at Ranboo as he offers one.

Ranboo nods, “Sure,” He says as he takes the other half of the cracker. “Okay, one, two-”

Tubbo pulls viciously and almost pulls Ranboo’s arm along with it. “*Dude* , what the heck?” He cries out, “You didn’t even wait for three, and why’d you pull so hard?”

Tubbo only blinks, “What’d you mean big man? It’s okay, you can win next time.”

“Tubbo, it’s- it’s not a competitive game,” Ranboo frowns.

“Yes it is. You pull as hard as you can and the winner gets the cracker. The loser gets a broken arm.”



“The loser gets a *what-?!*”

---

Tommy does not want to fucking trust Ranboob. The guy poisons everything he touches.

But well, he’s hungry, and, well, the food looks *normal*. Roasted potatoes, seasoned carrots and green beans, gravy, yorkshire puddings and turkey, there are also slices of cheese for some reason, but that can be ignored. Objectively, a perfect meal. Subjectively, a death wish.

He spares a glance over at Technoblade who is eating along happily but Tommy knows better, the guy is weird and apparently has sandpaper for taste buds.

He looks over at Tubbo who also seems conflicted. He sends him a look, *I’ll try if you do?* Tubbo sends one back, *Okay bossman, good luck.*

Tommy inhales shakily as he raises his fork and stabs at a potato. His hand shakes as he brings it to his mouth, taking a small bite.

His eyes widen.

It’s - it’s *delicious*.

Tubbo’s eyes widen similarly and he turns to grin at the tall boy, “Boo, this is amazing!”

Ranboob grins, excited, “Really? I thought I’d try something new. I’m- I’m glad you guys enjoy it.”

Tommy salutes the boy solemnly, “I didn’t trust you, but you have proved me wrong,” He confesses.

Ranboob furrows his brows in confusion, Uh, thank you?” He replies unsurely.

Tommy grins as he begins to eat in earnest. This may actually be a good Christmas.

He takes some carrots, some potatoes and dips them in the gravy. It truly is a good meal. Maybe they will eat like this from now on, he can only hope as he takes a chunk of chicken and bites.

His grin freezes.

A tear drips down his cheek.

Ranboob’s eyes widen, panicked, “Tommy? You okay there, dude?” He fusses, hands raised in alarm.

Tommy places his fork down, expression solemn, “You...” He whispers quietly, closing his eyes in anguish, “You stuffed the turkey with spaghetti.”

“Huh? Oh yeah! I did,” The fucking menace chirps on, oblivious to the pain he has caused.

Tommy cries into his palms, inconsolable.

---

After dinner, a traumatic affair, they settle in the living room to watch a movie.

Tommy glares at Ranboob from the other end of the room, the boy in question just sends a look of bewilderment.

“Alright, so normally on Christmas, we share gifts about now,” Philza smiles, “And well, we didn’t expect that you guys would get us anything, so don’t feel obligated, but we did get you all something,” The hero says and he truly is the kindest man in the world.

Philza brings out a bag and hands a present to Tubbo, Ranboob and Tommy respectively.

Tommy is *not* excited. Totally not. But he does grin and tear into it quickly to reveal- to reveal a *sweater* . It’s *not* cute, it isn’t. The sweater is red with a yellow baby chick in the middle. He marvels at the soft material as something warm begins to ignite in his chest.

Tommy glances over at the other two; Ranboob had gotten a purple sweater with a black and white cat. Tubbo’s was green with a little bee.

“I thought it’d be nice if you all had something to match in,” Philza grins.

Ranboob lets out a watery, “Thank you,” his eyes filling with tears. Tommy wants to roll his eyes but he can’t help smiling as he looks down at the sweater.

“The bee is so cute,” Tubbo grins happily, “Thank you, Philza!”

Tommy nods, “Thank you, Philza, you truly are the only man ever.”

The hero only laughs, “You guys are welcome.”

“Here is something to stop you from stealin’ my stuff,” Technoblade says as he hands him a rectangular wrapped present, eyes averted.

Tommy takes it with awe. *Technoblade* got him something?

This is very weird to Tommy. He unwraps this one slower, a bit at a loss. He lets out a gasp as he realises what it is.

“You,” His voice cracks halfway as he stares down at the present before looking back up at the man who stubbornly refuses to meet his gaze, “You got me a *blade*? My - my own blade?” He whispers in disbelief.

It’s almost a complete replica of *Technoblade*’s; red handled, with the same shine and heaviness. The only difference is the *Theseus* engraved on the side of the handle.

Tommy’s vision blurs and he blinks rapidly, “Uh, tha- thank you,” He mumbles, trying to keep the tears at bay because what the *fuck*.

A hand is placed in his hair, momentarily ruffling his curls, “You’re welcome, child,” The hero replies.

“M’not a child,” He retorts, and even to him, it sounds half-hearted at best.

Wilbur clears his throat and then Tommy feels a package hit him on the head, “There’s my present, you gremlin.”

Tommy composes himself as he slides the sword carefully to the side, scowling up at the man, “Don’t throw it at me, you dickhead,” He scowls.

Wilbur only hums.

Tommy unwraps it a little quicker and his fingers falter as he holds the material.

“It’s- it’s not much,” Wilbur coughs, shifting on his feet, “But well-”

“Shut up” Tommy whispers, voice quiet as he clutches the fabric tightly.

It’s a trench coat. But well, it’s not just any trench coat. It’s the *Willow’s* trench coat. The material is the same heavy, comforting weight and it’s the same deep rich brown and it’s so soft. Tommy clutches it closer.

“So, y’know, people can recognise that you are with us,” Wilbur shrugs a little sheepish, “You don’t have to wear it, I just assumed that you might-”

“I like it,” Tommy mumbles, vision blurring once more. “It’s really, really cool. Thank you.”

Wilbur seems a little bit taken back, at the genuineness in his voice. Tommy should feel embarrassed, he kind of does, but there’s that warm feeling in his chest that makes it easier to ignore.

He looks up at the man, eyes watery and cheeks red, and sniffles once. “Thank you,” He says again, voice breaking as he ducks his head down.

A pair of arms wrap around him and he’s pulled towards a warm chest, tucked gently under Wilbur’s chin.

“You’re welcome, Toms,” Wilbur whispers to him, arms holding him so caringly and Tommy hasn’t felt this in a while. Hasn’t felt this since-

“Thank you,” He repeats muffled.

“It’s okay,” Wilbur hums, “You’re not alone anymore, gremlin, you’ve got people to protect you, people who love you. You have heroes on your side, you have me on your side. Big

brother Wilby, hmm?” He says it teasingly but it breaks something in Tommy as he begins to sob.

“Mhm,” He cries into the man’s chest, “Okay,” He believes. He chooses to believe Wilbur. “I’ve- I’ve missed this,” He confesses. *I’ve missed you*, he doesn’t say.

“I know,” Wilbur hums. “It’s okay. Merry Christmas, Tommy.”

---

“Why doesn’t she just jump out the castle?” Tommy scoffs, settled between Wilbur and Techno as they all watch Tangled.

“I dunno, maybe she might die?” Phil suggests with a snort.

“Nah, the castle isn’t that high,” Tubbo disagrees.

Ranboo looks at him in concern, “No, no, I think that’s pretty high.”

“Nah, not even ten feet I bet,” Tubbo says confidently.

“...You think the castle is only *ten* feet tall?” Ranboo questions the boy, incredulous.

“Yep,” Tubbo replies, popping the p.

“Regardless, I’m pretty sure anyone jumping from there would most definitely die,” Phil says.

“I don’t think so,” Wilbur counters.

“It’s pretty high,” Ranboo frowns.

“Not high enough, I’ve thrown Tommy off of taller buildings,” Tubbo states.

“That’s true,” Tommy nods.

That is most certainly not true, Phil hopes.

“Can we just get back to the movie,” The hero suggests with a sigh.

“Okay, Phil” “Okay, Philza,” They all agree simultaneously, and huh, Phil didn’t know they were capable of that.

He looks around the living room and smiles. They are not an ideal family, not in the slightest, more dysfunctional than not, but well, Phil thinks as he watches Michael snuggle between Ranboo and Tubbo, Tubbo rambling quietly to the taller boy who just hums intermittently. Well, Phil thinks as he observes Tommy sat between Wilbur and Techno, the teenager idly making miniature braids in the latter’s hair. Well, he thinks with a fond smile, they’ll survive.

“I think she would die if she jumped,” Techno pipes up, breaking the silence.

“Do you think you’d die?” Wilbur hums.

“What?” The man mutters, raising an eyebrow.

“Do you think you’d die?” Wilbur repeats.

“I-”

“I think we should test it,” Wilbur grins.

“ *Wil*, ” Phil tries to warn.

“ *Jump out the building, Techno.* ”

Phil lets out a long suffering sigh, letting his head drop back against the couch as he hears glass shatter.

They’ll probably survive.

## Chapter End Notes

typos? in my christmas special? ah fuck (pls tell)

right! and that is officially the happy ending. if you want to keep your fluff and humour, i suggest you leave after this one. thank you so much to all of you that have read this far and don't feel guilty if you dont want to read the true ending, put your mental health first :D

also just some things that i didn't include in the chap but are canon: - tommy did in fact choose to wear the christmas hat eventually when he thought everyone went to bed but wilbur found him red handed lmao. philza had a santa claus hat; wilbur had a reindeer hat and benchtrio had elf hats. wilbur tried to force a hat onto techno but it ended in him giving up out of pure fear. ranboo and tubbo also got gifts from wil and tech - ranboo got a cookbook from wilbur and a spaghetti maker from techno. tubbo got more



weapons from techno and a pair of personalised safety goggles from wilbur. quagmire got paid a lovely visit from wilbur in his jail cell. that little boy timmy grows up to be the first tommyinnit vigilante enthusiast.

also, did you notice anyone missing hmm? :D

anyways, thank you guys so much for 18k kudos wtf guys u r all insane jesus. can't believe we're nearing 500k hits. that is actually, quite scary lmao. but thank you guys sm

cult pog

as always you can find me at [@bigbrainsimp](#) where i shitpost more than i talk actual sense and get bullied by my moots on a daily

now onto fanart, you guys are so cool with your fanart man. so pogchamp. if you want to draw fanart, post it on twitter, use the hashtag #vigilantetommy or #tumoasd and tag my acc :D i'd love to see it.

[amazing.pogchamp art of clem and tommy the colours are so cool](#)

# Connection Failure, Please Try Again-

## Chapter Summary

there is a failure to connect, searching for signal, searching for signal, searching for signal, searching-

## Chapter Notes

TW: derealisation

“...”

“...”

“...Tommy?”

“Leave me alone... Please.”

“You know I can’t do that. Please don’t cry.”

“...”

“It will be okay, I promise. I’ll protect you. I love you, uncon-”

“Don’t. I- Please don’t.”

“Okay. But you understand it’s falling apart, right?”

“...Yes.”

“Are you satisfied yet? Are you ready?”

“I don’t really have a choice, do I?”

“...”

# We Never Even Got A Beach Episode

## Chapter Summary

happiness  
noun.  
the state of being happy.

## Chapter Notes

reminder= we are in the true ending now. do not read unless you want that

TW: heavy derealization

yup :D have fun

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Phlllll,” Tommy shouts as he looks underneath his bed, banging his head on the wooden frame and scowling.

“Yeah, mate?” The hero calls back from the living room, probably.

“Have you seen *Clementine*?” Tommy frowns as he scans beneath the bed, finding nothing but dust and an empty packet of sweets.

“No, mate, where’d you last put her?”

Tommy’s frown deepens. He has no idea.

---

Tommy huffs as he slumps over the table, disgruntled.

Wilbur raises a tired eyebrow at him, “What’s up with you?” He questions as he shovels cereal into his mouth.

Tommy eyes the Manifold Flakes with distaste. How the fuck does he eat that shit?

“I’ve lost *Clementine*, ” Tommy scowls.

“Who’s *Clementine* again?” Wilbur tilts his head.

What the fuck. “How could you forget my daughter? She’s my beloved,” Tommy glares, deeply offended.

“I think the name is vaguely familiar, was she in a bottle or something?” Wilbur hums distractedly as he continues to eat.

“Yes, she lives in a Sprite bottle and she is *missing* ,” Tommy tries to emphasize his distress.

“You don’t really carry her around all that much, mate,” Phil chimes in as walks into the kitchen, a laundry basket under one arm. He looks oddly domestic.

“I do,” Tommy disagrees before pausing, “Don’t I?”

“Well, I can’t remember the last time I saw her,” Wilbur shrugs.

Has he really? Has Tommy really not had Clementine with him for that long? Surely not.

“Whatever,” He huffs, “Can you guys just help me find her?”

“Sure, mate, we’ll be on the look,” Phil smiles.

---

By midday Clementine is still nowhere to be seen.

It is unacceptable really.

Did she run away? She has been rebellious these days; must still be going through her teenage phase.

Tommy sighs deeply. The struggles of parentage are not easy. His daughter is giving him grey hairs. This is terrible. She’s not getting anything in his will.

---

Tommy frowns, sitting at the edge of his bed in contemplation.

Where is she?

She wouldn’t just leave right?

She said she wouldn't- she said she wouldn't even if Tommy-

“Toms?”

Tommy startles, he shakes, blinking up at Wilbur who stands in the doorway, head tilted.

“You alright there?” He asks, soft.

Tommy shifts, straightening up and ruffling a hand through his curls with a sheepish smile.  
“I’m fine, Wil. Was just thinking.”

“About?” The man raises his eyebrow as he comes to sit down beside him, tall legs bending.

“Things. Big man shit,” Tommy hums with a grin, “The biggest man shit, y’know-”

“You can stop, if you want,” Wilbur looks him in the eye.

Tommy’s grin freezes.

“What?”

“You can stop, Tommy. We don’t have to pretend anymore.”

Tommy...

Tommy’s grin falters before widening, brightening. “Did you fall on your head or some shit? You sound fucking loopy Wilbur. Was it the Manifold Flakes?” He snorts.

Wilbur is silent for a moment.

Tommy stares back, smiling.

Wilbur's eyes soften and he smiles, before feigning an annoyed expression. "You are an absolute gremlin. What were we talking about again?"

"Lunch, you said you would make me lunch. I'm hungry," Tommy complains, "And I would *never* touch Ranboob's cooking. Not after Christmas," He shudders.

Wilbur just snorts, "Fine, I'll cook, only to stop your fucking complaining."

Tommy grins, happy.

He's happy.

Yes, he's happy.

He's happy, he's happy, he's happy- he is happy - he is- he's- he's happy- he's happy because- he's happy-

---

Clementine is still missing.



It's fine, however, because she always returns. She's always with Tommy. She wouldn't leave Tommy. She wouldn't leave him, not by himself. She protects him. She's *Clementine*. Gift from the gods and all that shit. His beloved.

It doesn't matter that Tommy can't find her, or the fact that no one seems to remember her much.

It's fine.

Everything is fine.

Tommy is fine.

Everything is poggers, pogtastic, whatever the hell else he's meant to say. The point is that everything will be okay, and Clementine will return, in her Sprite bottle and those intelligent eyes.

She's coming back.

She's coming back.

---

Tommy stares at the television, eyes blank. He rests his chin on his knees, curled on the couch.

It's a stupid cartoon he's watching.

Some superhero bullshit.

The hero is winning, well obviously, because that's what heroes do. They never lose. They never die, and that's great.

It's a shit cartoon though, looks like animated shapes and he wonders how he ever enjoyed it-

"You alright there, mate?"

Tommy turns slowly to face the man as he comes to sit beside him.

"Yeah," He hums.

"What's this then?" Phil questions with an easy smile.

"Some shit about heroes."

Phil frowns, offended, "You don't like heroes."

"They don't exist."

Phil laughs this time, slightly bewildered, "Mate, *I'm* a hero."

Tommy turns to him, eyes dulled, "Are you?"

---

...

---

Tommy grins, teasing, "Yeah you are, I don't mean you, Philza. You're the only man ever," He says solemnly, "I was just joking."

Philza matches his grin, leaning over to briefly ruffle the boy's hair. "Sure, Toms."

Tommy smiles before turning back to the television, "I'm sick of this show anyways, it's so inaccurate, no hero fights like that," He complains, reaching over to the remote and switching the channel.

Philza only hums.

The screen switches to a news report. "Breaking News; there has been a disagreement between-"

Tommy switches the channel.

His eyebrow twitches, minutely.

"I hate the news," He mutters.

---

Clementine is-

---

Tommy stares out at the evening sky.

“You better not be plannin’ to steal my sword again, kid.”

“Techno,” Tommy hums, turning away from the window.

Techno raises his eyebrow at him, “What’re you doing?”

“I...” Tommy thinks of a fish in a bottle, thinks of heroes and villains and stupid cartoons, thinks of a- “I don’t know,” He finishes.

“That’s unlike TommyInnit, the vigilante and sword slicer or whatever you call yourself,” Techno hums, nonchalant, but Tommy can see the suspicion in his eyes.

“I was thinking of falling,” Tommy says, softly.

He can hear the rush of wind from the open window more than ever, powerful and strong and so, so similar to the sound of someone flying in reverse, of someone falling and *falling* until-

---

“That’s unlike TommyInnit, the vigilante and sword slicer or whatever you call yourself,” Techno shrugs, nonchalant, but Tommy can see the suspicion in his eyes.

Tommy huffs, offended, “My full title is TommyInnit, the vigilante, Sword Slicer and Glock Wielder Supreme,” He states seriously.

Technoblade shakes his head in exasperation, “Whatever, child. Just don’t go trying to steal my stuff when I went out of my way to get you your own.”

Tommy grins, “Course not, Technoblade. I will cherish the blade you have given me forever, it is a beauty. I have named it Pogness the Champer.”

“That’s a terrible name,” The man says immediately.

“Majestic,” Tommy corrects, “So majestic.”

---

Clementine-

---

Tommy shrugs on his trench coat, slides his blade into the holster and taps his feet together, once, then twice.

He turns back to the window.

---

The air is hot out, despite it being the middle of Winter. Tommy watches the streets below from above and tries not to let the heat stifle him.

He just needs to find Clementine.

Tommy glances up at the night sky, and frowns at the murky orange colour it turns. He blinks and the sky is midnight blue.

“ *Clementine!*” He shouts into the town, into the city, into the world, the universe-

“ *Clementine!* If you’re trying to pull a prank it’s a fucking stupid one,” He grits his teeth. “Where the fuck are you? I-” He pauses, “You said you wouldn’t leave. Not again.”

There’s only the sound of street cars below and the wind that blows past him is *mocking* and Tommy wants nothing more than to just-

“You’re a fucking liar!” He screams. “You’re a *liar!*”

Something crashes, a forest is burning, voices are screaming-

“You *lied!*” Tommy bellows into the night, fingers reaching up to tug at his hair because he can’t fucking do this.

He glares, eyes angry.

“Why couldn’t we just stay? Why couldn’t *I* just stay? Don’t you see? It’s perfect. It’s fine. Everything is fine here. It could be me and *Clementine* . Me and *Clementine* and Wilby and Tech and Dad and everything would be fine.”

“But *no* , it’s always “ *Tommy, wake up, Tommy this isn’t real, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy*”, Well I don’t care!”

“It’s *my* world! *My* place! And you, you are my-”

He sobs.

“You are my-” He whimpers, “You’re my- you- *Clementine*- you’re- you’re-”

He cries into his palms and he cries into the clouds, and they drip.

It pours, soaks him to the bone and yet, Tommy can’t feel the rain at all.

Tommy closes his eyes and inhales deeply.

He breathes.

Tommy laughs, a little incredulous and a little childishly, “I’m being silly.”

He sighs, “This isn’t the finale, we didn’t even get a beach episode yet, everyone knows we need a beach episode,” He mutters to himself, “Let’s just fix this up, sorry guys, just a small blooper scene,” He says to the streets, to the town, to the city, to the world, the universe.

Tommy hums, eyebrows furrowed as he scans the streets below, “ *Clementine* , beloved, where are you?” He calls out.

His daughter is going to send him to an old grave at this rate. Teenagers, typical.

“TommyInnit? Is that you?”

Tommy frowns turning around and gasps, “Mr Manifold?!”

Manifold raises his shades to raise an eyebrow at him, “It is.”

“Damn,” Tommy laughs, “I haven’t seen you since, uh, your um, yeah.”

“My *company* , which you left in *flames* ,” The man grits out. Yikes.

Tommy raises his hands in placation, “Woah, big guy, calm down. I did not set that place on fire. That was your um secretary, um Periwinkle.”

“I don’t have a secretary called fucking Periwinkle-”

“Are you sure? Because I feel like you definitely have someone called Eggplant,” Tommy hums, raising a finger to his chin in thought.

“No I fuckin-”



“Yeah, no, I’m pretty sure-”

“Oh my god! Shut up!” Manifold shouts and jeez, this guy needs major therapy.

“Calm down, no need to-”

“No zip it,” Manifold glares, “I’m here to get my revenge.”

Tommy snorts, “Uh okay, and how are you gonna do that bald man?”

“I’m not bald- Listen, you don’t want to mess with me anymore, I’ve gathered an alliance of people who have been wronged by you,” The man grins, “You will regret sending me bankrupt.”

This guy must be stupid, who does he think he is? Threatening *the* TommyInnit.

“Oh yeah? And who is in your ‘alliance’?” Tommy rolls his eyes.

Manifold grins as a shadow walks out from behind him and into the streetlights, illuminated by the moon.

“Hey Tommy,” She smiles.

Tommy stumbles back, eyes wide.

“Niki?” He whispers, confused and maybe just slightly in fear.

“Nice to see you again,” She says, saccharine dripping from her tongue.

“How the fuck? I defeated you,” Tommy protests.

“Did you?” She hums, feigning confusion. “I don’t remember that. But I do remember a very annoying brat trying to meddle with my affairs,” Her gaze darkens.

Tommy gulps. “Woah, woah we can talk this out guys.”

“That’s not all,” Manifold smirks, “I have another ally.”

From the shadows another figure steps into illumination and Tommy jumps back in fear, scared for the worst when-

“Oh it’s you,” Tommy frowns, straightening up. “Hey Mr. Fundy.”

“You should *fear* me,” The toy shop owner hisses, “You harmed me, an innocent civilian and ever since I was angry, so angry and I didn’t forget-”

“Can we skip your villain arc origin story,” Tommy rolls his eyes, “No offence, but you revealing yourself after a literal mafia leader is kinda underwhelming.”

Fundy gasps, looking thoroughly offended. Well, you can’t please everyone.

“That’s not what this is about though,” Manifold cuts in smoothly, “TommyInnit, we have something of yours,” The man grins and it sends a chill up Tommy’s spine.

“What do you have?” Tommy questions uneasily, he’s scared of the answer.

Manifold reaches a hand behind him and pulls out a bottle.

Oh god.

“We have Clementine.”

Tommy may just be sick.

#### Chapter End Notes

haha :D

around two more updates till the end hehe

this was quite fun to write lol

# A Final Duet

## Chapter Summary

let's play  
to a song  
that we  
make

## Chapter Notes

yes. it is i. it has been a while oops.

uhh anyways.

TW //heavy derealisation. major character death- sort of. fire/arson.

enjoy maybe

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They have Clementine.

Okay, *okay* , this is fine.

Tommy clenches and unclenches his fists.

Manifold is grinning as he waves the bottle, jostling her.

“ *Clementine,* ” Tommy breathes. She stares at him, with those eyes, so perceptive and-

“If you want her,” Manifold starts.

“You’ll have to come with us,” Niki finishes, sidling up beside the man.

It’s a trap.

Tommy knows this.

It’s a trap and he should turn away.

“Okay,” He agrees.

---

“You see, you’ve been a fucking menace to this city for too long,” Manifold monologues like a fucking idiot. “Terrorising the people, playing the hero. Playing the victim when things don’t go your way. You’re a fucking child, TommyInnit.”

Tommy bites his tongue, rolling his eyes.

“You think you own this place, you think everyone will just suck up to you and do as you say, don’t you?” Manifold turns to him, eyes narrowed.

Well.

Tommy tilts his head, smirking a little. “Isn’t it true though? I’m pog.”

“Stop with the shitty catchphrases!” Manifold scowls, “You think everything always goes your way? But not this time.”

Oh my *god* , these kinds of speeches get old after a while. Can’t villains do something original?

“Look, sorry for burning your building or some shit, maybe you should have fire proofed the place,” The teenager shrugs, eyes darting to Clementine who swims in her bottle just out of reach.

“Stop, stop doing that. Blaming everyone but yourself,” The man’s eyes are angry, “You fucking set that building on fire.”

“I *didn’t*,” Tommy protests immediately, frowning in offence. “It was uh-“

“It wasn’t Purpled!” Manifold shouts.

Man, this guy has serious problems. Like major anger issues.

“Listen, you *really* need to let go of the past, you are like, stuck, in the first stage of grief. That’s denial,” Tommy says matter of factly.

“I’m so sick of you,” Manifold glares.

Yeesh.

“Calm down, big man-“

“Don’t. You left me in *bankruptcy* while you ran off to play families with heroes,” Manifold points an accusing finger at him.

Damn. This guy took it personal. Like *really* personal.

Tommy winces, brows sweating.

“And you tried to kill me,” Niki adds smoothly.

Tommy frowns. Okay absolutely fucking not.

“You were trying to kill Technoblade. You’re literally a murderer,” Tommy stresses.

Niki shrugs, “I don’t take kindly towards threats.”

“You shot me,” Fundy pipes up.

Tommy rolls his eyes, “No one cares about you, Fundy.”

Fundy wilts, shoulders slumping.

It’s awkward for a moment and Tommy kinda feels guilty. But not really.

“Look,” He raises his tied hands in surrender, “I came with you to this weird fucking base, now can I just have *Clementine* and go?” He tries, futilely, of course. Tommy knows he’s not leaving so easily. But well, his glock is out of darts, his blade would take too long to pull out and he has a feeling Niki will not hesitate to snap his bones at an escape attempt. Perhaps a bit of gaslighting will do?

“No,” Manifold shuts him down, “You’re not leaving until we say so.”

“What if when you say so is when I say so?” Tommy questions.

The man pauses, “What?”

“Yeah like, what if when you say I can go, is like, also when I say I can go? Then technically I’ll be leaving when I say so,” He explains.

There’s silence for a second or two.

“Just shut the fuck up,” Manifold sighs.

“Are you sure you want me to shut up? Because I don’t think you do. I think you enjoy my talking, in fact-“

---

Eventually his captors - Tommy doesn’t even want to call them that, they’re so shitty. But yeah, eventually his captors are driven to insanity with Tommy’s gaslighting so they leave him in the weird dark room, locking the door.

Of course the first thing Tommy tries to do is slice the door open with his blade- tied hands be damned. That shit doesn’t work though.

The only good thing is that they leave Clementine. Her bottle is in some weird mechanical shit that keeps her attached to the wall. Which fucking sucks.



But she's here. She's with him.

Eventually, when Tommy tires of striking mindlessly at the wall, he crumbles against the floor, tired and forlorn.

“ *Clementine*, ” He starts, picking at a piece of lint on the floor.

She swims around to face him, doing a little twirl.

“ *Clementine*, ” He says again, and really, Tommy doesn't know what he's supposed to say, what he wants to say.

She stares at him.

“ I'm tired,” He says instead, tilting his head back to rest against the wall, eyes falling shut.

“*Clementine*, did I start the fire?” He questions quietly.

She doesn't answer.

“Because,” He pauses, “I'm not so sure anymore.”

“It doesn't matter though, what's done is done. I can't go back. There's no fixing it. Why can't Manifold just *move on*? ” He grits his teeth. “This is fucking stupid. Like, the worst thought out the villain story ever made. Who made this shitty storyline?”

. . .

“Oh right,” Tommy laughs, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Right, right. Silly me. Sorry, sorry.”

“But it’s fine,” He hums, smiling, “Because we know how these sort of things go. Don’t we? The heroes win, the bad guys fall. Happy ending. I just need to reach the happy end. Right, *Clementine*?”

Clementine turns away.

---

“Your *heroes* are on their way,” Manifold grins when they re-enter the room.

Tommy tries not to pale.

This- this will be good. That’s good.

“Yeah? So they can beat your ass?” He grins, a little wobbly.

“Sure,” Manifold hums, “Something like that.”

This is good. The sooner Wilbur comes to save him, Technoblade and Philza too. The sooner they come, the sooner they can go home.

This is good.

Tommy avoids Clementine's gaze.

---

"You're fucking dead," He tells Manifold. When the heroes arrive it's over.

"You know," Manifold hums, "For a vigilante, you didn't really do much good, did you?"

Tommy's shoulders rise.

"I mean, really, when have you actually helped someone? Other than yourself, that is," Manifold scoffs. "You think you're so above everyone here, above the world-"

"That's because I *am*, " Tommy stares, eyes hard.

---

...

---

"I mean, really, when have you actually helped someone? Other than yourself, that is," Manifold scoffs. "You think you're so above everyone here, above the world and everyone in it."

“Yeah, yeah,” Tommy rolls his eyes, “I’m the worst, so self-centred. Whatever, can we just skip your stupid monologues?”

“This is why I hate you,” Manifold accuses, eyes angry beneath the shades, “Stop dismissing everything I’m saying and then maybe-“

“Oh my god, fuck *off*, I don’t care!” Tommy shouts, “You’re annoying me- you’re fucking *annoying* me. I should just kill you myself-”

---

God. Tommy sighs.

---

“This is why I hate you,” Manifold accuses, eyes angry beneath the shades, “Stop dismissing everything I’m saying and then maybe-“

“Okay, okay. I get it. I’m the worst,” Tommy huffs, “I understand. Amazing. But don’t act like you’re better than me. What was your cereal made of again?” He smirks.

Manifold pauses.

“Yeah, I may not be a hero. But I think I did good getting rid of your business,” Tommy says, smug.

Manifold glares, “Fuck you, you’re lucky I don’t smash your fucking fish to pieces.”

Oh fuck.

“Hey, hey,” Tommy raises his palms in surrender, laughing nervously, “Let’s not be drastic now, big guy, I thought you wanted the heroes?”

“Yeah,” Manifold shrugs, adjusting his shades, “But maybe I just want to make you suffer.”

“God. *Philza*, ” Tommy exhales, “You are *evil*. You would kill an innocent fish? My daughter?”

“You are so fucking weird,” Manifold grimaces, before turning towards the door, “I’ll be back. Stay here,” He says before chuckling, “Well it’s not like you can go anywhere.”

Tommy glares as the man leaves.

What a *dick*.

---

“ *Clementine*, ” Tommy starts, staring up at the dimly lit ceiling, “Remember the time I tried to use you to get on Tubbo’s good side?” He grins.

Clementine does a spin.

Tommy laughs, “Yeah, he still defenestrated me anyway. But it was a good idea. One of the best ideas I’ve had,” He sighs, “You know,” He hums, “I thought- for a moment there... for a moment, when I couldn’t find you, I thought you’d left me. Abandoned me.”

Clementine stares.

“Which is stupid, because- because what daughter abandons their father?” Tommy laughs, “Surely it’d be the other way round. The parents do the abandoning. The children- they- they stay. They’re meant to stay. So you weren’t leaving me, were you?”

Clementine stares.

“Right, right,” Tommy nods. “You wouldn’t leave me. Not when I raised you. You wouldn’t- you wouldn’t go find another lake? Or go out to sea? Would you? You like the bottle don’t you? That’s your thing!” Tommy exclaims, grinning, “ *Clementine* in her Sprite bottle. That’s *your* thing,” He stresses, “And I’m the charismatic vigilante. That’s our thing. We are a duo. I protect you, you protect me.”

Clementine stares.

“ *Clementine*, ” Tommy stares back, “You’re my beloved.”

“And- so- that’s why you can’t just leave. The world is ours *Clementine*. We have Philza and Wilbur and Technoblade. We have Ranboob and Tubbo. We have Henry.”

“So- so-“ Tommy quiets, “So why do you want to leave so bad?”

Clementine turns away.

---

“Tommy!”

There's a shout of his name and the door bursts open.

Tommy glances up and his eyes find Wilbur's. The man looks angry. It shouldn't comfort Tommy like it does.

Technoblade and Philza are flanked by the hero's side.

Tommy sighs. Finally.

They can go home.

Hands are grasping at the teenager's face as Wilbur inspects him carefully.

"Did they hurt you?" The man questions, voice tense.

"No, Wil. Not a scratch. Just fucking tired. These guys are fucking idiots," Tommy rolls his eyes, shrugging out of the hero's hold.

"Okay, okay, we're leaving. This was a shitty trap though, why did you follow them?" Wilbur huffs.

"*Clementine*," Tommy replies simply.

Wilbur rolls his eyes, "All for a fish? You are an absolute child."

Tommy kicks the man halfheartedly in the shin. "Fuck you, bald man," before Wilbur can protest he continues, "Can you untie my hands?"

Wilbur unties his hands and everything is fine.

They stand up together.

“We need to get *Clementine* out of the wall,” Tommy explains.

“Alright,” Technoblade shrugs, already unsheathing his blade to strike at the contraption which-

Which does absolutely nothing.

“That won’t work,” Manifold says from behind as he enters the room, “Hello by the way, Blade, Willow, Philza,” He nods towards the heroes, “I don’t think we’ve properly met before,” He grins, “Kinda rude to just barge in though? Isn’t it?”

“Look, mate, I’m tired and hungry, so just uh let the fish go and we won’t hurt you,” Philza smiles that smile that is a little too sharp to be kind.

Tommy grins smugly from behind.

Manifold chuckles, “Yeah I don’t think so.”

“It wasn’t really a choice,” Philza remarks cheerfully.

Man, he is so cool. The only man ever. Truly.

“ *Take the fish out of the shitty trap,*” Wilbur commands.



“I can’t, I lost the key,” Manifold replies mindlessly before smirking.

Tommy pales.

“I propose a deal, for you, Tommy,” Manifold addresses the teenager.

Tommy straightens up, eyes narrowed. “...What?”

“Leave the fish behind,” Manifold smiles, stretching his arms open wide in a stupid dramatic gesture.

That’s not a fucking deal.

Tommy scoffs, “Yeah okay,” He says before turning to the heroes, “Can we leave now? Just like- fucking pull *Clementine* from the wall?”

“We could smash the bottle,” Technoblade suggests.

“She’ll *drown*, ” Tommy gapes, clutching at his heart.

“Suffocate, mate,” Philza corrects.

Technoblade averts his eyes, “Well, uh, if we leave soon enough. We can just chuck her in a pond on the way home.”

Risky.

“I’ll have to get a new bottle,” Tommy sighs.

“Can we just hurry up? It’s just a fish Tommy, you know we can get another one right?” Wilbur suggests.

How *dare* he?

Absolutely not.

“Tommy, I’m still waiting on your answer,” Manifold reminds him.

“Get fucked,” The teenager sneers.

“Your fish or your heroes?” Manifold grins, “Which matters more?”

This is so fucking stupid.

“If you don’t answer, you may just lose them both,” Manifold hums.

“You’re so shit, just take *Clementine* out of this shit and we’ll uh, reimburse you?” He lies.  
“Build you a new company or something. Just stop being a dick man.”

“I already told you I can’t. You have to choose,” Manifold ignores him.

“Look man, just be a decent-“

“That’s fine then,” The man shrugs, reaching into his pocket. He pulls out a small box.

“Listen bitch-“

“Ah, ah,” Manifold cuts him off, “You’ve made your decision,” The man opens the box, pulling out a stick.

Tommy pales.

Manifold runs the stick along the side of the box. Manifold lights a match.

“You’ve made your bed,” The man grins, raising the lit match, “Now lie in it.”

The room goes up in flames.

---

They can’t open the door.

It’s locked from the outside and isn’t this so fucking *stupid*?

The room is illuminated in an orange hue that makes Tommy’s hands shake.

“ *Fuck,* ” He gasps, falling back against the wall, “ *Fuck, fuck. Shit.* ”

“Tommy? Tommy, it’s fine, we’re going to find a way out,” Philza tells the teenager, eyes wide as he tries to mask the panic, “It’s fine mate. Don’t worry.”

Tommy has fucked up.

This isn’t meant to happen. Right?

This isn’t going as planned.

He reaches up to grasp at strands of his hair and *pull*.

He can fix this.

Tommy can fix this.

---

Somewhere, something unravels.

---

The flames are higher now.

Tommy can’t bear to look at them, even as it surrounds him.

“Wilbur? Techno?” He calls out to the heroes who are trying to use brute force on the door.

“Guys,” He tries again, coughing lightly, “That’s not going to work. There must be another exit.” There must be. There has to be.

Tommy locks eyes with Clementine over the smoke.

She stares for a moment before turning away.

\_\_\_\_\_

He can fix this.

\_\_\_\_\_

There is no hidden exit.

Eventually, they settle on the wall furthest from the flames.

“What a stupid way to die,” Technoblade remarks idly.

“We’re *not* dying,” Tommy seethes.

“Tommy, mate-“

“We can’t die. *You* can’t die,” Tommy turns to the heroes, eyes wide. “You are heroes. They never lose.”

“If we had just left the fish-“

“I’m not leaving *Clementine!*” Tommy snaps.

It’s silent, ignoring the sounds of the burning flames.

---

Tommy will fix this.

---

He coughs.

An arm grasps him around the shoulder and drags him down. Wilbur.

Tommy rests his head on the man’s collarbone.

“Funny, isn’t it. How easily our abilities can be reduced to nothing in the face of natural disasters.”

Tommy clenches his eyes shut.

“It’s fine. We’re not gonna fucking- we’re not- everything will work out,” Tommy promises.

Wilbur presses a hand to Tommy's curls and it doesn't soothe him like it should.

Tommy remains wide awake.

---

*"Are you tired yet?"*

*"I'm going to fix this."*

*"You don't have to do this anymore."*

*"Shut up, shut up."*

---

It's hard to breathe.

Tommy's lungs protest.

His skin burns.

But everything will be fine, and they will laugh about this particular experience in the future.

---

“Did the fish mean that much to you?” Wilbur breaks the silence, voice hoarse.

“...Yeah,” Tommy hums.

“Why?”

“I love *Clementine*,” Tommy confesses.

“More than us?” Wilbur questions.

*More than this?*

Tommy hesitates, “I don’t know,” He admits.

---

“I’m sorry,” Tommy says, eventually, when he can feel Wilbur’s hand droop by his side.

“It’s okay,” The man whispers back.

“It’s not,” Tommy whispers. “I should have saved you. All of you.”

Wilbur’s chest rumbles with a pained laughter, “You’re just a child.”



“I wanted to be a hero.”

Wilbur is silent. He brushes a hand weakly through Tommy’s bangs, pushing the curls up to stare down at him.

“You're not a hero, Tommy.”

---

...

---

When Philza’s head falls to the side limply. When Technoblade’s breathing slows to nothing. When Wilbur’s hand falls from his head.

Tommy screams.

---

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry,” He sobs to the heroes.

“I’m- I’m-“ He heaves, fingers shaking and dusted with soot. “I’m sorry dad,” He tells his father, “I’m sorry Techno,” He tells his brother, “I’m- I’m sorry Wilbur,” He tells his brother.

Tommy glances up at Clementine through bleary eyes and finds her staring back.

---

No.

“No,” Tommy seethes, standing on shaky legs.

“No,” He tells the flames as he steps into the fire.

“No,” He tells the world.

“No,” He tells the universe.

“No,” He tells himself.

---

Somewhere, something shatters.

And that’s okay.

---

Tommy awakes to soft sheets and the smell of something sweet.

He sits up abruptly.

He's in his room. He's in the penthouse.

Tommy breathes a sigh of relief.

Man. That was a close call.

He can hear Ranboo and Tubbo arguing over some shit. Hears Phil laughing at something Techno said.

At his bedside, lies Clementine in her bottle. She won't look at him.

But that doesn't matter.

---

He did it.

Tommy grins.

He fixed it. Everything is fine now.

He feels the universe beneath his palm, thrumming and back in sync.

Everything is fine now.

---

His door opens.

Tommy's head snaps to the side and he meets Wilbur's eyes.

“Wil!” Tommy grins, easy and filled with relief. “Come here to be a clingy shit?” He teases.

Wilbur smiles.

The man takes a seat at the edge of his bed.

“Toms,” The hero starts.

Tommy makes a questioning noise.

“I know what you did.”

Tommy pauses.

“Huh?” He laughs.

“I know what you did.”

---

Why? Why can't it just-

---

“Wil!” Tommy grins, “Come here to be a clingy shit?” He teases.

Wilbur smiles.

The man takes a seat at the edge of his bed.

“Tommy, stop it.”

Tommy falters.

His fingers twitch where he clutches the bedsheets.

“Wil,” Tommy says slowly, “I really don't know what you are talking about.”

“You can't avoid it, you know.”

“I'm not avoiding *anything*, ” Tommy stresses, refusing to meet the man's gaze.

“I’m dead,” Wilbur says.

Tommy stares at the sheets.

“You’re not funny,” Tommy laughs.

“Tommy, look at me.”

Tommy clenches the sheets.

---

Goddammit.

It’s fine.

Once more.

---

“Wil!” Tommy grins, “Come here to be a clingy shit?” He teases.

Wilbur smiles.

The man takes a seat at the edge of his bed.

“They’re dead too,” Wilbur gestures to those outside the door. Tommy can hear their laughter.

“God, can’t you just,” Tommy fumbles, “You sound like *Clementine*.”

“I sound like *you*.”

Tommy looks up and he’s staring into his own eyes.

There’s a young boy on his bed, with a head of golden curls and sunken blue eyes. His clothes are torn, tinged with smoke.

“I’m tired,” The boy confesses.

“I don’t care,” Tommy stares.

“I don’t want to be here anymore.”

“Well *I* do,” Tommy seethes.

The boy’s eyes fill with tears, “I want to go home.”

“This *is* home, don’t you get it?” Tommy grits out, glaring at his hands. “You wouldn’t understand, you’re just a child,” He spits.

“So are you,” and when Tommy looks back up, he’s staring at Wilbur.

His brother smiles, a little sadly, “It’s time, I think.”

“No,” Tommy hisses.

“It is,” Wilbur responds, “And that’s okay. You had fun, didn’t you?”

“I always have fun.”

“You got to be a hero,” Wilbur smiles, “You saved us from the fire, Toms. Didn’t you? Or how else would we be here?”

Tommy glares. “I’m not a hero.”

Wilbur only hums.

---

The streets below begin to burn.

---

“Tommy, it’s time for you to go,” Wilbur tells him.

Tommy ducks his head down as tears cloud his vision.

“No,” He protests, voice wobbly. He fucking hates this.



A hand rests in his hair.

“I missed you, Wilby,” He continues, “And dad and Tech.”

“I know.”

“I want to stay with you.”

“I know.”

“I don’t want to leave.”

“I know.”

“This was fun,” His voice cracks, “We- we- we defeated crime together,” Tommy laughs shakily, “Crime bros right? You and me. I had a glock,” He snorts, “And swords. I was so cool. Wasn’t I? TommyInnit, the courageous and athletic and handsome and charismatic vigilante,” He grins.

“Mhm.”

“Wilbur, stay with me,” He begs.

“Tommy,” The man tilts his head, “Who are you asking? You know he’s not here.”

---

The sky cracks. A fracture.

---

“I know,” Tommy sobs, “But can you stay with me anyway? Even- even if you- if you aren’t-“

“Real?” Wilbur smiles, “Of course.”

---

The walls splinter and snap.

---

Tommy knows it’s only them left.

In this room.

The world falls apart outside and he can’t bring himself to stop it.

Instead he buries himself in his brother’s arms.

Wilbur hums a melody under his breath and it makes Tommy’s fingers tremble.

“How do you know that?” Tommy whispers.

“Why wouldn’t I? It’s your favourite, after all,” Wilbur replies and Tommy snuffles.

“Can- can you sing it? I promise I’ll let you go. I’ll let everyone go, so- so-“ He croaks wetly,  
“So can you sing it one last time? Before I go to sleep.”

“Of course, Toms,” Wilbur smiles into the teenager’s hair before clearing his throat.

The world outside tears itself apart and Tommy can hear the *screams-*

*“I used to hear a simple song,”*

And everything goes quiet.

*“ That was until you came along,”* Wilbur sings, voice soft like always, the way it always was and Tommy’s heart shakes.

Tommy thinks of childish games and petty fights. He thinks of older brothers and a kind father. He thinks of days spent on the porch, giggling and licking at melting ice-lollies. He thinks of hoodies too big covering his fingers and thinks of clumsily braiding soft hair, littered with colourful clips. He thinks of silly games of heroes and villains with makeshift capes and wooden swords.

Tommy thinks of cuts patched up gently with warm hands and he thinks of a familiar guitar being strummed.

*“ Now in its place is something new.”*

*“I hear it when I look at you,”* Tommy sings, voice quivering as he weeps.

If Tommy listens carefully, if he focuses hard enough, he can hear a third voice that joins theirs. It’s soft and light. If Tommy focuses hard enough, he can remember that voice singing him to sleep.

---

The sky collapses.

---

*“And now I hear,”* Wilbur pauses, voice quiet.

The world is silent. Tommy is quiet too, eyes dulled with exhaustion, tears falling. He clutches at his brother’s sweater and tries to remember this, remember this moment and keep it there.

He wants to rewind. To reset the tape to the beginning. To loop it, over and over. A perpetually scratched record, destined to repeat this scene and this scene only.

Tommy tries, but the record plays on. He can’t move back, can’t restart it. So he relishes in it, clutches his brother a little tighter and lets the melody come to an end.

*“A sym-phon-y,”* They sing together.

A final duet.

---

The world ends with a song.

It ends with a little boy curled in his brother's lap, clothes far too big and a heart far too wide.

---

Tommy lets his eyes fall shut.

*“Are you ready, sunshine?”*

Tommy feels the world beneath his fingertips, feels the pulse of this tiny universe thrum on his skin and lets it slip from his grasp.

Chapter End Notes

oh wow hehe.

there will be one more update after this one and that will be it :D dw it'll be like a two chap update. but yes we are like very at the end now. some of u may sort of know where this is going now hehe, if you've clocked onto another series i have going :D

anyways

//fainting. idk if that's a tw but just in case

yeah basically i fainted today and then i had a massive headache and was bedridden and i slept for like 10 hours. but the eneli grind doesn't stop.

also i've just been binge watching kdramas, strong woman bong soon my beloved. also 'nevertheless' is so good. i'm gonna go watch the new ep of loki now :D

hope u enjoyed this fluffy chapter <3

# I Used To Hear A Simple Song

## Chapter Summary

that was until you came along

## Chapter Notes

well. here we are. at the end.

thank you for sticking around this long <3

there are no tws this chap, but there will be in the next so please be wary and careful.

if u haven't realised already, this series is connected to the symphony series and is in fact a prequel. so if u want, u can read those first before reading these last chaps. but you don't have to, i don't think it's absolutely necessary.

anyways, enjoy :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Wilbur, you dickhead! Let me go!” Tommy half screams, half laughs. He writhes in his brother’s arms as Wilbur holds him in a headlock.

“You’ve stolen my hoodie again, tell me where it is or else,” Wilbur threatens, tightening his arms.

“Ah, Wil, can you refrain from killing your brother, mate. Thanks,” Their father hums absentmindedly from the living room, a book in one hand.

“Dad! Dad! Save me!” Tommy warbles, “He’s gonna kill me, Dad! I’m going to die!”

“Where is my hoodie you little shit?”

“No swearing at your brother, Wil.”

“He deserves it. Where’s my hoodie? I’ll delete all of your Minecraft worlds,” Wilbur promises darkly.

Tommy freezes. Shit.

“Okay, okay,” He gasps, repeatedly tapping on his brother’s arm. “I’ll- I’ll tell you,” He chokes.

Wilbur loosens his grip minutely, raising an eyebrow, “Go on?”

“It’s- It’s under my bed,” Tommy breathes heavily.

Wilbur narrows his eyes before nodding, “You better not be lying you little sh-“

“Wilbur.”

“You little gremlin.”

Tommy looks at his brother solemnly, “I would never lie, Wilbur, who do you take me for?”

“A child,” Wilbur retorts immediately before letting the boy go, “If it’s not under your bed, I swear to g-“

“Yeah, yeah,” Tommy rolls his eyes, “Just go get it, Wil.”



Tommy watches his brother dart off into the hallway and resists a grin.

“Did you lie to him, mate?”

“Absolutely,” Tommy confesses.

His father sighs, “Why are you and Wil always arguing? I swear you two got along great when you were a baby-” The man pauses, “Actually, no wait, you’ve always argued.”

“Wilbur is such a shitty-“

“No swearing, Tommy.”

“How comes Wilbur can swear?!” Tommy throws his hands up in outrage. Utterly offended.

“He’s not allowed to swear at you, but well, I can’t really police his language anymore- he’s nearly eighteen, mate.”

What a stupid excuse. Tommy scowls. “This is discrimination against the ages,” He accuses his father, pointing a judging finger towards the man.

The man hums in amusement, turning to face his son, “Is it now?”

“Yes,” Tommy huffs, “Let me swear.”

“Maybe when you are a teenager,” His father sighs.

“Wait, really?” Tommy gasps.

The man seems to be regretting his words, “Maybe Wilbur’s age.”

“No, no!” Tommy protests, “You said a teenager. I’m thirteen next year,” Tommy grins toothily, braces showing. “You can’t take it back!”

“Mate-“

“Tommy, you fucking gremlin! Where is my hoodie?!”

Tommy lets out a scream of fear.

“Dad, save me!”

“You brought this on yourself, mate.”

---

“Did you know, that if the teacher doesn’t come in fifteen minutes, we can legally go home,” Tommy informs his friends.

Ranboo raises an eyebrow in skepticism , “Are you sure? Where did you hear that?”

“That’s sick, can we go home yet?” Tubbo questions hopefully.

“No, it’s only been five minutes,” Tommy sighs forlornly.

“Did you guys do the homework?” Ranboo asks.

Tubbo grimaces while Tommy hums, “Which homework?”

“The- the one for English? The only homework we got this week?” Ranboo replies, slightly bewildered.

“Oh right,” Tubbo nods in understanding before shrugging, “No I didn’t do that.”

“Yeah me either,” Tommy high fives his friend.

Ranboo sighs, “Do you guys even wanna pass school?”

“Ranboo, Boo man, you need to chill, we’re not even in high school yet,” Tommy waves off the boy.

“But-”

“Ah, ah. No buts,” Tommy interrupts before snickering. “No butts.”

Ranboo shakes his head in disappointment.

---

“Oh yeah, do you wanna go camping? This summer?” Tubbo pipes up over a mouthful of pizza.

“Camping?” Tommy gasps.

“Yes,” Tubbo grins, “My mum says we can. She has to come with us though.”

Tommy’s shoulders slump, “We need adults?”

“Well, I mean, how else would we get money?” Ranboo questions.

“Drugs,” Tommy suggests with a grin.

“No,” Ranboo shuts him down immediately.

“It’s just my mum,” Tubbo shrugs, “She likes you guys. It won’t be weird.”

“Aunt Puffy does have loads of biscuits,” Tommy hums in contemplation.

“And money,” Ranboo reminds.

“So you guys wanna do it?”

“Sure, Tubs,” Tommy nods, “Sounds fun. Can we catch beetles and eat them? Live like the wild. Live free. Become one with nature and make dirt cakes.”

Tubbo frowns, “No dude, we’re just gonna buy food from Tesco.”

“You need more adventure in your life,” Tommy scoffs.

“I don’t wanna eat bugs,” Ranboo frowns.

“Shut up, you only like, like five foods. And four of them are fucking spaghetti,” Tommy scowls, gesturing to the boy’s lunch box of pasta.

“I like spaghetti,” Ranboo mumbles.

“We know, Boo,” Tubbo pats his friend’s hand.

---

“Do you ever watch anything else?” Wilbur groans as he flops onto the couch beside Tommy.

Tommy kicks him in the leg, “Shut up, you dick.”

“I’ll tell dad you swore at me,” Wilbur hums.

“Dick isn’t a swear word,” Tommy protests, “It’s- it’s human biology.”

Wilbur snorts before trying to reach for the remote, to which Tommy bats his hand away.

“Dad said it was my turn to watch tv,” Tommy states proudly with a smirk.

“You’ve been watching this shit for an hour at least.”

“Yeah, because it’s a two hour special, you idiot,” Tommy scoffs.

Wilbur stares in disbelief, “You’re watching a two hour special, of a fucking cartoon?”

“It’s not just a cartoon you- you dick. It’s the season finale,” Tommy defends.

“How does this interest you, though? It’s the same plot line every time. Villain does something bad, heroes save the day.”

“You don’t understand the art of superheroes,” Tommy scowls, “And I’m not surprised. You’re boring.”

“I’m not boring,” Wilbur sputters, offended.

“You are,” Tommy hums, eyes glued to the television screen.

“Fuck you, you child.”

“Daaaaaad-“

---

“You two,” Their father sighs as he slices vegetables with a practised precision. “Can’t you just, get along?”

“No,” They both say simultaneously before glaring at each other.

“Wilbur keeps bothering me when I’m watching tv. And he’s ugly,” Tommy crosses his arms.

“He keeps stealing my clothes and being a little shit,” Wilbur seethes.

“Wilbur,” Their father warns.

Wilbur rolls his eyes.

“Maybe,” Their father hums, “Maybe, Tommy,” He turns to address the youngest. “Maybe Wil keeps bothering you because he wants to hang out-“

“No fuckin-“

“Ah, ah,” Their father hushes their protests, “And maybe, Wil, Tommy keeps stealing your clothes because he likes your clothes? Hmm? Imitation is a form of flattery.”

They are both silent for a moment before the kitchen devolves into outrage.

“Why would I want to be anything like that dickhead?! He’s bald! And ugly!”

“I don’t want to fucking hang out with you! You’re so annoying-“

Phil sighs.

---

“I’m home,” A voice drones and Tommy leaps off the couch with excitement.

“Techno!” He grins.

His brother waves a hand, “Hey, Tommy.”

“Did you win?” Tommy eyes the fencing blade with barely concealed awe.

“Of course, who do you think I am?” Techno smirks.

Tommy’s grin widens, “Of course, Technoblade never dies and Technoblade *always* wins,” He recites the childhood saying, before pausing, “Can I use your blade? For a little bit?”

“Tommy,” Techno stretches his neck tiredly, “Y’know dad will kill me if he finds out.”

“He doesn’t have to know, Tech. It’ll only be for a little bit. Ten minutes,” Tommy clasps his hands together, widening his eyes.

Techno averts his eyes, “Tommy…”

“Please?”

His brother lets out a suffering sigh, offering the fencing tool, “Ten minutes.”



Tommy whoops, giggling giddily.

---

“This is my blade,” He tells Tubbo and Ranboo, who stare at him in disbelief.

“Isn’t that Techno’s?” Ranboo scratches his head, unsure.

Tommy coughs, “No, it’s mine,” He raises the blade to the sky, “Mine.”

“Sure, big man,” Tubbo shrugs. “So if we asked Techno?”

“Don’t ask him,” Tommy yelps before clearing his throat. “Don’t talk to him, because uh, he’s sleeping. Tired. Laying down right now.”

“Uh huh,” Ranboo nods slowly.

“Can you just admire my blade? My sword?” Tommy scowls, before smirking, “Look I can do a cool trick with it-“

---

Tommy hisses into his fist.

“This is why you don’t play with weapons, without any protective gear,” His father tells him as he places a plaster over the boy’s leg.

“I wasn’t playing,” Tommy glares, “I was practising.”

“Sure, mate,” His father sighs, “Listen, don’t take Techno’s stuff. I know he gave it to you, which he shouldn’t have. But there’s a reason he wears protective suits and has been practising for many years.”

Tommy scowls.

“I promised you, you’d get fencing lessons when you turn thirteen didn’t I?” His father raises an eyebrow.

Reluctantly, Tommy nods.

“Then, have patience. Your birthday will come sooner than you realise,” The man says firmly before smiling, “Only you would try to do a spin of the handle with no experience.”

“It looked cool before it cut me,” Tommy defends.

---

“I’m going to the office late tonight, working a night shift,” Their father announces by the door, “Wilbur, you’re in charge. Call me if you need anything. Puffy’s downstairs if you need her.”

“Why is Wilbur in charge?!” Tommy shouts in disbelief.

“He’s the most responsible,” Their father says like a fact.

Tommy scowls. That is so incredibly untrue. His father has been mislead, misguided and quite possibly gaslit.

Wilbur smirks slyly at him.

“Techno should be in charge,” Tommy protests.

“I don’t want to,” The teenager immediately shuts down the idea, eyes glued to the tv screen as he plays Minecraft.

“Alright, boys I’m going. Behave,” Their father says firmly, “I better not come back to this place destroyed.”

“Yes dad,” They all drone.

The door shuts and Tommy turns to glare at Wilbur. “You shouldn’t be in charge.”

“But I am,” Wilbur grins, leaning back against the couch leisurely, “Go make me some tea.”

“I’m not making you shit,” Tommy scowls and aims a kick right at his brother’s side.

“You little *shit*-”

---

“I’m hungry,” Tommy announces loudly.

His brothers ignore him. Techno, probably unintentionally while Wilbur makes eye contact before turning away.

“I *said* I’m hungry,” Tommy repeats, picking up a cushion to chuck at Wilbur’s head.

Wilbur dodges it. Somehow. Dick.

“If you starve me, that’s child abuse,” Tommy says matter of factly.

“What do you want?” Wilbur groans eventually.

Tommy perks up, “Pizza?”

Wilbur and Techno scrunch their noses in distaste, “No,” They say simultaneously. He hates twins.

“But pizza is good,” He protests.

“Unhealthy,” Techno mutters, eyes still glued to the screen.

“Since when do you care about health?” Tommy raises an eyebrow in disbelief. He’s witnessed his brother mix energy drinks with coffee before.

“I’ll make pasta,” Wilbur interrupts.

Tommy sniffs, “Pasta is boring though.”

“You’re boring.”

“No you’re boring-“

---

The pasta is admittedly, very good. Tommy isn’t surprised, Wilbur’s always been a good cook. Better than their father at times, which isn’t that hard - Tommy loves his dad, but man, he’s not the greatest cook.

Tommy asks for seconds before anyone else has finished their first serving.

Wilbur snorts, but dishes out more nonetheless.

---

They settle on the couch, playing a tournament of Mario Kart.

Techno is in the lead, Wilbur close behind.

Tommy scowls. Unacceptable.

Silently, very stealthily, he elbows his brother in the side.

Wilbur startles, almost dropping the controller, “You *shit!* Fuck off! Techno, he’s sabotaging me!”

Techno grins, “All I hear is that I’m winnin’.”

Tommy cackles as he overtakes Wilbur, “Going a bit slow there, Wil?”

He lets out a yelp of pain as he is sent flying off the couch, controller falling out of hand.

Wilbur *pushed* him.

Tommy turns around to glare at his brother.

Wilbur smirks from atop the couch, “Toms, stop messing around, why’d you chuck the controller like that? You rage quitting, child?”

The *bitch*.

Tommy lunges at him.

---

Techno looks at the both of them, who are panting heavily on the floor. There’s a bite mark on Wilbur’s arm and Tommy’s hair has been ruffled beyond recognition.

“I won,” The teenager grins, gesturing to the screen.

Tommy and Wilbur glare at him.

Tommy turns to Wilbur, “Let’s attack,” He whispers conspiratorially. Not very quiet at all, because Techno still hears.

“Okay,” Wilbur nods.

They both turn to him with mischievous eyes.

“Hey, hey,” Techno raises his hands in mock surrender, “Guys, *guys*. *No!*”

---

Their neighbour knocks on the door, rather roughly, to tell them that their behaviour is very ‘disruptive’ and ‘people are trying to sleep, learn some manners before I call authorities’.

This puts a stop to their half-tickle, half-pretend-not-really-that-pretend fight. Cushions are sprawled across the living room and a few somehow managed to make it into the kitchen. One of the curtain poles went down and one of the controllers are definitely broken.

“This is why dad shouldn’t put you in charge,” Tommy states.

“You started this.”

“You’re meant to be the ‘*responsible*’ one,” Tommy taunts.

“I’ll put you up for adoption,” Wilbur threatens.

Tommy throws a cushion at him.

---

Techno proposes a movie. Tommy insists on Spider-man. Wilbur makes tea.

---

Tommy sips his tea and sighs. He's sat in the middle, legs placed on top of Techno's as he leans back against Wilbur.

"Is this your favourite one?" He questions, turning his mug idly.

"Hmm?" Wilbur hums, "What? I don't really care about any of the Spider-man movies."

"No, not that idiot. The tea."

"Oh," Wilbur pauses, "Yeah, it is."

"What are the peels from again?" Tommy questions as he squints at the golden skin peels at the bottom of his mug.

"Clementines," Wilbur hums.

"*Clementines*," Tommy repeats. "Nice name. Aren't they just like oranges though?"



Wilbur laughs, “No. Mum would definitely have fought you on that. They taste sweeter, I think. More citrusy. Smaller too.”

Tommy hums, “Did mum like them?”

“She loved them.”

Tommy takes a sip of his tea.

---

He falls asleep at some point between the second and third movie.

He wakes up to Wilbur nudging him awake.

“Up, Toms. I can’t carry you anymore, you’re heavy as shit.”

Tommy bats at the hand.

“Come on, get up. Before I get the spray bottle.”

Tommy groans. Wilbur is such a dick.

He blinks awake to blearily glare up at his brother, who grins that shit-eating grin.

“Up child. It’s past your bedtime.”

“I don’t have a bedtime,” Tommy weakly hits the teenager on the arm.

“Uh huh, sure.”

Tommy glances around, “Where’s Tech?”

“Already in bed, I got him up first.”

Tommy hums, sitting up sluggishly. He looks at the tv screen, the news is playing.

*“-They have declared wa-”*

Wilbur switches it off, “C’mon time for bed.”

“I missed the third movie,” Tommy pouts.

“You’ve already seen them all, like, five times over. You superhero nerd.”

“He’s a vigilante, actually,” Tommy huffs.

“What does it matter? Come up, up, up,” Wilbur pulls him to stand by the arm.

“It matters a lot. Vigilantes are illegal.”

“Sounds like something you’d like.”

Tommy grins tiredly.

---

By the time his head reaches the pillow, his eyes are already falling closed.

“At least take your socks off,” Wilbur sniffs in disgust.

Tommy lazily tries to shove a foot in his brother’s face.

“You’re such a child.”

“You’re ugly,” He murmurs back sleepily.

“Yeah, yeah. Night.”

Tommy opens his eyes enough to grasp at the back of Wilbur’s shirt.

“Wait.”

“Hmm? What?”

“Sing,” He mumbles.

“Tomorrow,” He can hear the eyeroll in Wilbur’s voice. “You’re barely even awake.”

“*Sing.*” He insists.

There’s silence for a moment before Tommy feels a weight settle heavily by his side with an exasperated sigh.

“You’re so annoying.”

“Mhm,” Tommy smiles.

He feels a hand smooth his curls back and leans into it.

*“I used to hear a simple song...”*

And he drifts off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

:D

# You Took This Broken Melody

## Chapter Summary

and now i hear

## Chapter Notes

alright TWs for this chap are as following:

//arson/burning buildings

//gunshots and shooting/being shot

//major character deaths

umm i'm not sure what else but you get the point. heavy angst. kinda. idk, i'm not good at measuring my angst lmao i kinda just take a couple handfuls of angst and gently sprinkle :D

anyways enjoy lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy wakes up to the smell of smoke.

And the beeping of the fire alarm.

He scrunches up his nose in confusion, the world blinking into focus. He can feel Wilbur next to him, head smushed into the pillow, snoring.

Is dad making breakfast already? Tommy frowns, tiredly glancing towards the closed curtains. It's dark out. Too early for breakfast.

What the hell?

His frown deepens and he sits up, clumsily pawing at the covers. The smell of smoke heightens and Tommy lets out a cough.

He shakes Wilbur roughly on the shoulder, “Wilbur, Wilbur.”

Wilbur slaps him away sluggishly, “Wha? Go ta’ sleep,” He mumbles.

“ *Wilbur,* ” Tommy insists, “Something’s burning. Did you leave the oven on?” Had they even used the oven last night?

Wilbur opens his eyes, startling into awareness. Tommy watches his brother inhale before letting out a cough.

Wilbur’s eyes widen and he sits up abruptly, shrugging off the covers and stumbling towards the bedroom door.

Wilbur yanks the door open and Tommy’s breath hitches, caught in his throat.

The hallway is flooded with a fiery orange hue.

Wilbur turns back to him, eyes wide and panicked. “Tommy, we need to leave.”

---

“Where’s dad?” Tommy questions as Wilbur drags him through the hallway, on the opposite side closest to the front door flames crowd the exit, “Wil, Wil, where’s dad? And we need to get Techno.”

“We need to hurry, before it spreads,” Is all Wilbur says.

They clamour into Techno and Wilbur’s room, where Techno lays soundly asleep.

Just like him, Tommy thinks with vague amusement, to sleep through a fire.

He watches as Wilbur roughly shakes his twin awake, practically dragging the teenager out of bed.

“There’s a fire, we’ve got to go now.”

---

By the time they leave the bedroom, the heat has spread further, flames licking at their heels.

Tommy’s heart beats out of rhythm.

“It’s fine, we’ll go out the fire exit!” Wilbur shouts over the incessant beeping of the alarm.

“Where’s dad?” Techno asks, voice rough with disuse as Wilbur shoves the fire exit open.

“In the office, he stayed overnight, remember?” Wilbur replies as they stumble out into the open air.

Tommy is not quite sure what he expects to see, or well, feel when he steps outside. Cold perhaps, it can’t be any earlier than three in the morning. The sun has not yet risen. He does at least expect the smoke that cloy in his lungs to lessen, does expect to take in a mouthful of fresh air and *breathe*.

He doesn't expect to walk out into a burning city.

---

For a moment, they all stare. For a moment that's all they can do.

The streets are bright, but not with streetlights.

There's an incessant stream of screaming and Tommy suddenly wishes all he could hear was the beeping of the alarm again.

He stumbles into Wilbur and Techno, as they take in the chaos below.

"Who started the fire?" Tommy whispers and then devolves into a series of coughs, tilting into Techno's shirt.

"I-" Wilbur stutters, but then he's glancing below at their apartment, and at the fire that continues to climb. "We need to go."

"We can't go down," Techno murmurs, reaching around to grip Tommy's shoulder. Tommy can feel his fingers tremble.

"Where's Tubbo? Aunt Puffy? Did they make it out?" Tommy tugs at Wilbur's sleeve, panic rising in his chest. Tubbo and Puffy are five floors below. Their apartment already engulfed in the flames, but- but- they must have made it out. They must have.

"I don't know," Is all Wilbur can manage. The metal stairs they stand on creak. "We need to go."



“Where?” Techno’s voice shakes.

The screaming continues below.

“We can-” Their brother wavers for a moment, floundering, before his eyes settle in determination. “We can jump. Over there,” Wilbur gestures to railings opposite, where a neighbouring apartment stands. The flames have only begun to climb. They have time.

“Are you sure?” Techno questions, eyes rapidly darting between the flames below and then to his brothers and then to the gap between the apartments.

They could fall.

Tommy could fall.

“We don’t have a choice. You go first, and then Tommy, and then me,” Wilbur decides. His voice has settled with a firm edge, but Tommy can hear the tremors.

“You go first, I’ll go last,” Techno counters.

“Techno-“

“Wil, go first,” Techno insists.

Wilbur looks like he’s about to protest.

“We don’t have time,” Techno reminds, gently grasping his twin’s shoulder.

Wilbur is silent for a moment before nodding, “Okay,” and then he’s gripping the metal bars of the stairs, and- and leaping over.

“Wilbur!” Tommy screams because his brother’s fingers brush the railings and *slip* . Techno lets out a hitched inhale beside him but-

But-

It’s okay.

Wilbur catches himself, barely, fingers scraping at the metal as he heaves himself up onto the other side.

Tommy exhales with relief as his brother pulls himself up, turning to face them, “I’m okay,” Wilbur pants, visibly shaking. But- but he’s okay.

“Come on, Tommy,” Wilbur lets out a cough before outstretching his arms over the railings, “I’ll catch you, it’s okay. You have to hurry.”

Tommy doesn’t want to jump.

The screaming below hasn’t stopped, and the embers are still climbing, trying to scorch anything they can touch. The air is too warm. Too, too warm.

“Tommy,” Techno presses a palm to his back, “C’mon, Theseus.”

Tommy’s breath stutters and he lets out a stilted nod. He grips the metal railing of the stairs, feels the press of the cool metal beneath his palms and pulls himself over.

Wilbur's arms are still outstretched. His eyes are wide with panic, with apprehension, but Tommy can see he's trying to be brave, for Tommy. His brother lets out a smile that threatens to wobble, "I'll catch you," He promises, voice clear through the screaming below.

Tommy jumps.

He squeezes his eyes shut and feels himself fall.

He's going to die- he's-

He's-

Fingers dig into his arms and *pull*.

Tommy's eyes snap open as he gasps, staring up at his brother.

"You're okay, you're okay, I got you," Wilbur inhales harshly, panting, drawing up and Tommy stumbles into his brother's embrace.

Tommy suddenly feels like crying. He blinks rapidly, fingers gripping at his brother's shirt. Wilbur stills smells like their home, still smells like the stupid cologne he wears despite the smoke.

"C'mon, gotta get Techno now," Wilbur murmurs, gently pushing him aside to outstretch his hands once again. "I'm ready, Techno."

Tommy turns to stare at his other brother. Techno stares back at them and his eyes are filled with fear, with unease.

“Wilbur-“

“You’re gonna be okay, Tech, I’m gonna catch you,” Wilbur reassures, tone careful and soft and so very caring. But there’s a tension to it, a tightness. “You’ve got to hurry, before it’s too late. okay? You’ve got this.”

Techno shakes as he grips the railings, looking down below at the blazing inferno. “What if I miss?”

“You won’t, we won’t,” Wilbur says firmly.

Techno hesitates.

“What’s our saying again?” Wilbur says over the screams, turning to look at Tommy momentarily.

“Technoblade always wins,” Tommy recites, letting out a shaky grin. “And Technoblade never dies.”

“That’s right, Technoblade never dies,” Wilbur smiles at his twin.

Techno’s fingers tremble as he tries to grin back, “That’s still a stupid nickname,” He says back.

Tommy laughs and suddenly it’s not so scary. Suddenly it’s easier to block everything out. It’s just them. He could even pretend they’re in the living room, fighting over the remote.

“It’s a great nickname, and it’s true. You never die, you never lose,” Wilbur grins. He leans further over the railing, “C’mon Tech, jump. You have to jump.”

Techno inhales shakily, “Okay, okay.”

Tommy watches as Techno pulls himself over the railing. He wavers, limbs shaking as he grips the metal bars.

Techno locks eyes with Tommy and Tommy- Tommy smiles for him, he needs to be brave for him because he knows he’s still scared. Techno smiles back, despite the fear in his eyes.

“I’ve got you,” Wilbur promises.

Techno jumps.

His fingers are outstretched, yearning, arms reaching towards Wilbur. Their fingers brush, fingertips meeting.

They brush, and they miss.

Tommy sees it. His eyes meet Techno’s as he falls. They’re filled with terror, a dread that does not dissipate. His fingers stay outstretched.

Distantly, Tommy hears the screaming below.

Distantly, Tommy realises he’s screaming too.

---

“We- we- Wil, we- *we need to get him*,” Tommy sobs. He tries to climb over the rails, fingers scraping at the metal only to feel arms wrap around his waist.

“We can’t- he-” Wilbur’s arms tighten around him. “The *fire*- “ Tommy hears the way his brother chokes on the word.

“It’s *Techno!*” Tommy all but screams, throat raw as a cough works its way up. His lungs *burn*.

“Tommy, we have to go!” Wilbur shouts.

No. No, no, no, *no*. They’re not leaving without him.

It doesn’t matter that Tommy can’t distinguish the flames from his brother. It doesn’t matter that he can’t hear Techno. Doesn’t matter that fire draws closer every second because they can’t *go*. Not without Techno.

Wilbur’s fingers dig into his ribs and *tug* him backwards. Tommy screams the entire time.

---

He fights.

He screams and he claws at his brother’s arms, wailing and distraught because it’s *Techno*.

*Why are they leaving without Techno?*

*Why are they leaving without him?*

*Why are they leaving?*

---

There's an exit that has not yet been devoured by the flames, it stands on the other side of the apartment.

They make their way down to the streets in silence.

Tommy shakes. His hands tremble in a way he can't control and Wilbur laces their fingers together. If anything, they shake more.

The streets burn.

There's the shop, the one where his father had bought Tommy's action figures. The ones he used to play with, the ones he'd outgrown. The windows are smashed in. The 'open' sign on the door has been singed black.

Nothing has really escaped the inferno, it seems. The swings in the playground have been torn apart, resting uselessly on burnt grass.

They don't look back at their apartment.

Tommy thinks that if he does, he may run straight into the fire.

---

Everyone is screaming. Everyone is running.

Tommy, childish, so childish, wonders where are the heroes? The saviours? Isn't someone meant to help?

"Tommy we have to run," Wilbur seems to realise as he takes in the chaos. There's a realisation in his eyes that Tommy can't quite understand, can't quite grasp the way his brother's eyes lighten in alarm, in horror. He suspects that Wilbur must realise too, that no one is helping.

"We need to find dad," Tommy says and his voice doesn't sound like his own, hoarse and empty.

"We need to get out of here," Wilbur strings him along through the crowds of stumbling people. Tommy trips to keep up.

"Wilbur, who started the fire?" Tommy questions.

Wilbur doesn't answer.

Tommy goes to ask again, because he *needs* to know.

A gunshot sounds through the screams.

They run.

---

No one is coming to help.



There are no fire engines, and there are no officers.

There are no heroes.

There are masked figures, armed with guns, and they are not here to help.

Tommy watches as a man crumples to the floor, watches his daughter sob over his body.

A panic that he thought had been smothered, rises, suddenly and without warning. Tommy finds himself gasping for breath.

“Wil-Wilbur,” Tommy squeezes his brother’s hand as tears leak over because he’s *scared*. He’s so very scared.

He wants to go home.

Tommy wonders if he squeezes his eyes shut, that maybe, just maybe, it will be like one of those nightmares, the ones that seem so real you almost believe it, almost believe it’s reality, and he’ll wake up.

Wilbur squeezes his hand back and it’s a cold reminder that Tommy is awake.

“It’s okay, Tommy, it’s okay,” His brother tries to reassure over the bloodshed and the burning, smothering warmth. “We’re gonna be okay.”

Tommy thinks it’s too late for that.

---

They manage to reach the outskirts of their streets, so close to the main city. So close to their father.

“We’re almost there,” Wilbur promises.

Tommy coughs, leaning heavily against his brother as they stumble.

“We’re gonna get help,” His brother tries to reassure.

Tommy doesn’t believe him but he pretends to, tries to smile and hopes it doesn’t turn to a grimace, tries to appear stronger than he is, more hopeful than he feels.

By the way Wilbur pulls him closer, eyes downturned with a grief so striking, Tommy doesn’t think he succeeded.

---

There’s the ringing of a gunshot.

Tommy’s heard it enough times to know to keep moving past it, to keep walking. Ignore it. Ignore it. *Ignore it.*

But.

*But-*

Wilbur stumbles, suddenly, into his side, almost knocking them both over.

“Wilbur?” Tommy whispers, he doesn’t know if his voice can go any louder.

His brother lets out a whimper, and he falls.

Tommy clutches at the teenager’s shoulder, at his arms, anything, as they are lowered to the ground, Tommy with shock and Wilbur with-

Wilbur with-

Oh.

*Oh.*

Tommy’s fingers brush over the patch of red that spreads like a disease, an infection.

“Go find dad,” Wilbur rushes to say, even as his eyes start to dim.

Tommy shakes his head, “No,” He whispers, pulling his brother closer to try and drag him up, pull him along, tug him. Anything. Anything.

“Tom- Toms- I’m-” Wilbur coughs and blood covers his lips, “Go without me.”

Tommy will not.

They're going to get help, and they're going to save Wilbur, and they'll find Techno and- and- they'll save him too.

"We're gonna get help," Tommy promises, heaving as he tries to drag his brother.

"Toms," Wilbur takes longer to catch his breath, longer to find his words, "Let me go."

Tommy blinks rapidly, "No."

"Put... me down," A pause. "Find dad."

Tommy coughs, and it burns his lungs enough for him to stop momentarily, for his knees to buckle under the weight, and they fall, again.

He can feel the gravel dig into his pyjama pants, feel the little stones scrape at his knees. A reminder that this is not a dream- this is not a dream- he- he's not dreaming-

"Go, Tommy," Wilbur says and Tommy is forced to watch, forced to witness the light flicker in his brother's eyes. Like a flame going out.

The irony.

Tommy feels the body slump against him and pretends he doesn't.

He blinks, once, then twice. He bites his lip, *hard*. He pulls his brother closer, and- and-

Tommy bursts into tears.

---

Tommy wishes he'd been shot instead.

He imagines the red staining his stomach, imagines it being him falling into the fire.

He should find his dad.

He should find him.

But what's the point?

He brushes Wilbur's hair aside and hums a broken melody.

---

He gets up, eventually.

Tommy gets up when he realises that no one is coming to take him too. That there is no gun pointed towards him and that no one seems to care about killing one boy who cries over his dead brother.

He pulls Wilbur along with him.

---

He- they- *he* reaches the city, and wishes he didn't.

It's bathed in blood. Doused with flames.

The screaming increases tenfold.

His father's office has been scorched.

His father could be in there. He could be safe somewhere else.

Tommy could fight the flames. He could push past the burning, past the embers and sparks that try to sear him. He could try and find him. He could hope.

But Tommy- Tommy doesn't have it in him. To continue.

His lungs burn and when he coughs, it *hurts*.

Every breath claws at his chest, every breath takes a little longer to come up and a lot longer to come down.

Tommy listens to the chaos. He watches the people scream and run and stumble and shout for a help that is just *not coming*.

He kneels down, to the ground on aching knees. The rubble is hot, almost too hot beneath his fingers, and that's alright.

---

There is fire and there is chaos. Screams of the forgotten echo in the forsaken land. Ash smothers the air, blackening lungs. The voices beg for mercy, beg for help, beg for salvation.

A little boy can't breathe. A little boy stares up at the sky, a poisonous orange hue and prays.

Tommy stares up wide eyed at the clouds as they part to reveal an *angel* .

The angel is leaving the heavens. Leaving the serenity that is beyond them to *save* him.

Tommy reaches out a shaky arm, trembling with exhaustion. His vision blurs.

He feels himself pulled into warm arms and blearily looks up at his saviour.

Blonde hair and kind blue eyes stare down at him.

Tommy breathes. He's safe.

## Chapter End Notes

well that was fun lol

## **And Now I Hear A Symphony**

There is an angel before him, and she is beautiful.

She leans down, and curls her fingers through his hair, touch light and warm.

“Hey, sunshine,” She smiles down at him, “I’ve missed you.”

Tommy sniffs, vision blurring.

He’s drawn into an embrace.

“It’s okay,” She tells him as he cries into her shoulder. “You were very brave, and it was scary, wasn’t it?”

Tommy inhales and nods.

“Are you ready to go now?” She questions softly. A question asked so many times now and-

And-

Tommy nods, choking on a sob.

She hums something, a small melody that is familiar and safe.



She pulls away from him and offers a hand, long smooth fingers outstretched, “Follow me?”

Tommy takes her hand.

# it's me eneli talking about tumoasd :D

## Chapter Summary

yup

okay. so that's it. we're done. man even starting to write this is hard, so let's do the easier bits first.

clearing up tumoasd- just making sure everyone understands this rather confusing plot lmao.

as you may have realised the first scene of the first chap is essentially the last scene of the 'symphony' series- a series which is a prequel to tumoasd. but what really went on? well, there are hints throughout the symphony series that the world tommy lives in, isn't one of peace. essentially, a war broke out and tommy and his family were part of the victims. what the war was about, who the parties were, etc. you can decide.

but what is tumoasd? so it starts with tommy dying, that's the first scene and we (you lmao not me) believe that tommy is saved. what actually happened was that tommy created a... limbo, for lack of better words. as the title says 'tommyinnit's unbeatable method of avoiding sudden death' - tommy is unable to cope with his death and his families, because of how sudden it was, so his coping mechanism is essentially creating a limbo where he's in control and everything is how he wants it to be, or well, close.

so tommy creates a world that is similar to the cartoons he watched. hence why each chapter has an episodic tone to it, with a beginning, middle and end. hence the catchphrases and things that just wouldn't make sense outside of a make belief world.

tommy is also not sixteen. he's twelve. but in this world, that he can do whatever with, he ages himself up, to be older, to seem cooler like the superheroes he'd seen on tv. i think this is an important plot point because it explains his behaviour. tommy doesn't really act like a sixteen year old, he's pretty selfish and self-centred, tending to only care about his immediate family and friends. he's irrational at times and makes nonsense decisions. he swears excessively just because he can. he's bratty and expects to get his way even when he's in the

wrong and most of all he craves attention like a child would. i made his personality that way intentionally.

clementine is tommy's guardian angel, and she's meant to guide him to the afterlife or whatever comes next (up to interpretation) however tommy refuses to leave his self imposed limbo and so it creates a tension between them.

throughout tumoasd tommy actually experiences the five stages of grief. he's mostly in denial up until chap 7 (when clementine first tries to reach him). at this stage, the story is a lot more coherent and it follows him actually being a vigilante. when his denial is broken, tommy panics and his focus changes to become more family based as he starts to realise that he doesn't have much time left hence why it starts to focus more around sbi. chap 15 is when he reaches the anger stage, the plot starts to derail even more until it doesn't really make sense. chap 22 is bargaining and chap 24 represents the depression stage where tommy starts to realise there is nothing he can do. chap 26 is him reaching acceptance. a somewhat key point is that tommy keeps reverting back to denial which is why he frequently states that "grief has five stages and they don't always happen in order".

so yeah.

now the main question is who is clementine? i think most of you have already kinda guessed. so i have this belief, or well idea? it's something my family always told me. and it's that when you die, your ancestors are there to guide you to the afterlife, and i really like that. if you haven't read symphony series, you wouldn't know, but tommy's mum died early on when he was a baby.

clementine is tommy's mother

lmao. the irony, right? it's funny because tommy constantly calls the fish his daughter.

the clementine in tumoasd is both tommy's mum and a figment of his imagination, because in tommy's world, everything is morphed to fit his way of thinking and the way he wants it. so he makes a fish called clementine and that's not actually his mum, but it is. if that makes sense? she's trying to guide him through this limbo but she's not actually there with him because tommy won't allow it, so clementine gets brief moments to talk with him - the cutscene chapters.

i think you guys can figure out the rest of the hints and symbolisms between tumoasd and symphony.

so now we move on.

this is the part about why i wrote this particular story.

ahh. okay. so i started writing tumoasd around 4 days after my stepmum and dad broke up. my stepmum kept the house and my little brothers. and i moved to my grandmas. i remember it being really sudden, one moment i was playing with my brothers in my room and the next i was packing a suitcase. and i'm used to this kind of thing, i've stayed at houses that have only lasted a few weeks. but hmm. idk this one was harder to cope with.

i remember i had been crying or smth and i was laying on my mattress in a room that just wasn't mine and i felt very sad. so i was reading a fanfic lmao and i thought i could do this. i thought let's write something silly, something that doesn't need to make sense. something to feel better. so i wrote the first chapter of tumoasd.

i hadn't always planned for the fic to turn out this particular way. i never expected it to even get this far. i had this idea though. i always remember watching cartoons and later on finding out they had dark meanings, and i wondered if the writers wrote the dark meaning first and then covered it with humour or vice versa. so i decided to test it.

tumoasd isn't my best fic. not even my first choice of fics i would recommended. it's messy. there are errors and lack of worldbuilding and so so many flaws. but it's the closest fic to who i am, or rather what i want to express? tumoasd has been first and foremost, always my comfort fic. mine. this wasn't a fic i wrote for an audience. i wrote it to feel better. i wrote it to stop feeling like my life was ending right in front of me. i didn't have any intentions for it to get as big as it did, but i don't regret it.

i want to say thank you. to everyone whose read this, and everyone whose supported me and commented and bookmarked and left kudos and become my friend. when i started writing this, i slept more often than not, i barely talked to my family and i was so so sad. i spent many nights crying to sleep because i missed my brothers and i missed my bed and i missed

my home. when i first started receiving comments, it gave me something. it was a serotonin boost that i hadn't expected. i clung to it. with every new person i met and every kudo i gained and every twitter mutual i got, i felt different. i laughed. i made up the most crack filled and nonsensical chapters because i felt like a child. you guys made me feel young and carefree in a way i wasn't used to. i'm the older sibling, i'm the one who stands between my parents and delivers messages when they don't want to communicate. i was beginning to feel resentful, like a piece of my childhood was missing. and you guys helped me.

you helped me more than you can ever realise. i spent so many nights laughing and grinning like stupid when i first created a discord for tumoasd. with every new moot on twitter i became a little more wild lmao it was so fun i couldn't help it i wasn't used to this many people wanting to talk to me, to listen to my stories and hear me talk about wanting to date colonel sanders lmao. so i'm sorry, if sometimes i was bit too hyperactive and i tweeted too much and i rarely answered dms lmao but i love you guys a lot, so very much. which is why it makes it so hard to leave.

but tumoasd was always a countdown. at first, maybe it was for a different reason. but now and for a while, it's been a countdown of me moving on. and this is why i relate to tumoasd! tommy lmao. for me, you guys have been my imaginary world, my vigilante world. you were the place i went when i started to cry, when i didn't want to wake up in the morning, when things were just a bit too difficult. and i don't want to let you go.

but i also don't want to feel like this anymore. i'm tired of grieving for what has left, i'm tired of grieving for a home that isn't the same anymore. there's a quote i keep remembering and it goes something like "let the pain visit. allow it to teach you. don't let it overstay". i've been in a dark mindset for a long time now, these past months. i've let it overstay and i've clung to it, because it's familiar and because i'm scared of moving on. but i don't want to feel like this anymore. so i'm letting you guys go.

i don't want to write because i crave the serotonin of the comments i receive, because i crave the validation of you all. i want to write because i feel it, because i like my writing and because i want to. i don't want to write to feel better, i want to write because i can, because it's a part of me. and to do that, i have to learn. i have to learn to live without you guys there to support me, i have to learn to support myself. because i think that's what growing up is about, and i think i'm ready for it.

i want to be friends with you all again, not because i need you, not because i'm sad and i need to feel better, but because i want to, because i feel like it. so i'm leaving. so i'm taking a

break to learn myself again so i'm not as vulnerable, as easily moved by praises as i am now. i want to love myself so you guys don't have to.

man this is hard. i feel like i went through the stages of grief with tommy lmao maybe i did. regardless, thank you. thank you, thank you, thank you. again and again and again. this is no professional writing, this is never something that can be critically analysed and awarded for writing skills. but it's been me and it's been you guys.

god this shit is so sappy i keep having to trying to add in humour. my default coping mechanism lmao.

anyways. i don't know if i'll ever come back to this account. i don't know if i'll ever publish anymore fan fictions. but if i do, i hope to have improved, not just skillswise, but mentally. i hope to one day be able to write more than just a hopeful ending, i want to write a happy one and those kind of things can only come with experience i think.

this has been fun cult. so much fun. the most fun i've had in a long time. you guys were great. i was pretty great too lmao. i'm gonna miss you. i'm gonna miss you a lot.

thank you.

see you on the other side?

## End Notes

honestly i have no explanation for this. i was bored and i had already updated some of my other stories so i was like eh

if theres typos no there arent

here is a link to the official discord for tumoasd

<https://discord.gg/cVeKZgwYdp>

## Works inspired by this one

[Tommyinnit a Vigilante? Never.](#) by [greenpinkroe](#)

[tommyinnit's slightly beatable method of avoiding sudden death](#) by [mania\\_sama](#)

[tommyinnit but he's the avatar](#) by [axeidentall](#)

[Just because I look like a tree why you got to be a bitch, dude? \(I think it looks good\)](#) by [MawceIsAlive](#)

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